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The Tatler

Edited by
George A. Aitken

In Four Volumes
Volume Two

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The R.t Hon.ble Joseph Addison Esq.
one of his Majestys Secretarys of State.

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The Tatler

Edited with Introduction & Notes

by

George A. Aitken

Author of

"The Life of Richard Steele," &c.

VOL. II

London

Duckworth & Co.

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To Edward Wortley Mountagu,[1] Esq.

SIR,

When I send you this volume, I am rather to make you a request than a Dedication. I must desire, that if you think fit to throw away any moments on it, you would not do it after reading those excellent pieces with which you are usually conversant. The images which you will meet with here, will be very faint, after the perusal of the Greeks and Romans, who are your ordinary companions. I must confess I am obliged to you for the taste of many of their excellences, which I had not

[1] Edward Wortley Montagu, an intimate friend of Addison and Steele, was the second son of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and grandson of Edward Montagu, the first Earl of Sandwich. He was chosen a Member of Parliament for Huntingdon in 1705, and in all other parliaments but two to the end of her reign. On the accession of George I. he became one of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, and was afterwards Ambassador-Extraordinary to the Porte. He set out, January 27, 1716, and having finished his negotiations returned in 1718. In the first parliament called by King George I. he was chosen for the city of Westminster, and afterwards served for Huntingdon. He was a member for the city of Peterborough when he died, January 22, 1761, aged 80 years, before he was able to alter his will, as he intended, in favour of his son. He married the famous Lady Mary Pierrepont, eldest daughter of the Duke of Kingston, in 1712, and by her he had issue an only son, Edward Wortley Montagu, who was M.P. in three parliaments for Bossiney, in Cornwall; and a daughter Mary, married to John Stuart, Earl of Bute, August 24, 1736.

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observed until you pointed them to me. I am very proud that there are some things in these papers which I know you pardon ;[1] and it is no small pleasure to have one's labours suffered by the judgment of a man, who so well understands the true charms of eloquence and poesy. But I direct this address to you, not that I think I can entertain you with my writings, but to thank you for the new delight I have, from your conversation, in those of other men.

May you enjoy a long continuance of the true relish of the happiness Heaven has bestowed upon you. I know not how to say a more affectionate thing to you, than to wish that you may be always what you are ; and that you may ever think, as I know you now do, that you have a much larger fortune than you want.

I am, Sir,
Your most obedient, and
most humble Servant,

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

[1] There is no doubt that Wortley Montagu contributed papers and hints for the *Tatler* ("Letters of Lady M. W. Montagu," ed. Moy Thomas, i. 5, 10, 62). See specially No. 223.

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THE TATLER

By ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esq.

No. 50. [STEELE.[1]

From *Tuesday, August* 2, to *Thursday, August* 4, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines . . . . nostri farrago libelli.
Juv., Sat. I. 85, 86.

White's Chocolate-house, August 2.

The History of Orlando the Fair. Chap. I.

Whatever malicious men may say of our lucubrations, we have no design but to produce unknown merit, or place in a proper light the actions of our contemporaries who labour to distinguish themselves, whether it be by vice or virtue. For we shall never give accounts to the world of anything, but what the lives and endeavours of the persons (of whom we treat) make the basis of their fame and reputation. For this reason it is to be hoped, that our appearance is reputed a public

[1] Nichols suggests that this and the following number were by Addison, who had sent Steele another packet or two from Ireland since the appearance of No. 32. Perhaps Steele made one paper, headed "The History of Orlando the Fair," serve for two numbers (50, 51). The personal character of these papers may have caused Steele to omit them in the list of Addison's papers which he gave to Tickell. See *Tatler*, No. 32.

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benefit; and though certain persons may turn what we mean for panegyric into scandal, let it be answered once for all, that if our praises are really designed as raillery, such malevolent persons owe their safety from it only to their being too inconsiderable for history. It is not every man who deals in ratsbane, or is unseasonably amorous, that can adorn story like Æsculapius;[1] nor every stockjobber of the India Company can assume the port, and personate the figure of Aurengezebe.[2] My noble ancestor, Mr. Shakespeare, who was of the race of the Staffs, was not more fond of the memorable Sir John Falstaff, than I am of those worthies; but the Latins have an admirable admonition expressed in two words, to wit, *nequid nimis*, which forbids my indulging myself on those delightful subjects, and calls me to do justice to others, who make no less figures in our generation: of such, the first and most renowned is, that eminent hero and lover, Orlando[3] the handsome,

[1] Dr. Radcliffe; see Nos. 44, 46, 47.

[2] See No. 46.

[3] Robert Feilding, commonly known by the name of Beau Feilding, a handsome and very comely gentleman, was tried for felony at the Old Bailey, December 4, 1706. He had married, as the indictment sets forth, on November 25, 1705, Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland, having a former wife then living. In the course of the evidence at this trial, it appears, that sixteen days before, viz. November 9, 1705, Mrs. Villars, a very bad woman, had artfully drawn him into a marriage with one Mary Wadsworth, spinster, in the mistaken belief of her being Mrs. Delean, a widow, with a fortune of £60,000. His marriage with the duchess was therefore set aside, and her Grace was allowed the liberty of marrying again. He craved the benefit of his clergy, and when sentence was given, that he should be burnt in his hand, produced the Queen's warrant to suspend execution, and was admitted to bail. In his will, dated April 9, 1712, and proved on May 12 following, he is styled "Robert Feilding, of Feilding Hall, in the county of Warwick, Esq.," and appears to have had some estates at Lutterworth. He is mentioned by Swift among those who have made "mean figures" on some remarkable occasions. Feilding, having

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whose disappointments in love, in gallantry, and in war, have banished him from public view, and made him voluntarily enter into a confinement, to which the ungrateful age would otherwise have forced him. Ten *lustra* and more are wholly passed since Orlando first appeared in the metropolis of this island: his descent noble, his wit humorous, his person charming. But to none of these recommendatory advantages was his title so undoubted as that of his beauty. His complexion was fair, but his countenance manly; his stature of the tallest, his shape the most exact; and though in all his limbs he had a proportion as delicate as we see in the works of the most skilful statuaries, his body had a strength and firmness little inferior to the marble of which such images are formed. This made Orlando the universal flame of all the fair sex: innocent virgins sighed for him, as Adonis; experienced widows, as Hercules. Thus did this figure walk alone the pattern and ornament of our species, but of course the envy of all who had the same passions, without his superior

injured his fortune by his gallantry and extravagance in early life, repaired the breaches he had made in it, by his first marriage with the Countess of Purbeck, a widow lady of an ancient and noble family in Ireland, who had a large fortune of her own, to which she had added considerably by a former marriage; she was the only daughter and heiress of Barnham Swift, Lord Carlingford, who was of the same family with the Dean of St. Patrick's. Feilding is said to have lived happily for some years with this lady, who was a zealous Roman Catholic, and could have no great difficulty in inducing a man who had no religion to profess himself a proselyte to her religious persuasion. See No. 51 (Nichols).—On July 29, 1706, Lady Wentworth wrote to Lord Raby that the Duchess of Cleveland had got Feilding sent to Newgate "for thretning to kill her twoe sons for taking her part, when he beet her and broack open her clossett door and toock fower hundred pd. out. . . . He beat her sadly and she cryed out murder in the street out of the windoe, and he shott a blunderbus at the people" ("Wentworth Papers," pp. 58–9). See, too, Luttrell's "Diary," June, July, and October, 1706, *passim*.

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merit and pretences to the favour of that enchanting creature, woman. However, the generous Orlando believed himself formed for the world, and not to be engrossed by any particular affection. He sighed not for Delia, for Chloris, for Chloe, for Betty, nor my lady, nor for the ready chambermaid, nor distant baroness: woman was his mistress, and the whole sex his seraglio. His form was always irresistible: and if we consider, that not one of five hundred can bear the least favour from a lady without being exalted above himself; if also we must allow, that a smile from a side-box[1] has made Jack Spruce half mad, we can't think it wonderful that Orlando's repeated conquests touched his brain: so it certainly did, and Orlando became an enthusiast in love; and in all his address, contracted something out of the ordinary course of breeding and civility. However (powerful as he was), he would still add to the advantages of his person that of a profession which the ladies favour, and immediately commenced soldier. Thus equipped for love and honour, our hero seeks distant climes and adventures, and leaves the despairing nymphs of Great Britain to the courtship of beaux and witlings till his return. His exploits in foreign nations and courts have not been regularly enough communicated unto us, to report them with that veracity which we profess in our narrations: but after many feats of arms (which those who were witnesses to them have

[1] The side-boxes were usually reserved for men, ladies sitting in the front boxes, and Pope describes men ogling and bowing from the side boxes. See, too, the *Spectator*, Nos. 311, 377. But Swift ("Polite Conversation," 1738) writes: "Pray, Mr. Neverout, what lady was that you were talking with in the side box?" A wench in a side-box was looked upon with suspicion. See Nos. 145, 217. In the *Theatre* (No. 3) Steele says: "Three of the fair sex for the front boxes, two gentlemen of wit and pleasure for the side boxes, and three substantial citizens for the pit!"

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suppressed out of envy, but which we have had faithfully related from his own mouth in our public streets) Orlando, returns home full, but not loaded with years. Beaux born in his absence made it their business to decry his furniture, his dress, his manner; but all such rivalry he suppressed (as the philosopher did the sceptic, who argued there was no such thing as motion) by only moving. The beauteous Villaria,[1] who only was formed for his paramour, became the object of his affection. His first speech to her was as follows:

"Madam,—It is not only that nature has made us two the most accomplished of each sex, and pointed to us to obey her dictates in becoming one; but that there is also an ambition in following the mighty persons you have favoured. Where kings and heroes, as great as Alexander, or such as could personate Alexander,[2] have bowed, permit your general to lay his laurels."

According to Milton:

> *The fair with conscious majesty approved*
> *His pleaded reason;*[3]

and fortune had now supplied Orlando with necessaries

[1] Barbara, daughter and heiress to William Villiers, Viscount Grandison. She became the mistress of Charles II., who made her husband —Roger Palmer—Earl of Castlemain, and afterwards made her Duchess of Cleveland. On Lord Castlemain's death in 1705 she married Beau Feilding, from whom she was subsequently divorced. She died of dropsy on October 9, 1709.

[2] An allusion to Cardell Goodman, the actor (died 1699), one of the "mighty persons" favoured by the duchess, whose paramour he became. His chief parts were Julius Cæsar and Alexander the Great.

[3] "She what was honour knew,
And with obsequious majesty approved
My pleaded reason."
"Paradise Lost," viii. 507–9.

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for his high taste of gallantry and pleasure: his equipage and economy had something in them more sumptuous and gallant than could be received in our degenerate age; therefore his figure (though highly graceful) appeared so exotic, that it assembled all the Britons under the age of sixteen, who saw his grandeur, to follow his chariot with shouts and acclamations, which he regarded with the contempt which great minds affect in the midst of applauses. I remember I had the honour to see him one day stop, and call the youths about him, to whom he spake as follows:

"Good bastard,—Go to school, and don't lose your time in following my wheels: I am loth to hurt you, because I know not but you are all my own offspring: hark'ee, you sirrah with the white hair, I am sure you are mine: there is half-a-crown. Tell your mother, this, with the half-crown I gave her when I got you, comes to five shillings. Thou hast cost me all that, and yet thou art good for nothing. Why, you young dogs, did you never see a man before?" "Never such a one as you, noble general," replied a truant from Westminster. "Sirrah, I believe thee: there is a crown for thee. Drive on, coachman."

This vehicle, though sacred to love, was not adorned with doves: such an hieroglyphic denoted too languishing a passion. Orlando therefore gave the eagle,[1] as being of a constitution which inclined him rather to seize his prey with talons, than pine for it with murmurs.

From my own Apartment, August 2.

I have received the following letter from Mr. Powell of the Bath,[2] who, I think, runs from the point between us, which I leave the whole world to judge.

[1] The Feildings were Counts of the German Empire.

[2] See No. 44: "Our friend the *Tatler*, under the notion of Mr. Powell at the Bath, has, in my mind, entered into the depth of the

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To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.

"SIR,

"Having a great deal of more advantageous business at present on my hands, I thought to have deferred answering your *Tatler* of the 21st instant, till the company was gone, and season over; but having resolved not to regard any impertinences of your paper, except what relate particularly to me, I am the more easily induced to answer you (as I shall find time to do it): First, partly lest you should think yourself neglected, which I have reason to believe you would take heinously ill. Secondly, partly because it will increase my fame, and consequently my audience, when all the quality shall see with how much wit and raillery I show you—I don't care a farthing for you. Thirdly, partly because, being without books,[1] if I don't show much learning, it will not be imputed to my having none.

"I have travelled Italy, France, and Spain, and fully comprehend what any German artist in the world can do; yet cannot I imagine, why you should endeavour to disturb the repose and plenty which (though unworthy) I enjoy

argument in dispute [between Hoadly and the Bishop of Exeter] and given a complete answer to all that the reverend Bishop either can or will say upon the subject; and Ben should have referred his lordship to be mumbled, as he calls it, by Mr. Bickerstaff, as his lordship had threatened him with that usage, from the worthy author of Timothy and Philatheus." (Letter from Thomas Sergeant, Esq. to Hughes; "Correspondence of John Hughes, Esq.," 1772, i. 38.)—[Nichols.] A MS. note, which may have been written any time after 1734, when Hoadly was made Bishop of Winchester, has been added in my copy of the original folio number, at the end of this letter: "Written by Dr. Hoadly, Bp: of Winch^{ter}." It seems not improbable that Hoadly did himself write this letter.

[1] These words occur in the "Bishop of Exeter's Answer to Mr. Hoadly's Letter," 1709, p. 3.

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at this place. It cannot be, that you take offence at my prologues and epilogues, which you are pleased to miscall foolish and abusive. No, no, until you give a better,[1] I shall not forbear thinking, that the true reason of your picking a quarrel with me was, because it is more agreeable to your principles, as well as more to the honour of your assured victory, to attack a governor. Mr. Isaac, Mr. Isaac, I can see into a millstone as far as another (as the saying is). You are for sowing the seeds of sedition and disobedience among my puppets, and your zeal for the (good old) cause would make you persuade Punch to pull the string from his chops, and not move his jaw when I have a mind he should harangue. Now I appeal to all men, if this is not contrary to that uncontrollable, unaccountable dominion, which by the laws of nature I exercise over them; for all sorts of wood and wire were made for the use and benefit of man: I have therefore an unquestionable right to frame, fashion, and put them together, as I please; and, having made them what they are, my puppets are my property, and therefore my slaves: nor is there in nature anything more just, than the homage which is paid by a less to a more excellent being: so that, by the right therefore of a superior genius, I am their supreme moderator, although you would insinuate (agreeably to your levelling principles) that I am myself but a great puppet, and can therefore have but a co-ordinate jurisdiction with them. I suppose I have now sufficiently made it appear, that I have a paternal right[2] to keep a

[1] "And till I can hear of a better reason, &c., I shall not forbear thinking that the true reason of it was, because I am (though unworthy, yet by God's permission and the Queen's favour) a Bishop; and a Bishop is thought by some people to be a sort of an ecclesiastical governor."—("Answer," p. 5.)

[2] Filmer, in his work on Patriarchal Government, contended that all government ought to be absolute and monarchical.

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puppet-show, and this right I will maintain in my prologues on all occasions.

"And therefore, if you write a defence of yourself against this my self-defence, I admonish you to keep within bounds; for every day will not be so propitious to you as the 29th of April; and perhaps my resentment may get the better of my generosity, and I may no longer scorn to fight one who is not my equal with unequal weapons: there are such things as *scandalums magnatums*;[1] therefore take heed hereafter how you write such things as I cannot easily answer, for that will put me in a passion.

"I order you to handle only these two propositions, to which our dispute may be reduced: the first, whether I have not an absolute power, whenever I please, to light a pipe with one of Punch's legs, or warm my fingers with his whole carcass? The second, whether the devil would not be in Punch, should he by word or deed oppose my sovereign will and pleasure? And then, perhaps, I may (if I can find leisure for it) give you the trouble of a second letter.

"But if you intend to tell me of the original of puppet-shows, and the several changes, and revolutions that have happened in them, since Thespis, and I don't care who, that's *noli me tangere;* I have solemnly engaged to say nothing of what I can't approve. Or, if you talk of certain contracts with the mayor and burgesses, or fees to the constables, for the privilege of acting, I will not write one single word about any such matters;[2] but shall leave

[1] "Why, sir, 1. As to other answer, I don't know but that I might answer it by an action of *scand. mag.*, but that I should scorn to fight an adversary with unequal weapons."—("Bishop of Exeter's Answer," &c., p. 27.)

[2] "If your reply shall be about original contracts, revolutions, &c., I tell you plainly that I ain't at leisure, nor I shan't be at leisure,

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you to be mumbled by the learned and very ingenious author of a late book, who knows very well what is to be said and done in such cases.[1] He is now shuffling the cards, and dealing to Timothy; but if he wins the game, I will send him to play at backgammon with you; and then he will satisfy you, that deuce-ace makes five.

"And so, submitting myself to be tried by my country, and allowing any jury of twelve good men, and true, to be that country; not excepting any (unless Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff) to be of the panel,[2] for you are neither good nor true; I bid you heartily farewell; and am,

"Sir,

"Your loving Friend,

"POWELL.[3]

"Bath, *July* 28."

nor I won't be at leisure, to write you so much as one single line about such matters."—("Answer to Mr. Hoadly's Considerations," &c.)

[1] The allusion is to Oldisworth's "Timothy and Philatheus, in which the principles and projects of a late whimsical book, entitled, 'The Rights of the Christian Church,' &c. [by Dr. Tindal] are fairly stated and answered in their kinds. Written by a Layman." London, three vols. 1709.

[2] "Referring myself to be tried by God and my country, not excepting against any one person's being on the panel, but only Mr. Benjamin Hoadly, Rector of St. Peter's Poor."—("Answer," p. 22.)

[3] "Note: that proper cuts for the historical part of the paper are now almost finished, by an engraver lately arrived from Paris, and will be sold at all the toy shops in London and Westminster." (Folio.)

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No. 51. [STEELE.

From *Thursday, August* 4, to *Saturday, August* 6, 1709.

White's Chocolate-house, August 5.

The History of Orlando the Fair.[1] *Chap. II.*

Fortune being now propitious to the gay Orlando, he dressed, he spoke, he moved, as a man might be supposed to do in a nation of pigmies, and had an equal value for our approbation or dislike. It is usual for those who profess a contempt of the world, to fly from it and live in obscurity; but Orlando, with a greater magnanimity, contemned it, and appeared in it to tell them so. If therefore his exalted mien met with an unwelcome reception, he was sure always to double the cause which gave the distaste. You see our beauties affect a negligence in the ornament of their hair, and adjusting their head-dresses, as conscious that they adorn whatever they wear. Orlando had not only this humour in common with other beauties, but also had a neglect whether things became him or not, in a world he contemned. For this reason, a noble particularity appeared in all his economy, furniture, and equipage. And to convince the present little race, how unequal all their measures were to an antediluvian, as he called himself, in respect of the insects which now appear for men, he sometimes rode in an open tumbril,[2] of less size than ordinary, to show the largeness of his limbs, and the

[1] Beau Feilding. See No. 50.

[2] Properly speaking, the tumbril was a truck, the contents of which could be easily shot out. It was often used for the conveyance of corpses.

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grandeur, of his personage, to the greater advantage: at other seasons, all his appointments had a magnificence, as if it were formed by the genius of Trimalchio[1] of old, which showed itself in doing ordinary things with an air of pomp and grandeur.[2] Orlando therefore called for tea by beat of drum; his valet got ready to shave him by a trumpet "To horse"; and water was brought for his teeth when the sound was changed to "Boots and saddle."

In all these glorious excesses from the common practice, did the happy Orlando live and reign in an uninterrupted tranquillity, till an unlucky accident brought to his remembrance, that one evening he was married before he courted the nuptials of Villaria.[3] Several fatal memorandums were produced to revive the memory of this accident, and the unhappy lover was for ever banished her presence, to whom he owed the support of his just renown and gallantry. But distress does not debase noble minds; it only changes the scene, and gives them new glory by that alteration. Orlando therefore now raves in a garret,[4] and calls to his neighbour-skies to pity his dolors, and find redress for an unhappy lover. All high spirits, in any great agitation of mind, are inclined to relieve themselves by poetry. The renowned porter of Oliver[5] had

[1] The "Banquet of Trimalchio" is the most complete and best known of the fragments of Petronius Arbiter's satiric romance "Saturæ."

[2] Egerton (or whoever wrote the "Memoirs of Gamesters") confirms what is here said of Feilding's vanity in displaying his figure (p. 70). Feilding was not a man of real courage; his dress was always extraordinary, and the liveries of his footmen were equally fantastical; they generally wore yellow coats, with black feathers in their hats, and black sashes.—("Memoirs of Gamesters," pp. 208–211.)

[3] The Duchess of Cleveland. See No. 50.

[4] Feilding died of fever, at the age of 61, in a house in Scotland Yard.

[5] Cromwell's porter, Daniel, who was for many years in Bedlam, is said to have been the original from whom Caius Gabriel Cibber copied

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not more volumes around his cell in the College of Bedlam, than Orlando in his present apartment. And though inserting poetry in the midst of prose be thought a licence among correct writers not to be indulged, it is hoped, the necessity of doing it to give a just idea of the hero of whom we treat, will plead for the liberty we shall hereafter take, to print Orlando's soliloquies in verse and prose, after the manner of great wits, and such as those to whom they are nearly allied.

Will's Coffee-house, August 5.

A great deal of good company of us were this day to see, or rather to hear, an artful person[1] do several feats of activity with his throat and windpipe. The first thing wherewith he presented us, was a ring of bells, which he imitated in a most miraculous manner; after that he gave us all the different notes of a pack of hounds, to our great delight and astonishment. The company expressed their applause with much noise; and never was heard such an harmony of men and dogs: but a certain plump merry fellow, from an angle of the room, fell a crowing like a cock so ingeniously, that he won our hearts from the other operator in an instant. As soon as I saw him, I recollected I had seen him on the stage, and immediately knew it to be Tom Mirrour, the comical actor.[2] He immediately addressed himself to me, and

a figure of a lunatic on the gate of the hospital. He was given to the study of mystical divines. See Dr. King's Works, 1776, i. 217, and Granger's "Biog. Hist." 1824, vi. 12.

[1] Probably Clinch, of Barnet. From the *London Daily Post*, 1734, it appears that on December 11, in that year, died, aged about 70, the famous Mr. Clinch, of Barnet, who diverted the town many years with imitating a drunken man, old woman, pack of hounds, &c. He exhibited at the corner of Bartholomew Lane, by the Royal Exchange. See *Spectator*, No. 24.

[2] Estcourt. See No. 20.

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told me, he was surprised to see a *virtuoso* take satisfaction in any representations below that of human life; and asked me, whether I thought this acting bells and dogs was to be considered under the notion of wit, humour, or satire? "Were it not better," continued he, "to have some particular picture of man laid before your eyes, that might incite your laughter?" He had no sooner spoke the word, but he immediately quitted his natural shape, and talked to me in a very different air and tone from what he had used before; upon which all that sat near us laughed; but I saw no distortion in his countenance, or anything that appeared to me disagreeable. I asked Pacolet, what meant that sudden whisper about us? For I could not take the jest. He answered: "The gentleman you were talking to, assumed your air and countenance so exactly, that all fell a laughing to see how little you knew yourself, or how much you were enamoured with your own image. But that person," continued my monitor, "if men would make the right use of him, might be as instrumental to their reforming errors in gesture, language, and speech, as a dancing-master, linguist, or orator. You see he laid yourself before you with so much address, that you saw nothing particular in his behaviour: he has so happy a knack of representing errors and imperfections, that you can bear your faults in him as well as in yourself: he is the first mimic that ever gave the beauties, as well as the deformities, of the man he acted. What Mr. Dryden said of a very great man[1] may be well applied to him:

[1] George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. See "Absalom and Architophel," p. 545:

"A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts, and nothing long."

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He is
Not one, but all mankind's epitome.

You are to know, that this pantomime may be said to be a species of himself. He has no commerce with the rest of mankind, but as they are the objects of imitation; like the Indian fowl, called the mock-bird, who has no note of his own, but hits every sound in the wood as soon as he hears it; so that Mirrour is at once a copy and an original. Poor Mirrour's fate (as well as talent) is like that of the bird we just now spoke of. The nightingale, the linnet, the lark, are delighted with his company; but the buzzard, the crow, and the owl, are observed to be his mortal enemies. Whenever Sophronius meets Mirrour, he receives him with civility and respect, and well knows, a good copy of himself can be no injury to him; but Bathillus shuns the street where he expects to meet him; for he that knows his every step and look is constrained and affected, must be afraid to be rivalled in his action, and of having it discovered to be unnatural, by its being practised by another as well as himself.

From my own Apartment, August 5.

Letters from Coventry and other places have been sent to me, in answer to what I have said in relation to my antagonist Mr. Powell,[1] and advise me, with warm language, to keep to subjects more proper for me than such high points. But the writers of these epistles mistake the use and service I propose to the learned world by such observations: for you are to understand, that the title of this paper gives me a right in taking to myself, and inserting in it, all such parts of any book or letter which are foreign to the purpose intended, or professed by the writer:

[1] Dr. Blackall. See No. 45.

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so that suppose two great divines should argue, and treat each other with warmth and levity unbecoming their subject or character, all that they say unfit for that place is very proper to be inserted here. Therefore from time to time, in all writings which shall hereafter be published, you shall have from me extracts of all that shall appear not to the purpose; and for the benefit of the gentle reader, I will show what to turn over unread and what to peruse. For this end I have a mathematical sieve preparing, in which I will sift every page and paragraph, and all that falls through I shall make bold with for my own use. The same thing will be as beneficial in speech; for all superfluous expressions in talk fall to me also: as, when a pleader at the Bar designs to be extremely impertinent and troublesome, and cries, "Under favour of the Court—— With submission, my lord——I humbly offer——" and, "I think I have well considered this matter; for I would be very far from trifling with your lordship's time, or trespassing upon your patience—— However, thus I will venture to say"—and so forth. Or else, when a sufficiently self-conceited coxcomb is bringing out something in his own praise, and begins, "Without vanity, I must take this upon me to assert." There is also a trick which the fair sex have, that will greatly contribute to swell my volumes: as, when a woman is going to abuse her best friend, "Pray," says she, "have you heard what I said of Mrs. such a one: I am heartily sorry to hear anything of that kind, of one I have so great a value for; but they make no scruple of telling it; and it was not spoken of to me as a secret, for now all the town rings of it." All such flowers in rhetoric, and little refuges for malice, are to be noted, and naturally belong only to Tatlers. By this method you will immediately find volumes contract themselves into octavos, and the labour of a fortnight got over in half a day.

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St. James's Coffee-house, August 5.

Last night arrived a mail from Lisbon, which gives a very pleasing account of the posture of affairs in that part of the world, the enemy having been necessitated wholly to abandon the blockade of Olivenza. These advices say that Sir John Jennings[1] was arrived at Lisbon. When that gentleman left Barcelona, his Catholic Majesty was taking all possible methods for carrying on an offensive war. It is observed with great satisfaction in the Court of Spain, that there is a very good intelligence between the general officers; Count Staremberg and Mr. Stanhope[2] acting in all things with such unanimity, that the public affairs receive great advantages from their personal friendship and esteem to each other, and mutual assistance in promoting the service of the common cause.

This is to give notice that if any able-bodied Palatine will enter into the bonds of matrimony with Betty Pepin,[3] the said Palatine shall be settled in a freehold of 40s. per annum in the County of Middlesex.[4]

[1] Admiral Sir John Jennings (1664–1743) was employed during 1709–10 in watching the Straits of Gibraltar. Afterwards he was made one of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, and Governor of Greenwich Hospital.

[2] In August James Stanhope, afterwards first Earl Stanhope (1673–1721), went to Gibraltar to command an expedition against Cadiz; but the idea was abandoned.

[3] See No. 24, and "Pylades and Corinna," i. 67.

[4] This is an animadversion, says Nichols, on the method of securing votes, and extending his influence in Middlesex, adopted by a knight near Brentford. In the copy of the *Tatler*, in folio, with old MS. notes, mentioned in a note to No. 4, Palatine is said to have been "Mr. A——n, K——t of the shire"; and this appears to be correct, for on March 3, 1708–9, at Brentford, John Austin, Esq., was unanimously chosen knight of the shire for Middlesex, in the room of Sir John Wolstenholm, deceased (Luttrell's "Diary," vi. 414). Mr. Austin was not re-elected after the dissolution in 1710.

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No. 52. [STEELE.

From *Saturday*, *August* 6, to *Tuesday*, *August* 9, 1709.

White's Chocolate-house, *August* 7.

Delamira resigns her Fan.[1]

Long had the crowd of the gay and young stood in suspense as to their fate in their passion to the beauteous Delamira; but all their hopes are lately vanished by the declaration that she has made of her choice to take the happy Archibald[2] for her companion for life. Upon her making this public, the expense of sweet powder and jessamine[3] are considerably abated; and the mercers and milliners complain of her want of public spirit, in not concealing longer a secret which was so much to the benefit of trade. But so it has happened; and no one was in confidence with her in carrying on this treaty but the matchless Virgulta, whose despair of ever entering the matrimonial state, made her, some nights before Delamira's resolution was made known to the world, address herself to her in the following manner:

"Delamira, you are now going into that state of life, wherein the use of your charms is wholly to be applied to

[1] This article may be by Addison; see note to No. 50.

[2] Probably Lord Archibald Hamilton, son to William, third Duke of Hamilton. He was M.P. for Lanarkshire, and afterwards Governor of Jamaica. He married Lady Jane Hamilton, youngest daughter of James, sixth Earl of Abercorn, and died in 1754.

[3] Charles Lillie ("British Perfumer," p. 191) gives directions for making jessamine hair powder. It was usually prepared from orange flowers, which had been sifted from orange-flower hair powder, placed between alternate layers of starch powder.

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the pleasing only one man. That swimming air of your body; that jaunty bearing of your head over one shoulder; and that inexpressible beauty in your manner of playing your fan, must be lowered into a more confined behaviour, to show that you would rather shun than receive addresses in the future. Therefore, dear Delamira, give me those excellences you leave, and acquaint me with your manner of charming. For I take the liberty of our friendship to say, that when I consider my own stature, motion, complexion, wit or breeding, I cannot think myself any way your inferior; yet do I go through crowds without wounding a man, and all my acquaintance marry round me, while I live a virgin unasked, and (I think) unregarded."

Delamira heard her with great attention, and with that dexterity which is natural to her, told her, that all she had above the rest of her sex and contemporary beauties was wholly owing to a fan [1] (which was left her by her mother, and had been long in the family), which whoever had in possession, and used with skill, should command the hearts of all her beholders: "And since," said she, smiling, "I have no more to do with extending my conquests or triumphs, I'll make you a present of this inestimable rarity." Virgulta made her expressions of the highest gratitude for so uncommon a confidence in her, and desired she would show her what was peculiar in the management of that utensil, which rendered it of such general force while she was mistress of it. Delamira replied, "You see, madam, Cupid is the principal figure painted on it; and the skill in playing this fan is, in several motions of it, to let him appear as little as possible; for honourable lovers fly all

[1] Gay wrote a poem on "The Fan," in three books, and Addison devoted a paper (*Spectator*, No. 102) to an elaborate account of the exercise of this female weapon.

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endeavours to ensnare them; and your Cupid must hide his bow and arrow, or he'll never be sure of his game. You may observe," continued she, "that in all public assemblies, the sexes seem to separate themselves, and draw up to attack each other with eyeshot: that is the time when the fan, which is all the armour of woman, is of most use in our defence; for our minds are construed by the waving of that little instrument, and our thoughts appear in composure or agitation according to the motion of it. You may observe, when Will Peregrine comes into the side-box,[1] Miss Gatty flutters her fan[2] as a fly does its wings round a candle; while her elder sister, who is as much in love with him as she is, is as grave as a vestal at his entrance, and the consequence is accordingly. He watches half the play for a glance from her sister, while Gatty is overlooked and neglected. I wish you heartily as much success in the management of it as I have had: if you think fit to go on where I left off, I will give you a short account of the execution I have made with it. Cymon, who is the dullest of mortals, and though a wonderful great scholar, does not only pause, but seems to take a nap with his eyes open between every other sentence in his discourse: him have I made a leader in assemblies; and one blow on the shoulder as I passed by him, has raised him to a downright impertinent in all conversations. The airy Will Sampler is become as lethargic by this my wand, as Cymon is sprightly. Take it, good girl, and use it without mercy; for the reign of beauty never lasted full three years, but it ended in marriage, or condemnation to virginity. As you fear therefore the one, and hope for the other, I expect

[1] See No. 50.

[2] "The Fluttering of the Fan is the last, and, indeed, the masterpiece of the whole exercise. . . . There is an infinite variety of motions to be made use of in the Flutter of a Fan" (*Spectator*, No. 102).

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an hourly journal of your triumphs; for I have it by certain tradition, that it was given to the first who wore it by an enchantress, with this remarkable power, that it bestows a husband in half a year to her who does not overlook her proper minute; but assigns to a long despair the woman who is well offered, and neglects that proposal. May occasion attend your charms, and your charms slip no occasion. Give me, I say, an account of the progress of your forces at our next meeting; and you shall hear what I think of my new condition. I should meet my future spouse this moment. Farewell. Live in just terror of the dreadful words, SHE WAS."

From my own Apartment, August 8.

I had the honour this evening to visit some ladies, where the subject of the conversation was Modesty, which they commended as a quality quite as becoming in men as in women. I took the liberty to say, it might be as beautiful in our behaviour as in theirs; yet it could not be said, it was as successful in life; for as it was the only recommendation in them, so it was the greatest obstacle to us both in love and business. A gentleman present was of my mind, and said, that we must describe the difference between the modesty of women and that of men, or we should be confounded in our reasonings upon it; for this virtue is to be regarded with respect to our different ways of life. The woman's province is to be careful in her economy, and chaste in her affection: the man's to be active in the improvement of his fortune, and ready to undertake whatever is consistent with his reputation for that end. Modesty therefore in a woman has a certain agreeable fear in all she enters upon; and in men it is composed of a right judgment of what is proper for them to attempt. From hence it is, that a discreet man

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is always a modest one. It is to be noted that modesty in a man is never to be allowed as a good quality, but a weakness, if it suppresses his virtue, and hides it from the world, when he has at the same time a mind to exert himself. A French author says very justly, that modesty is to the other virtues in a man, what shade in a picture is to the parts of the thing represented: it makes all the beauties conspicuous which would otherwise be but a wild heap of colours. This shade on our actions must therefore be very justly applied; for if there be too much, it hides our good qualities, instead of showing them to advantage. Nestor[1] in Athens was an unhappy instance of this truth; for he was not only in his profession the greatest man of that age, but had given more proofs of it than any other man ever did; yet for want of that natural freedom and audacity which is necessary in commerce with men, his personal modesty overthrew all his public actions. Nestor was in those days a skilful architect, and in a manner the inventor of the use of mechanic powers, which he brought to so great perfection that he knew to an atom what foundation would bear such a superstructure: and they record of him that he was so prodigiously exact that for the experiment-sake he built an edifice of great beauty, and seeming strength; but contrived so as to bear only its own parts, and not to admit the addition of the least particle. This building was beheld with much admiration by all the *virtuosi* of that time; but fell down with no other pressure but the settling of a wren upon the top of it.[2] But Nestor's modesty was

[1] The allusion is to Sir Christopher Wren, who died in 1723, in his ninety-first year. He lived, according to the inscription by his son in St. Paul's Cathedral, *non sibi, sed bono publico.*

[2] This passage alludes to an opposition which was made to a digest of designs for the reparation of St. Paul's, laid before the King and the

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such that his art and skill were soon disregarded for want of that manner with which men of the world support and assert the merit of their own performances. Soon after this example of his art Athens was, by the treachery of its enemies, burnt to the ground. This gave Nestor the greatest occasion that ever builder had to render his name immortal, and his person venerable: for all the new city rose according to his disposition, and all the monuments of the glories and distresses of that people were erected by that sole artist. Nay, all their temples, as well as houses, were the effects of his study and labour; insomuch, that it was said by an old sage, "Sure, Nestor will now be famous; for the habitations of gods, as well as men, are built by his contrivance." But this bashful quality still put a damp upon his great knowledge, which has as fatal an effect upon men's reputation as poverty; for as it was said, the poor man saved the city, and the poor man's labour was forgot; so here we see, the modest man built the city, and the modest man's skill was unknown.[1] Thus we see every man is the maker of his own fortune; and what is very odd to consider, he must in some measure be the trumpet of his fame: not that men are to be tolerated who directly praise themselves, but they are to be endued

commissioners in the beginning of 1666, which, the author insinuates, was rather an opposition to Sir C. Wren, than to his plan; it continued, however, till within a few days of the fire on September 2 in that year, which put the reparation of the cathedral out of the question. There was likewise another model of St. Paul's, to which Sir Christopher (certainly the best judge, and far from being mercenary) gave the preference, and which he would have executed with more cheerfulness and satisfaction, had he not been overruled by those whom it was his duty to obey. (Nichols.)

[1] Wren was not able to carry out the scheme for rebuilding the City in the way he had hoped. It appears that he received only about £200 a year for building St. Paul's, and £100 a year for rebuilding the other City churches.

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with a sort of defensive eloquence, by which they shall be always capable of expressing the rules and arts by which they govern themselves. Varillus was the man of all I have read of the happiest in the true possession of this quality of modesty. My author says of him, Modesty in Varillus is really a virtue ; for it is a voluntary quality, and the effect of good sense. He is naturally bold and enterprising ; but so justly discreet, that he never acts or speaks anything, but those who behold him know he has forborn much more than he has performed or uttered, out of deference to the persons before whom he is. This makes Varillus truly amiable, and all his attempts successful ; for as bad as the world is thought to be by those who are perhaps unskilled in it, want of success in our actions is generally owing to want of judgment in what we ought to attempt, or a rustic modesty which will not give us leave to undertake what we ought. But how unfortunate this diffident temper is to those who are possessed with it may be best seen in the success of such as are wholly unacquainted with it. We have one peculiar elegance in our language above all others, which is conspicuous in the term "fellow." This word added to any of our adjectives extremely varies, or quite alters the sense of that with which it is joined. Thus, though a modest man is the most unfortunate of all men, yet a modest fellow is as superlatively happy. A modest fellow is a ready creature, who with great humility, and as great forwardness, visits his patrons at all hours, and meets them in all places, and has so moderate an opinion of himself, that he makes his court at large. If you won't give him a great employment, he will be glad of a little one. He has so great a deference for his benefactor's judgment, that as he thinks himself fit for anything he can get, so he is above nothing which is offered ; like the

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young bachelor of arts, who came to town recommended to a chaplain's place; but none being vacant, modestly accepted of that of a postillion. We have very many conspicuous persons of this undertaking yet modest turn; I have a grandson who is very happy in this quality: I sent him at the time of the last peace into France. As soon as he landed at Calais, he sent me an exact account of the nature of the people, and the policies of the King of France. I got him since chosen a member of a corporation: the modest creature, as soon as he came into the Common Council, told a senior burgess, he was perfectly out in the orders of their house. In other circumstances, he is so thoroughly modest a fellow, that he seems to pretend only to things he understands. He is a citizen only at Court, and in the city a courtier. In a word, to speak the characteristical difference between a modest man and a modest fellow; the modest man is in doubt in all his actions; a modest fellow never has a doubt from his cradle to his grave.

No. 53. [STEELE.

From *Tuesday, August* 9, to *Thursday, August* 11, 1709.

White's Chocolate-house, August 10.

The Civil Husband.[1]

The fate and character of the inconstant Osmyn, is a just excuse for the little notice taken by his widow, of his departure out of this life, which was equally troublesome to Elmira his faithful spouse, and to himself. That life passed between them after this manner, is the

[1] Perhaps this article is by Addison; see note to No. 50.

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reason that the town has just now received a lady with all that gaiety, after having been a relict but three months, which other women hardly assume under fifteen after such a disaster. Elmira is the daughter of a rich and worthy citizen, who gave her to Osmyn with a portion which might have obtained her an alliance with our noblest houses, and fixed her in the eye of the world, where her story had not been now to be related: for her good qualities had made her the object of universal esteem among the polite part of mankind, from whom she has been banished and immured till the death of her gaoler. It is now full fifteen years since that beauteous lady was given into the hands of the happy Osmyn, who in the sense of all the world received at that time a present more valuable than the possession of both the Indies. She was then in her early bloom, with an understanding and discretion very little inferior to the most experienced matrons. She was not beholden to the charms of her sex, that her company was preferable to any Osmyn could meet with abroad; for were all she said considered, without regard to her being a woman, it might stand the examination of the severest judges: for she had all the beauty of her own sex, with all the conversation-accomplishments of ours. But Osmyn very soon grew surfeited with the charms of her person by possession, and of her mind by want of taste; for he was one of that loose sort of men, who have but one reason for setting any value on the fair sex, who consider even brides but as new women, and consequently neglect them when they cease to be such. All the merit of Elmira could not prevent her becoming a mere wife within few months after her nuptials; and Osmyn had so little relish for her conversation, that he complained of the advantages of it. "My spouse," said he to one of his companions, "is so very discreet, so good,

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so virtuous, and I know not what, that I think her person is rather the object of esteem than of love; and there is such a thing as a merit, which causes rather distance than passion." But there being no medium in the state of matrimony, their life began to take the usual gradations to become the most irksome of all beings. They grew in the first place very complaisant; and having at heart a certain knowledge that they were indifferent to each other, apologies were made for every little circumstance which they thought betrayed their mutual coldness. This lasted but few months, when they showed a difference of opinion in every trifle; and as a sign of certain decay of affection, the word "perhaps" was introduced in all their discourse. "I have a mind to go to the Park," says she; "but perhaps, my dear, you will want the coach on some other occasion." He would very willingly carry her to the play; but perhaps, she had rather go to Lady Centaur's[1] and play at ombre.[2] They were both persons of good discerning, and soon found that they mortally hated each other, by their manner of hiding it. Certain it is, that there are some genios which are not capable of pure affection, and a man is born with talents for it as much as for poetry or any other science. Osmyn began too late to find the imperfection of his own heart, and used all the methods in the world to correct it, and argue himself into return of desire and passion for his wife, by the contemplation of her excellent qualities, his great obligations to her, and the high value he saw all the world except himself did put upon her. But such is man's unhappy condition, that though the weakness of the heart has a prevailing power over the strength of the head, yet

[1] The name of a character in Jonson's "Silent Woman."

[2] A game of cards played by three persons, of which particulars will be found in Pope's "Rape of the Lock."

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the strength of the head has but small force against the weakness of the heart. Osmyn therefore struggled in vain to revive departed desire; and therefore resolved to retire to one of his estates in the country, and pass away his hours of wedlock by the noble diversions of the field; and in the fury of a disappointed lover, made an oath, to leave neither stag, fox, nor hare living, during the days of his wife. Besides that country sports would be an amusement, he hoped also, that his spouse would be half killed by the very sense of seeing this town no more, and would think her life ended as soon as she left it. He communicated his design to Elmira, who received it (as now she did all things) like a person too unhappy to be relieved or afflicted by the circumstance of place. This unexpected resignation made Osmyn resolve to be as obliging to her as possible; and if he could not prevail upon himself to be kind, he took a resolution at least to act sincerely, and to communicate frankly to her the weakness of his temper, to excuse the indifference of his behaviour. He disposed his household in the way to Rutland, so as he and his lady travelled only in the coach for the convenience of discourse. They had not gone many miles out of town, when Osmyn spoke to this purpose:

"My dear, I believe I look quite as silly, now I am going to tell you I do not love you, as when I first told you I did. We are now going into the country together, with only one hope for making this life agreeable, survivorship: desire is not in our power; mine is all gone for you. What shall we do to carry it with decency to the world, and hate one another with discretion?"

The lady answered without the least observation on the extravagance of his speech:

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"My dear, you have lived most of your days in a Court, and I have not been wholly unacquainted with that sort of life. In Courts, you see goodwill is spoken with great warmth, ill will covered with great civility. Men are long in civilities to those they hate, and short in expressions of kindness to those they love. Therefore, my dear, let us be well-bred still, and it is no matter, as to all who see us, whether we love or hate: and to let you see how much you are beholden to me for my conduct, I have both hated and despised you, my dear, this half year; and yet neither in language nor behaviour has it been visible but that I loved you tenderly. Therefore, as I know you go out of town to divert life in pursuit of beasts, and conversation with men just above them; so, my life, from this moment, I shall read all the learned cooks who have ever writ, study broths, plaisters, and conserves, till from a fine lady I become a notable woman. We must take our minds a note or two lower, or we shall be tortured by jealousy or anger. Thus I am resolved to kill all keen passions by employing my mind on little subjects, and lessening the easiness of my spirit; while you, my dear, with much ale, exercise, and ill company, are so good as to endeavour to be as contemptible as it is necessary for my quiet I should think you."

To Rutland they arrived, and lived with great, but secret impatience for many successive years, till Osmyn thought of a happy expedient to give their affairs a new turn. One day he took Elmira aside, and spoke as follows:

"My dear, you see here the air is so temperate and serene, the rivulets, the groves, and soil, so extremely kind to nature, that we are stronger and firmer in our health since we left the town; so that there is no hope of a

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release in this place: but if you will be so kind as to go with me to my estate in the Hundreds of Essex, it is possible some kind damp may one day or other relieve us. If you will condescend to accept of this offer, I will add that whole estate to your jointure in this county."

Elmira, who was all goodness, accepted the offer, removed accordingly, and has left her spouse in that place to rest with his fathers.

This is the real figure in which Elmira ought to be beheld in this town, and not thought guilty of an indecorum, in not professing the sense, or bearing the habit of sorrow, for one who robbed her of all the endearments of life, and gave her only common civility, instead of complacency of manners, dignity of passion, and that constant assemblage of soft desires and affections which all feel who love, but none can express.

Will's Coffee-house, August 10.

Mr. Truman, who is a mighty admirer of dramatic poetry, and knows I am about a tragedy, never meets me, but he is giving admonitions and hints for my conduct. "Mr. Bickerstaff," said he, "I was reading last night your second act you were so kind to lend me; but I find you depend mightily upon the retinue of your hero to make him magnificent. You make guards, and ushers, and courtiers, and commons, and nobles, march before, and then enters your prince, and says they can't defend him from his love. Why, prithee Isaac, who ever thought they could? Place me your loving monarch in a solitude; let him have no sense at all of his grandeur, but let it be eaten up with his passion. He must value himself as the greatest of lovers, not as the first of princes: and then let him say a more tender thing than ever man

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said before—for his feather and eagle's beak is nothing at all. The man is to be expressed by his sentiments and affections, and not by his fortune or equipage. You are also to take care, that at his first entrance he says something which may give us an idea of what we are to expect in a person of his way of thinking. Shakespeare is your pattern.[1] In the tragedy of "Cæsar," he introduces his hero in his nightgown. He had at that time all the power of Rome: deposed consuls, subordinate generals, and captive princes, might have preceded him; but his genius was above such mechanic methods of showing greatness. Therefore he rather presents that great soul debating upon the subject of life and death with his intimate friends, without endeavouring to prepossess his audience with empty show and pomp. When those who attend him talk of the many omens which had appeared that day, he answers:

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.[2]

When the hero has spoken this sentiment, there is nothing that is great which cannot be expected, from one whose first position is the contempt of death to so high a degree, as making his exit a thing wholly indifferent, and not a part of his care, but that of heaven and fate.

[1] In the *Spectator*, No. 42, Addison ridiculed the way in which dignity was sought for the hero on the stage by means of grand dresses and guards with halberts and battleaxes. "Can all the trappings or equipage of a king or hero give Brutus half that pomp and majesty which he receives from a few lines in Shakespeare?"

[2] "Julius Cæsar," act ii. sc. 2.

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St. James's Coffee-house, August 10.

Letters from Brussels of the 15th instant, N.S., say, that Major-General Ravignan returned on the 8th with the French king's answer to the intended capitulation for the citadel of Tournay; which is, that he does not think fit to sign that capitulation, except the Allies will grant a cessation of arms in general, during the time in which all acts of hostility were to have ceased between the citadel and the besiegers. Soon after the receipt of this news, the cannon on each side began to play. There are two attacks against the citadel, commanded by General Lottum and General Schuylemberg, which are both carried on with great success; and it is not doubted but the citadel will be in the hands of the Allies before the last day of this month. Letters from Ipres say, that on the 9th instant, part of the garrison of that place had mutinied in two bodies, each consisting of two hundred; who being dispersed the same day, a body of eight hundred appeared in the market-place at nine the night following, and seized all manner of provisions; but were with much difficulty quieted. The governor has not punished any of the offenders, the dissatisfaction being universal in that place; and it is thought, the officers foment those disorders; that the Ministry may be convinced of the necessity of paying those troops, and supplying them with provisions. These advices add, that on the 14th the Marquis d'Este passed express through Brussels from the Duke of Savoy, with advice, that the army of his royal highness had forced the retrenchments of the enemy in Savoy, and defeated that body of men which guarded those passes under the command of the Marquis de Thouy.

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No. 54. [STEELE.

From *Thursday, August* 11, to *Saturday, August* 13, 1709.

White's Chocolate-house, August 12.

Of the Government of Affection.[1]

When labour was pronounced to be the portion of man, that doom reached the affections of his mind, as well as his person, the matter on which he was to feed, and all the animal and vegetable world about him. There is therefore an assiduous care and cultivation to be bestowed upon our passions and affections; for they, as they are the excrescences of our souls, like our hair and beards, look horrid or becoming, as we cut or let them grow. All this grave preface is meant to assign a reason in nature for the unaccountable behaviour of Duumvir,[2] the husband and keeper. Ten thousand follies had this unhappy man escaped, had he made a compact with himself to be upon his guard, and not permitted his vagrant eye to let in so many different inclinations upon him, as all his days he has been perplexed with. But indeed at present he has brought himself to be confined only to one prevailing mistress; between whom and his wife, Duumvir

[1] This article may be by Addison; see note to No. 50.

[2] It has been suggested that Duumvir is meant for the Duke of Ormond, and this view is supported by the MS. annotator mentioned in a note to No. 4. James Butler, second Duke of Ormond, married, at the age of eighteen, Anne, daughter of Lord Hyde, afterward Earl of Rochester. After her death in 1685 he married Lady Mary Somerset, daughter of Henry, first Duke of Beaufort. In 1711 he became Captain-General and Commander-in-Chief of the land forces, but after the accession of George I. he was impeached of high treason, and attainted. He died in exile in 1745.

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passes his hours in all the vicissitudes which attend passion and affection, without the intervention of reason. Laura his wife, and Phyllis his mistress, are all with whom he has had, for some months, the least amorous commerce. Duumvir has passed the noon of life; but cannot withdraw from those entertainments which are pardonable only before that stage of our being, and which after that season are rather punishments than satisfaction: for palled appetite is humorous, and must be gratified with sauces rather than food. For which end Duumvir is provided with an haughty, imperious, expensive, and fantastic mistress, to whom he retires from the conversation of an affable, humble, discreet, and affectionate wife. Laura receives him after absence with an easy and unaffected complacency; but that he calls insipid: Phyllis rates him for his absence, and bids him return from whence he came: this he calls spirit and fire. Laura's gentleness is thought mean; Phyllis' insolence, sprightly. Were you to see him at his own home, and his mistress's lodgings, to Phyllis he appears an obsequious lover, to Laura an imperious master. Nay, so unjust is the taste of Duumvir, that he owns Laura has no ill quality, but that she is his wife; Phyllis no good one, but that she is his mistress. And he has himself often said, were he married to any one else, he would rather keep Laura than any woman living; yet allows at the same time, that Phyllis, were she a woman of honour, would have been the most insipid animal breathing. The other day Laura, who has a voice like an angel, began to sing to him: "Fie, madam," he cried, "we must be past all these gaieties." Phyllis has a note as rude and as loud as that of a milkmaid: when she begins to warble, "Well," says he, "there is such a pleasing simplicity in all that wench does." In a word, the affectionate part of his heart being corrupted, and his true

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taste that way wholly lost, he has contracted a prejudice to all the behaviour of Laura, and a general partiality in favour of Phyllis. It is not in the power of the wife to do a pleasing thing, nor in the mistress to commit one that is disagreeable. There is something too melancholy in the reflection on this circumstance to be the subject of raillery. He said a sour thing to Laura at dinner the other day; upon which she burst into tears. "What the devil, madam," says he, "can't I speak in my own house?" He answered Phyllis a little abruptly at supper the same evening; upon which she threw his periwig into the fire. "Well," said he, "thou art a brave termagant jade; do you know, hussy, that fair wig cost forty guineas?" O Laura! is it for this that the faithful Chromius sighed for you in vain? How is thy condition altered, since crowds of youth hung on thy eye, and watched its glances? It is not many months since Laura was the wonder and pride of her own sex, as well as the desire and passion of ours. At plays and at balls, the just turn of her behaviour, the decency of her virgin charms, chastised, yet added to diversions. At public devotions, her winning modesty, her resigned carriage, made virtue and religion appear with new ornaments, and in the natural apparel of simplicity and beauty. In ordinary conversations, a sweet conformity of manners, and a humility which heightened all the complacencies of good breeding and education, gave her more slaves than all the pride of her sex ever made woman wish for. Laura's hours are now spent in the sad reflections on her choice, and that deceitful vanity (almost inseparable from the sex) of believing, she could reclaim one that had so often ensnared others; as it now is, it is not even in the power of Duumvir himself to do her justice: for though beauty and merit are things real, and independent on taste and opinion, yet agreeableness is

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arbitrary, and the mistress has much the advantage of the wife. But whenever fate is so kind to her and her spouse as to end her days, with all this passion for Phyllis, and indifference for Laura, he has a second wife in view, who may avenge the injuries done to her predecessor. Aglaura is the destined lady, who has lived in assemblies, has ambition and play for her entertainment, and thinks of a man, not as the object of love, but the tool of her interest or pride. If ever Aglaura comes to the empire of this inconstant, she will endear the memory of her predecessor. But in the meantime, it is melancholy to consider, that the virtue of a wife is like the merit of a poet, never justly valued till after death.

From my own Apartment, August 11.

As we have professed, that all the actions of men are our subject, the most solemn are not to be omitted, if there happen to creep into their behaviour anything improper for such occasions. Therefore the offence mentioned in the following epistles (though it may seem to be committed in a place sacred from observation) is such, that it is our duty to remark upon it; for though he who does it is himself only guilty of an indecorum, he occasions a criminal levity in all others who are present at it.

"Mr. Bickerstaff,

"It being mine, as well as the opinion of many others, that your papers are extremely well fitted to reform any irregular or indecent practice, I present the following as one which requires your correction. Myself, and a great many good people who frequent the divine service at St. Paul's, have been a long time scandalised by the

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imprudent conduct of Stentor[1] in that cathedral. This gentleman, you must know, is always very exact and zealous in his devotion, which, I believe, nobody blames; but then he is accustomed to roar and bellow so terribly loud in the responses, that he frightens even us of the congregation, who are daily used to him; and one of our petty canons, a punning Cambridge scholar,[2] calls his way of worship, a bull offering. His harsh untunable pipe is no more fit than a raven's to join with the music of a choir; yet nobody having been enough his friend, I suppose, to inform him of it, he never fails, when present, to drown the harmony of every hymn and anthem, by an inundation of sound beyond that of the bridge at the ebb of the tide, or the neighbouring lions in the anguish of their hunger. This is a grievance which, to my certain knowledge, several worthy people desire to see redressed; and if by inserting this epistle in your paper, or by representing the matter your own way, you can convince Stentor, that discord in a choir is the same sin that schism is in the Church in general, you would lay a great obligation upon us, and make some atonement for certain of your paragraphs which have not been highly approved by us. I am,

"Sir,

"Your most humble Servant,

"JEOFFRY CHANTICLEER.

"St. Paul's Churchyard, *August* 11."

[1] Dr. William Stanley, Dean of St. Asaph and Canon of St. Paul's, where he was buried on his death in 1731. The loudness of his voice is alluded to again in Nos. 56, 61, 67, 70, and 241.

[2] "Mr. C—l—n" (MS. note).—This was probably John Colson (1680–1760), who became Lucasian professor of mathematics in 1739. He is described by Cole, the antiquary, as "an humourist and peevish."

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It is wonderful there should be such a general lamentation, and the grievance so frequent, and yet the offender never know anything of it. I have received the following letter from my kinsman at the Heralds' Office, near the same place:

"DEAR COUSIN,

"This office, which has had its share in the impartial justice of your censures, demands at present your vindication of their rights and privileges. There are certain hours when our young heralds are exercised in the faculties of making proclamation, and other vociferations, which of right belong to us only to utter: but at the same hours, Stentor in St. Paul's Church, in spite of the coaches, carts, London cries, and all other sounds between us, exalts his throat to so high a key, that the most noisy of our order is utterly unheard. If you please to observe upon this, you will ever oblige, &c."

There have been communicated to me some other ill consequences from the same cause; as, the overturning of coaches by sudden starts of the horses as they passed that way, women pregnant frightened, and heirs to families lost; which are public disasters, though arising from a good intention: but it is hoped, after this admonition, that Stentor will avoid an act of so great supererogation, as singing without a voice.

But I am diverted from prosecuting Stentor's reformation, by an account, that the two faithful lovers, Lysander and Coriana, are dead; for no longer ago than the 1st of the last month they swore eternal fidelity to each other, and to love till death. Ever since that time, Lysander has been twice a day at the chocolate-house, visits in every circle, is missing four hours in four and twenty, and will give no account of himself. These are undoubted proofs

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of the departure of a lover; and consequently Coriana is also dead as a mistress. I have written to Stentor to give this couple three calls at the church door, which they must hear if they are living within the bills of mortality; and if they do not answer at that time, they are from that moment added to the number of my defunct.[1]

No. 55.

[STEELE.

From *Saturday*, *August* 13, to *Tuesday*, *August* 16, 1709.

—— Paulo majora canamus.—VIRG., Ecl. iv. 1.

White's Chocolate-house, *August* 15.

While others are busied in relations which concern the interests of princes, the peace of nations, and revolutions of empire, I think (though these are very large subjects) my theme of discourse is sometimes to be of matters of a yet higher consideration. The slow steps of Providence and Nature, and strange events which are brought about in an instant, are what, as they come within our view and observation, shall be given to the public. Such things are not accompanied with show and noise, and therefore seldom draw the eyes of the unattentive part of mankind; but are very proper at once to exercise our humanity, please our imaginations, and improve our judgments. It may not therefore be unuseful to relate many circumstances, which were observable upon a late cure done upon a young gentleman who was born blind, and on the 29th of June last received his sight at the age of twenty years, by the operation of an oculist. This happened no farther off than Newington, and the work

[1] "Deceased" (folio).

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was prepared for in the following manner: The operator, Mr. Grant,[1] having observed the eyes of his patient, and convinced his friends and relations, among others the Rev. Mr. Caswell, minister of the place, that it was highly

[1] Roger Grant was sworn oculist and operator in ordinary to Queen Anne, September 27, 1710; and on the death of Sir William Read, he was sworn oculist in ordinary to George I. in 1715 (*Weekly Packet*, No. 159). He died in 1724. A pamphlet, published in 1709, price 2d., called, "A full and true Account of a Miraculous Cure of a Young Man in Newington, that was born Blind, and was in Five Minutes brought to perfect Sight. By Mr. Roger Grant, Oculist," was in reality intended to expose Grant as an impostor. William Jones, son of Annabella Jones, of Newington, Surrey, was, in the twentieth year of his age, couched by Grant, on June 19, 1709. On Sunday, July 24, he went, we are told, to the parish church of St. Mary, Newington, and requested the minister to offer up thanks for his recovery; and next day he and his mother went to the minister to ask him to certify a statement to the effect that Jones was born blind and now had his sight very well. The minister objected to doing this, although Jones and his mother urged that Grant would charge for the cure if they did not get the certificate. The pamphlet states that at last they got the minister's signature forged, and then Grant published the certificate in the *Daily Courant* for July 30, 1709. On August 16 another paper came out, stating that the minister was present at the operation. The minister told all who made inquiries the truth; that the boy was not born blind, but only with an imperfection in his sight; and that now he saw very little with the left eye, and not at all with the right. On August 8, Grant got the mother to make an affidavit respecting her son's blindness and cure before a magistrate. This affidavit is printed in the "British Apollo," vol. ii. No. 91 (January 20 to 23, 1710). The following advertisement is taken from the same periodical, vol. ii. No. 39 (August 5 to 10, 1709): "As it would be no less disrespectful and injurious to the public, to conceal the merits of Mr. Grant, oculist; therefore, we, the Minister, Churchwardens, and Overseers of the poor of the parish of St. Mary, Newington Butts, do certify, that William Jones, of the same parish, aged twenty years, who was born blind, on his application to Mr. Grant aforesaid, who dwells in St. Christopher's Court, behind the Royal Exchange, was by him couched on Wednesday, June 29, 1709, and by the blessing of God, on the skilful hand of Mr. Grant, the said Jones, in five minutes' time, was brought to see, and

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probable he should remove the obstacle which prevented the use of his sight; all his acquaintance, who had any regard for the young man, or curiosity to be present when one of full age and understanding received a new sense, assembled themselves on this occasion. Mr. Caswell[1] being a gentleman particularly curious, desired the whole company, in case the blindness should be cured, to keep silence, and let the patient make his own observations, without the direction of anything he had received by his other senses, or the advantage of discovering his friends by their voices. Among several others, the mother, brethren, sisters, and a young gentlewoman for whom he had a passion, were present. The work was performed with great skill and dexterity. When the patient first received the dawn of light, there appeared such an ecstasy in his action, that he seemed ready to swoon away in the surprise of joy and wonder. The surgeon stood before him with his instruments in his hand. The young man

at this time hath his sight very well. This case being so particularly remarkable, and gratisly performed, we do, therefore, give this public testimony under our hands, this 25th of July, 1709.—Minister, William Taswell; Churchwardens, James Comber, William Dale; Overseers, Francis Trosse, William Benskin, Walker Wood, John Ship." The Jones case is included in a list of Grant's cures, "Account of some Cures," &c., printed on a folio sheet which is supposed to have been issued in 1713 (Brit. Mus. 1830, c. (18)). The pamphleteer from whom I have quoted, adds that Grant was bred up a cobbler, or, as some say, a tinker; and he was an Anabaptist preacher. Nichols says that "Grant seems to have been more ingenious and reputable than most of his brother and sister oculists; but, if we may judge from his very numerous advertisements, he was not less vain, or less indelicate." A correspondent of the *Spectator* (see No. 472) bore testimony to the benefit he had himself derived from Grant, and said that many blind persons had been cured.

[1] Dr. William Taswell (here called Caswell), king's scholar at Westminster, was elected student of Christ Church in 1670. He became M.A. in 1677, B.D. in 1685, and D.D. in 1698.

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observed him from head to foot; after which he surveyed himself as carefully, and seemed to compare him to himself; and observing both their hands, seemed to think they were exactly alike, except the instruments, which he took for parts of his hands. When he had continued in this amazement some time, his mother could not longer bear the agitations of so many passions as thronged upon her, but fell upon his neck, crying out, "My son! my son!" The youth knew her voice, and could speak no more than, "Oh me! are you my mother?" and fainted. The whole room, you will easily conceive, were very affectionately employed in recovering him; but above all, the young gentlewoman who loved him, and whom he loved, shrieked in the loudest manner. That voice seemed to have a sudden effect upon him as he recovered, and he showed a double curiosity in observing her as she spoke and called to him; till at last he broke out, "What has been done to me? Whither am I carried? Is all this about me, the thing I have heard so often of? Is this the light? Is this seeing? Were you always thus happy, when you said you were glad to see each other? Where is Tom, who used to lead me? But I could now, methinks, go anywhere without him." He offered to move, but seemed afraid of everything around him. When they saw his difficulty, they told him, till he became better acquainted with his new being, he must let the servant still lead him. The boy was called for, and presented to him. Mr. Caswell asked him, what sort of thing he took Tom to be before he had seen him. He answered, he believed there was not so much of him as of himself; but he fancied him the same sort of creature. The noise of this sudden change made all the neighbourhood throng to the place where he was. As he saw the crowd thickening, he desired Mr. Caswell to tell him

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how many there were in all to be seen. The gentleman, smiling, answered him, that it would be very proper for him to return to his late condition, and suffer his eyes to be covered, till they had received strength; for he might remember well enough, that by degrees he had from little and little come to the strength he had at present in his ability of walking and moving; and that it was the same thing with his eyes, which, he said, would lose the power of continuing to him that wonderful transport he was now in, except he would be contented to lay aside the use of them, till they were strong enough to bear the light without so much feeling, as he knew he underwent at present. With much reluctance he was prevailed upon to have his eyes bound, in which condition they kept him in a dark room, till it was proper to let the organ receive its objects without further precaution. During the time of this darkness, he bewailed himself in the most distressed manner, and accused all his friends, complaining, that some incantation had been wrought upon him, and some strange magic used to deceive him into an opinion, that he had enjoyed what they called sight. He added, that the impressions then let in upon his soul would certainly distract him, if he were not so at that present. At another time he would strive to name the persons he had seen among the crowd after he was couched, and would pretend to speak (in perplexed terms of his own making) of what he in that short time observed. But on the 6th instant it was thought fit to unbind his head, and the young woman whom he loved was instructed to open his eyes accordingly, as well to endear herself to him by such a circumstance, as to moderate his ecstasies by the persuasion of a voice, which had so much power over him as hers ever had. When this beloved young woman began to restore him, she talked to him as follows:

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"Mr. William, I am now taking the binding off, though when I consider what I am doing, I tremble with the apprehension, that (though I have from my very childhood loved you, dark as you were, and though you had conceived so strong a love for me) yet you will find there is such a thing as beauty, which may ensnare you into a thousand passions of which you now are innocent, and take you from me for ever. But before I put myself to that hazard, tell me in what manner that love you always professed to me entered into your heart; for its usual admission is at the eyes."

The young man answered, "Dear Lydia, if I am to lose by sight the soft pantings which I have always felt when I heard your voice; if I am no more to distinguish the step of her I love when she approaches me, but to change that sweet and frequent pleasure for such an amazement as I knew the little time I lately saw: or if I am to have anything besides, which may take from me the sense I have of what appeared most pleasing to me at that time (which apparition it seems was you): pull out these eyes, before they lead me to be ungrateful to you, or undo myself. I wished for them but to see you; pull them out, if they are to make me forget you."

Lydia was extremely satisfied with these assurances; and pleased herself with playing with his perplexities. In all his talk to her, he showed but very faint ideas of anything which had not been received at the ear; and closed his protestation to her by saying, that if he were to see Valentia and Barcelona, whom he supposed the most esteemed of all women, by the quarrel there was about them, he would never like any but Lydia.

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St. James's Coffee-house, August 15.

We have repeated advices of the entire defeat of the Swedish army near Pultowa[1] on the 27th June, O.S., and letters from Berlin give the following account of the remains of the Swedish army since the battle: Prince Menzikoff being ordered to pursue the victory, came up with the Swedish army (which was left to the command of General Lewenhaupt) on the 30th of June, O.S., on the banks of the Boristhenes; whereupon he sent General Lewenhaupt a summons to submit to his present fortune: Lewenhaupt immediately despatched three general officers to that prince, to treat about a capitulation; but the Swedes, though they consisted of 15,000 men, were in so great want of provision and ammunition, that they were obliged to surrender themselves at discretion. His Czarish Majesty despatched an express to General Goltz, with an account of these particulars, and also with instructions to send out detachments of his cavalry to prevent the King of Sweden's joining his army in Poland. That prince made his escape with a small party by swimming over the Boristhenes; and it was thought, he designed to retire into Poland by the way of Volhinia. Advices from Berne of the 11th instant say, that the General Diet of the Helvetic Body held at Baden concluded on the 6th; but the deputies of the six cantons, who are deputed to determine the affair of Tockenburg, continue their application to that business,

[1] Charles XII. of Sweden was defeated by the Czar at Pultowa in July 1709, and was wounded by a musket-ball in the heel. After the defeat of his army he crossed the Boristhenes with three hundred men. Two thousand Swedes under General Lewenhaupt surrendered to Prince Menzikoff on the banks of the Boristhenes after the battle. Charles XII. sought refuge among the Turks, and retired to Bender.

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notwithstanding some new difficulties started by the Abbot of St. Gall. Letters from Geneva of the 9th say, that the Duke of Savoy's cavalry had joined Count Thaun, as had also two Imperial regiments of hussars; and that his royal highness's army was disposed in the following manner: the troops under the command of Count Thaun are extended from Constans to St. Peter de Albigni. Small parties are left in several posts from thence to Little St. Bernard, to preserve the communication with Piedmont by the Valley of Aosta. Some forces are also posted at Taloir, and in the Castle of Doin, on each side of the Lake of Anneci. General Rhebinder is encamped in the Valley of Oulx with 10,000 foot, and some detachments of horse: his troops are extended from Exilles to Mount Genevre, so that he may easily penetrate into Dauphine on the least motion of the enemy; but the Duke of Berwick takes all necessary precautions to prevent such an enterprise. That General's headquarters are at Francin; and he hath disposed his army in several parties, to preserve a communication with the Maurienne and Briançon. He hath no provisions for his army but from Savoy; Provence and Dauphine being unable to supply him with necessaries. He left two regiments of dragoons at Annen, who suffered very much in the late action at Tessons, where they lost 1500 who were killed on the spot, 4 standards, and 300 prisoners, among whom were 40 officers. The last letters from the Duke of Marlborough's camp at Orchies of the 19th instant advise, that Monsieur Ravignan being returned from the French Court with an account, that the King of France refused to ratify the capitulation for the surrender of the citadel of Tournay, the approaches have been carried on with great vigour and success: our miners have discovered several of the enemy's mines, who have sprung divers others, which

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did little execution; but for the better security of the troops, both assaults are carried on by the cautious way of sapping. On the 18th, the confederate army made a general forage without any loss. Marshal Villars continues in his former camp, and applies himself with great diligence in casting up new lines behind the old on the Scarp. The Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene designed to begin a general review of the army on the 20th.

No. 56.

[STEELE.

From *Tuesday, August* 16, to *Thursday, August* 18, 1709.

> Quicquid agunt homines . . . nostri farrago libelli.
> Juv., Sat. I. 85, 86.

White's Chocolate-house, August 17.

There is a young foreigner committed to my care, who puzzles me extremely in the questions he asks about the persons of figure we meet in public places. He has but very little of our language, and therefore I am mightily at a loss to express to him things, for which they have no word in that tongue to which he was born. It has been often my answer, upon his asking, who such a fine gentleman is? that he is what we call a "sharper," and he wants my explication. I thought it would be very unjust to tell him, he is the same the French call Coquin; the Latins, Nebulo; or the Greeks, Ῥάσκαλ.[1] For as custom is the most powerful of all laws, and that the order of men we call sharpers are received amongst us, not only with permission, but favour, I thought it

[1] "Rascal," in Greek letters.

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unjust to use them like persons upon no establishment. Besides that, it would be an unpardonable dishonour to our country, to let him leave us with an opinion, that our nobility and gentry kept company with common thieves and cheats; I told him, they were a sort of tame hussars that were allowed in our cities, like the wild ones in our camp, who had all the privileges belonging to us, but at the same time were not tied to our discipline or laws. Aletheus, who is a gentleman of too much virtue for the age he lives in, would not let this matter be thus palliated, but told my pupil, that he was to understand, that distinction, quality, merit, and industry, were laid aside amongst us by the incursions of these civil hussars, who had got so much countenance, that the breeding and fashion of the age turned their way to the ruin of order and economy in all places where they are admitted. But Sophronius, who never falls into heat upon any subject, but applies proper language, temper, and skill, with which the thing in debate is to be treated, told the youth, that gentleman had spoken nothing, but what was literally true; but fell upon it with too much earnestness to give a true idea of that sort of people he was declaiming against, or to remedy the evil which he bewailed: for the acceptance of these men being an ill which hath crept into the conversation part of our lives, and not into our constitution itself, it must be corrected where it began, and consequently is to be amended only by bringing raillery and derision upon the persons who are guilty, or converse with them. "For the sharpers," continued he, "at present are not as formerly, under the acceptation of pickpockets; but are by custom erected into a real and venerable body of men, and have subdued us to so very particular a deference to them, that though they are known to be men without honour or conscience, no demand is called a debt

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of honour so indisputably as theirs. You may lose your honour to them, but they lay none against you: as the priesthood in Roman Catholic countries can purchase what they please for the Church, but they can alienate nothing from it. It is from this toleration, that sharpers are to be found among all sorts of assemblies and companies, and every talent amongst men is made use of by some one or other of the society for the good of their common cause: so that an unexperienced young gentleman is as often ensnared by his understanding as his folly: for who could be unmoved, to hear the eloquent Dromio explain the constitution, talk in the key of Cato, with the severity of one of the ancient sages, and debate the greatest question of State in a common chocolate or coffee-house; who could, I say, hear this generous declamator, without being fired at his noble zeal, and becoming his professed follower, if he might be admitted. Monoculus'[1] gravity would be no less inviting to a beginner in conversation, and the snare of his eloquence would equally catch one who had never seen an old gentleman so very wise, and yet so little severe. Many other instances of extraordinary men among the brotherhood might be produced; but every man who knows the town, can supply himself with such examples without their being named." Will. Vafer, who is skilful at finding out the ridiculous side of a thing, and placing it in a new and proper light (though he very seldom talks), thought fit to enter into this subject. He has lately lost certain loose sums, which half the income of his estate will bring in within seven years: besides which, he proposes to marry to set all right. He was therefore indolent enough to speak of this matter with great impartiality. "When I look round me," said this easy gentleman, "and consider in a just balance us bubbles,

[1] See No. 36.

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elder brothers, whose support our dull fathers contrived to depend upon certain acres; with the rooks, whose ancestors left them the wide world; I cannot but admire their fraternity, and contemn my own. Is not Jack Heyday much to be preferred to the knight he has bubbled? Jack has his equipage, his wenches, and his followers: the knight so far from a retinue, that he is almost one of Jack's. However, he is gay, you see, still; a florid outside—his habit speaks the man—and since he must unbutton, he would not be reduced outwardly, but is stripped to his upper coat. But though I have great temptation to it, I will not at this time give the history of the losing side, but speak the effects of my thoughts, since the loss of my money, upon the gaining people. This ill fortune makes most men contemplative and given to reading; at least it has happened so to me; and the rise and fall of the family of sharpers in all ages has been my contemplation."

I find, all times have had of this people; Homer, in his excellent heroic poem, calls them Myrmidons, who were a body who kept among themselves, and had nothing to lose; therefore never spared either Greek or Trojan, when they fell in their way, upon a party. But there is a memorable verse which gives us an account of what broke that whole body, and made both Greeks and Trojans masters of the secret of their warfare and plunder. There is nothing so pedantic as many quotations; therefore I shall inform you only, that in this battalion there were two officers called Thersites and Pandarus; they were both less renowned for their beauty than their wit; but each had this particular happiness, that they were plunged over head and ears in the same water, which made Achilles invulnerable; and had ever after certain gifts which the

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rest of the world were never to enjoy. Among others, they were never to know they were the most dreadful to the sight of all mortals, never to be diffident of their own abilities, never to blush, or ever to be wounded but by each other. Though some historians say, gaming began among the Lydians to divert hunger, I could cite many authorities to prove it had its rise at the siege of Troy; and that Ulysses won the sevenfold shield at hazard. But be that as it may, the ruin of the corps of the myrmidons proceeded from a breach between Thersites and Pandarus. The first of these was leader of a squadron, wherein the latter was but a private man; but having all the good qualities necessary for a partisan, he was the favourite of his officer. But the whole history of the several changes in the order of sharpers, from those myrmidons to our modern men of address and plunder, will require that we consult some ancient manuscripts. As we make these inquiries, we shall diurnally communicate them to the public, that the knights of the industry may be better understood by the good people of England. These sort of men in some ages, were sycophants and flatterers only, and were endued with arts of life to capacitate them for the conversation of the rich and great; but now the bubble courts the impostor, and pretends at the utmost to be but his equal. To clear up the reasons and causes in such revolutions, and the alteration of conduct between fools and cheats, shall be one of our labours for the good of this kingdom. How therefore pimps, footmen, fiddlers, and lackeys, are elevated into companions in this present age, shall be accounted for from the influence of the planet Mercury[1] on this island; the ascendency of which sharper over Sol, who is a patron of the Muses, and all honest professions, has been noted by

[1] Mercury was the god of thieves.

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the learned Job Gadbury[1] to be the cause, that cunning and trick are more esteemed than art and science. It must be allowed also, to the memory of Mr. Partridge, late of Cecil Street in the Strand, that in his answer to an horary question, at what hour of the night to set a fox-trap in June 1705, he has largely discussed, under the character of Reynard, the manner of surprising all sharpers as well as him. But of these great points, after more mature deliberation.

St. James's Coffee-house, August 17.

"*To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.*

"SIR,

"We have nothing at present new, but that we understand by some owlers,[2] old people die in France. Letters from Paris of the 10th instant, N.S., say, that Monsieur d'André Marquis d'Oraison died at 85; Monsieur Brumars, at 102 years, died for love of his wife, who was 92 at her death, after seventy years' cohabitation. Nicolas de Boutheiller, parish preacher of Sasseville, being a bachelor, held out till 116. Dame Claude de Massy, relict of Monsieur Peter de Monceaux, Grand Audiencer of France, died on the 7th instant, aged 107. Letters of the 17th say, Monsieur Chrestien de Lamoignon died on the 7th instant, a person of great piety and virtue; but having died young, his age is concealed for reasons of State. On the 15th his most Christian Majesty, attended by the Dauphin, the Duke of Burgundy, the Duke and Duchess of Berry, assisted at the procession which he yearly performs, in memory of a vow made by Lewis XIII.

[1] An astrologer and almanac maker, who died in 1715. John Gadbury, an older astrologer, was his master.

[2] Persons who carry contraband goods.

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1638 : for which act of piety, his Majesty received absolution of his confessor, for the breach of all inconvenient vows made by himself. I am,

"Sir,

"Your most humble Servant,

"HUMPHREY KIDNEY."[1]

From my own Apartment, August 17.

I am to acknowledge several letters which I have lately received; among others, one subscribed "Philanthropis," another "Emilia," both which shall be honoured. I have a third from an officer of the army, wherein he desires I would do justice to the many gallant actions which have been done by men of private characters, or officers of lower stations, during this long war; that their families may have the pleasure of seeing we lived in an age wherein men of all orders had their proper share in fame and glory. There is nothing I should undertake with greater pleasure than matter of this kind: if therefore they who are acquainted with such facts, would please to communicate them, by letter directed to me at Mr. Morphew's, no pains should be spared to put them in a proper and distinguishing light.

This is to admonish Stentor,[2] that it was not admiration of his voice, but my publication of it, which has lately increased the number of his hearers.

[1] A waiter; see No. 1.

[2] See No. 54.

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No. 57.

[STEELE.

From *Thursday, August* 18, to *Saturday, August* 20, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines . . . nostri farrago libelli.
Juv., Sat. I. 85, 86.

Will's Coffee-house, August 19.

I was this evening representing a complaint sent me out of the country from Emilia. She says, her neighbours there have so little sense of what a refined lady of the town is, that she, who was a celebrated wit in London, is in that dull part of the world in so little esteem, that they call her in their base style à tongue-pad. Old Truepenny bid me advise her to keep her wit till she comes to town again, and admonish her, that both wit and breeding are local; for a fine Court lady is as awkward among country housewives, as one of them would appear in a drawing-room. It is therefore the most useful knowledge one can attain at, to understand among what sort of men we make the best figure; for if there be a place where the beauteous and accomplished Emilia is unacceptable, it is certainly a vain endeavour to attempt pleasing in all conversations. Here is Will. Ubi, who is so thirsty after the reputation of a companion, that his company is for anybody that will accept of it; and for want of knowing whom to choose for himself, is never chosen by others. There is a certain chastity of behaviour which makes a man desirable, and which, if he transgresses, his wit will have the same fate with Delia's beauty, which no one regards, because all know it is within their power. The best course Emilia can take, is, to have less humility; for if she could have as good an opinion of herself for

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having every quality, as some of her neighbours have of themselves with one, she would inspire even them with a sense of her merit, and make that carriage (which is now the subject of their derision) the sole object of their imitation. Till she has arrived at this value of herself, she must be contented with the fate of that uncommon creature, a woman too humble.

White's Chocolate-house, August 19.

Since my last, I have received a letter from Tom Trump, to desire that I would do the fraternity of gamesters the justice to own, that there are notorious sharpers who are not of their class. Among others, he presented me with the picture of Harry Coppersmith in little, who (he says) is at this day worth half a plum,[1] by means much more indirect than by false dice. I must confess, there appeared some reason in what he asserted; and he met me since, and accosted me in the following manner: "It is wonderful to me, Mr. Bickerstaff, that you can pretend to be a man of penetration, and fall upon us knights of the industry as the wickedest of mortals, when there are so many who live in the constant practice of baser methods unobserved. You cannot (though you know the story of myself and the North Briton) but allow I am an honester man than Will. Coppersmith, for all his great credit among the Lombards. I get my money by men's follies, and he gets his by their distresses. The declining merchant communicates his griefs to him, and he augments them by extortion. If therefore regard is to be had to the merit of the persons we injure, who is the more blamable, he that oppresses an unhappy man, or he that cheats a foolish one? All mankind are indifferently liable to adverse strokes of fortune; and he who adds to them,

[1] A plum is £100,000.

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when he might relieve them, is certainly a worse subject, than he who unburdens a man whose prosperity is unwieldy to him. Besides all which, he that borrows of Coppersmith, does it out of necessity; he that plays with me, does it out of choice." I allowed Trump there are men as bad as himself, which is the height of his pretensions; and must confess, that Coppersmith is the most wicked and impudent of all sharpers: a creature that cheats with credit, and is a robber in the habit of a friend. The contemplation of this worthy person made me reflect on the wonderful successes I have observed men of the meanest capacities meet with in the world, and recollected an observation I once heard a sage man make, which was, that he had observed, that in some professions, the lower the understanding, the greater the capacity. I remember, he instanced that of a banker, and said, "That the fewer appetites, passions, and ideas a man had, he was the better for his business." There is little Sir Tristram,[1] without connection in his speech, or so much as common sense, has arrived by his own natural parts at one of the greatest estates amongst us. But honest Sir Tristram knows himself to be but a repository for cash: he is just such a utensil as his iron chest, and may rather be said to hold money, than possess it. There is nothing so pleasant as to be in the conversation of these wealthy proficients. I had lately the honour to drink half a pint with Sir Tristram, Harry Coppersmith, and Giles Twoshoes. These wags give one another credit in discourse according to their purses; they jest by the pound, and make answers as they honour bills. Without vanity, I thought myself

[1] Sir Francis Child, according to the annotator mentioned in a note to No. 4. Sir Francis Child, the founder of the banking-house, was elected Lord Mayor in 1698, and was afterwards M.P. for the City and for Devizes. He died in 1713.

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the prettiest fellow of the company; but I had no manner of power over one muscle in their faces, though they sneered at every word spoken by each other. Sir Tristram called for a pipe of tobacco; and telling us tobacco was a pot-herb, bid the drawer bring in the other half-pint. Twoshoes laughed at the knight's wit without moderation. I took the liberty to say, it was but a pun. "A pun!" says Coppersmith: "you would be a better man by £10,000 if you could pun like Sir Tristram." With that, they all burst out together. The queer curs maintained this style of dialogue till we had drunk our quarts apiece by half-pints. All I could bring away with me, is, that Twoshoes is not worth £20,000; for his mirth, though he was as insipid as either of the others, had no more effect upon the company, than if he had been a bankrupt.

From my own Apartment, August 19.

I have heard, it has been advised by a Diocesan to his inferior clergy, that instead of broaching opinions of their own, and uttering doctrines which may lead themselves and hearers into errors, they would read some of the most celebrated sermons printed by others for the instruction of their congregations. In imitation of such preachers at second-hand, I shall transcribe from Bruyère one of the most elegant pieces of raillery and satire which I have ever read. He describes the French, as if speaking of a people not yet discovered, in the air and style of a traveller.

"I have heard talk of a country where the old men are gallant, polite and civil: the young men, on the contrary, stubborn, wild, without either manners or civility. They are free from passion for women, at the age when in other

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countries they begin to feel it; and prefer beasts, victuals, and ridiculous amours, before them. Amongst these people, he is sober who is never drunk with anything but wine; the too frequent use of it has rendered it flat and insipid to them: they endeavour by brandy, and other strong liquors, to quicken their taste, already extinguished, and want nothing to complete their debauches, but to drink aqua fortis. The women of that country hasten the decay of their beauty, by their artifices to preserve it: they paint their cheeks, eyebrows, and shoulders, which they lay open, together with their breasts, arms and ears, as if they were afraid to hide those places which they think will please, and never think they show enough of them. The physiognomies of the people of that country are not at all neat, but confused and embarrassed with a bundle of strange hair, which they prefer before their natural: with this they weave something to cover their heads, which descends half-way down their bodies, hides their features, and hinders you from knowing men by their faces. This nation has besides this, their God and their king. The grandees go every day at a certain hour to a temple they call a church: at the upper end of that temple there stands an altar consecrated to their God, where the priest celebrates some mysteries which they call holy, sacred and tremendous. The great men make a vast circle at the foot of the altar, standing with their backs to the priest and the holy mysteries, and their faces erected towards their king, who is seen on his knees upon a throne, and to whom they seem to direct the desires of their hearts, and all their devotion. However, in this custom there is to be remarked a sort of subordination; for the people appear adoring their prince and their prince adoring God. The inhabitants of this region call it —— It is from forty-eight degrees of latitude, and more than

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eleven hundred leagues by sea, from the Iroquois and Hurons."

Letters from Hampstead[1] say, there is a coxcomb arrived there, of a kind which is utterly new. The fellow has courage, which he takes himself to be obliged to give proofs of every hour he lives. He is ever fighting with the men, and contradicting the women. A lady who sent him to me, superscribed him with this description out of Suckling:

"*I am a man of war and might,*
And know thus much, that I can fight,
Whether I am in the wrong or right,
Devoutly.

"*No woman under heaven I fear,*
New oaths I can exactly swear;
And forty healths my brains will bear,
Most stoutly."

[1] Hampstead was quite a health resort, with chalybeate springs. The following advertisement appeared in No. 201: "A consort of music will be performed in the Great Room at Hampstead, this present Saturday, the 22nd inst., at the desire of the gentlemen and ladies living in and near Hampstead, by the best masters. Several of the opera songs, by a girl of nine years, a scholar of Mr. Tenoe's, who never performed in public, but once at York Buildings, with very good success. To begin exactly at five, for the conveniency of gentlemen's returning. Tickets to be had only at the Wells, at 2*s.* 6*d.* each. For the benefit of Mr. Tenoe."

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No. 58. [STEELE.

From *Saturday*, *August* 20, to *Tuesday*, *August* 23, 1709.

White's Chocolate-house, *August* 22.

Poor Cynthio[1] (who does me the honour to talk to me now and then very freely of his most secret thoughts, and tells me his most private frailties) owned to me, that though he is in his very prime of life, love had killed all his desires, and he was now as much to be trusted with a fine lady, as if he were eighty. "That one passion for Clarissa has taken up," said he, "my whole soul, and all my idle flames are extinguished, as you may observe, ordinary fires are often put out by the sunshine." This was a declaration not to be made, but upon the highest opinion of a man's sincerity; yet as much a subject of raillery as such a speech would be, it is certain, that chastity is a nobler quality, and as much to be valued in men as in women. The mighty Scipio, who (as Bluffe[2] says in the comedy) was a pretty fellow in his time, was of this mind, and is celebrated for it by an author of good sense. When he lived, wit, and humour, and raillery, and public success, were at as high a pitch in Rome, as at present in England; yet I believe, there was no man in those days thought that general at all ridiculous in his behaviour in the following account of him: Scipio, at four and twenty years of age,[3]

[1] Lord Hinchinbroke; see Nos. 5, 22, 35.

[2] Captain Bluffe, in Congreve's "Old Bachelor," act ii. sc. 2: "Faith, Hannibal was a very pretty fellow; but, Sir Joseph, comparisons are odious; Hannibal was a very pretty fellow in those days, it must be granted; but, alas, sir, were he alive now, he would be nothing, nothing in the earth."

[3] He was really 27 at this time. Steele seems to have based this article on a translation of Valerius Maximus. Florus says that Scipio

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had obtained a great victory, and a multitude of prisoners of each sex, and all conditions, fell into his possession: among others, an agreeable virgin in her early bloom and beauty. He had too sensible a spirit to see the most lovely of all objects without being moved with passion: besides which, there was no obligation of honour or virtue to restrain his desires towards one who was his by the fortune of war. But a noble indignation, and a sudden sorrow, which appeared in her countenance, when a conqueror cast his eyes upon her, raised his curiosity to know her story. He was informed, that she was a lady of the highest condition in that country, and contracted to Indibilis, a man of merit and quality. The generous Roman soon placed himself in the condition of that unhappy man, who was to lose so charming a bride; and though a youth, a bachelor, a lover, and a conqueror, immediately resolved to resign all the invitations of his passion, and the rights of his power, to restore her to her destined husband. With this purpose he commanded her parents and relations, as well as her husband, to attend him at an appointed time. When they met, and were waiting for the general, my author frames to himself the different concern of an unhappy father, a despairing lover, and a tender mother, in the several persons who were so related to the captive. But for fear of injuring the delicate circumstances with an old translation, I shall proceed to tell you, that Scipio appears to them, and leads in his prisoner into their presence. The Romans (as noble as they were) seemed to allow themselves a little too much triumph over the conquered; therefore, as Scipio approached, they all threw themselves on their knees, except the lover of the lady: but Scipio observing in him

declined to see the lady; Livy's account is in his twenty-sixth book, chap. 50.

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a manly sullenness, was the more inclined to favour him, and spoke to him in these words: "It is not the manner of the Romans to use all the power they justly may: we fight not to ravage countries, or break through the ties of humanity; I am acquainted with your worth, and your interest in this lady: fortune has made me your master; but I desire to be your friend. This is your wife; take her, and may the gods bless you with her. But far be it from Scipio to purchase a loose and momentary pleasure at the rate of making an honest man unhappy." Indibilis' heart was too full to make him any answer, but he threw himself at the feet of the general and wept aloud. The captive lady fell into the same posture, and they both remained so till the father burst into the following words: "O divine Scipio! The gods have given you more than human virtue. O glorious leader! O wondrous youth! Does not that obliged virgin give you, while she prays to the gods for your prosperity, and thinks you sent down from them, raptures, above all the transports which you could have reaped from the possession of her injured person?" The temperate Scipio answered him without much emotion, and, saying, "Father, be a friend to Rome," retired. An immense sum was offered as her ransom; but he sent it to her husband, and smiling, said, "This is a trifle after what I have given him already; but let Indibilis know, that chastity at my age is a much more difficult virtue to practise than generosity." I observed, Cynthio was very much taken with my narrative; but told me, this was a virtue that would bear but a very inconsiderable figure in our days. However I took the liberty to say, that we ought not to lose our ideas of things, though we had debauched our true relish in our practice. For after we have done laughing, solid virtue will keep its place in men's opinions:

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and though custom made it not so scandalous as it ought to be, to ensnare innocent women, and triumph in the falsehood; such actions as we have here related, must be accounted true gallantry, and rise the higher in our esteem, the farther they are removed from our imitation.

Will's Coffee-house, August 22.

A man would be apt to think in this laughing town, that it were impossible a thing so exploded as speaking hard words should be practised by any one that had ever seen good company; but as if there were a standard in our minds as well as bodies, you see very many just where they were twenty years ago, and more they cannot, will not arrive at. Were it not thus, the noble Martius would not be the only man in England whom nobody can understand, though he talks more than any man else. Will. Dactyle the epigrammatist, Jack Comma the grammarian, Nick Cross-grain who writes anagrams, and myself, made a pretty company at a corner of this room, and entered very peaceably upon a subject fit enough for us; which was, the examination of the force of the particle "for," when Martius joined us. He being well known to us all, asked what we were upon? For he had a mind to consummate the happiness of the day, which had been spent among the stars of the first magnitude, among the men of letters; and therefore, to put a period to it, as he had commenced it, he should be glad to be allowed to participate of the pleasure of our society. I told him the subject. "Faith, gentlemen," said Martius, "your subject is humble; and if you would give me leave to elevate the conversation, I should humbly offer, that you would enlarge your inquiries to the word 'forasmuch': for though I take it," said he, "to be but one word; yet, the particle 'much' implying quantity, the

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particle 'as' similitude, it will be greater, and more like ourselves, to treat of 'forasmuch.'" Jack Comma is always serious, and answered, "Martius, I must take the liberty to say, that you have fallen into all this error and profuse manner of speech by a certain hurry in your imagination, for want of being more exact in the knowledge of the parts of speech; and it is so with all men who have not well studied the particle 'for.' You have spoken 'for' without making any inference, which is the great use of that particle. There is no manner of force in your observation of quantity and similitude in the syllables 'as' and 'much.' But it is ever the fault of men of great wit to be incorrect; which evil they run into by an indiscreet use of the word 'for.' Consider all the books of controversy which have been written, and I'll engage you will observe, that all the debate lies in this point, whether they brought in 'for' in a just manner, or forced it in for their own use, rather than as understanding the use of the word itself? There is nothing like familiar instances: you have heard the story of the Irishman, who reading, 'Money for Live Hair,' took a lodging and expected to be paid for living at that house. If this man had known 'for' was in that place, of a quite different signification from the particle 'to,' he could not have fallen into the mistake of taking 'live' for what the Latins call *vivere*, or rather *habitare*." Martius seemed at a loss; and admiring his profound learning, wished he had been bred a scholar, for he did not take the scope of his discourse. This wise debate, of which we had much more, made me reflect upon the difference of their capacities, and wonder that there could be as it were a diversity in men's genius for nonsense; that one should bluster, while another crept in absurdities. Martius moves like a blind man, lifting his legs higher than the ordinary way

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of stepping; and Comma, like one who is only short-sighted, picking his way when he should be marching on. Want of learning makes Martius a brisk entertaining fool, and gives himself a full scope; but that which Comma has, and calls learning, makes him diffident, and curb his natural misunderstanding, to the great loss of the men of raillery. This conversation confirmed me in the opinion, that learning usually does but improve in us what nature endowed us with. He that wants good sense, is unhappy in having it, for he has thereby only more ways of exposing himself; and he that has sense, knows that learning is not knowledge, but rather the art of using it.

St. James's Coffee-house, August 22.

We[1] have undoubted intelligence of the defeat of the King of Sweden; and that prince (who for some years had hovered like an approaching tempest, and was looked up at by all the nations of Europe, which seemed to expect their fate according to the course he should take), is now, in all probability, an unhappy exile, without the common necessaries of life. His Czarish Majesty treats his prisoners with great gallantry and distinction. Count Rheinsfeldt has had particular marks of his Majesty's esteem, for his merit and services to his master; but Count Piper, whom his Majesty believes author of the most violent councils into which his prince entered, is disarmed and entertained accordingly. That decisive battle was ended at nine in the morning, and all the Swedish generals dined with the Czar that very day, and received assurances that they should find Muscovy was not unacquainted with the laws of honour and humanity.

[1] "Though we have men of intelligence that have spoken of the proposals of peace and conferences which have been held at Tournay, there are no certain advices of any such treaty. We" (folio).

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No. 59. [STEELE.

From *Tuesday, August* 23, to *Thursday, August* 25, 1709.

White's Chocolate-house, August 24.

ÆSOP has gained to himself an immortal renown for figuring the manners, desires, passions, and interests of men, by fables of beasts and birds: I shall in my future accounts of our modern heroes and wits, vulgarly called "sharpers," imitate the method of that delightful moralist; and think, I cannot represent those worthies more naturally than under the shadow of a pack of dogs; for this set of men are like them, made up of finders, lurchers, and setters. Some search for the prey, others pursue others take it; and if it be worth it, they all come in at the death, and worry the carcass. It would require a most exact knowledge of the field, and the harbours where the deer lie, to recount all the revolutions in the chase: but I am diverted from the train of my discourse of the fraternity about this town by letters from Hampstead, which give me an account, there is a late institution there, under the name of a raffling-shop, which is, it seems, secretly supported by a person who is a deep practitioner in the law, and, out of tenderness of conscience, has, under the name of his maid Sisly, set up this easier way of conveyancing and alienating estates from one family to another. He is so far from having an intelligence with the rest of the fraternity, that all the humbler cheats who appear there, are faced by the partners in the bank, and driven off by the reflection of superior brass. This notice is given to all the silly faces that pass that way, that they may not be decoyed in by the soft allurement of a fine lady, who is the sign to

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the pageantry. And at the same time Signior Hawksly, who is the patron of the household, is desired to leave off this interloping trade, or admit, as he ought to do, the knights of the industry to their share in the spoil. But this little matter is only by way of digression. Therefore to return to our worthies: the present race of terriers and hounds would starve, were it not for the enchanted Actæon, who has kept the whole pack for many successions of hunting seasons. Actæon has long tracts of rich soil; but had the misfortune in his youth to fall under the power of sorcery, and has been ever since, some parts of the year, a deer, and in some parts a man. While he is a man (such is the force of magic), he no sooner grows to such a bulk and fatness, but he is again turned into a deer, and hunted till he is lean; upon which he returns to his human shape. Many arts have been tried, and many resolutions taken by Actæon himself, to follow such methods as would break the enchantment; but all have hitherto proved ineffectual. I have therefore, by midnight watchings and much care, found out, that there is no way to save him from the jaws of his hounds, but to destroy the pack, which, by astrological prescience, I find I am destined to perform. For which end I have sent out my familiar, to bring me a list of all the places where they are harboured, that I may know where to sound my horn, and bring them together, and take an account of their haunts and their marks, against another opportunity.

Will's Coffee-house, August 24.

The author of the ensuing letter, by his name, and the quotations he makes from the ancients, seems a sort of spy from the old world, whom we moderns ought to be careful of offending; therefore I must be free, and own

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it a fair hit where he takes me, rather than disoblige him.[1]

"SIR,

"Having a peculiar humour of desiring to be somewhat the better or wiser for what I read, I am always uneasy when, in any profound writer (for I read no others), I happen to meet with what I cannot understand. When this falls out, it is a great grievance to me that I am not able to consult the author himself about his meaning; for commentators are a sect that has little share in my esteem. Your elaborate writings have, among many others, this advantage, that their author is still alive, and ready (as his extensive charity makes us expect) to explain whatever may be found in them too sublime for vulgar understandings. This, sir, makes me presume to ask you, how the Hampstead hero's[2] character could be perfectly new when the last letters came away, and yet Sir John Suckling so well acquainted with it sixty years ago? I hope, sir, you will not take this amiss: I can assure you, I have a profound respect for you; which makes me write this, with the same disposition with which Longinus bids us read Homer and Plato. 'When in reading,' says he, 'any of those celebrated authors, we meet with a passage to which we cannot well reconcile our reasons, we ought firmly to believe, that were those great wits present to answer for themselves, we should to our wonder be convinced, that we only are guilty of the mistakes we before attributed to them.' If you think fit to remove the scruple that now torments me, it will be an encouragement to me to settle a

[1] This letter was by Swift, and is printed in Scott's edition of his works. The remainder of the article may be by either Swift or Addison.

[2] See No. 57.

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frequent correspondence with you, several things falling in my way which would not, perhaps, be altogether foreign to your purpose, and whereon your thoughts would be very acceptable to

"Your most humble Servant,

"OBADIAH GREENHAT."

I own this is clean, and Mr. Greenhat has convinced me that I have writ nonsense; yet am I not at all offended at him.

Scimus, et hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.[1]

This is the true art of raillery, when a man turns another into ridicule, and shows at the same time he is in good humour, and not urged by malice against the person he rallies. Obadiah Greenhat has hit this very well: for to make an apology to Isaac Bickerstaff, an unknown student and horary historian, as well as astrologer, and with a grave face to say, he speaks of him by the same rules with which he would treat Homer or Plato, is to place him in company where he cannot expect to make a figure; and makes him flatter himself, that it is only being named with them which renders him most ridiculous. I have not known, and I am now past my grand climacteric, being sixty-four years of age, according to my way of life, or rather (if you will allow punning in an old gentleman) according to my way of pastime; I say, old as I am, I have not been acquainted with many of the Greenhats. There is indeed one Zedekiah Greenhat, who is lucky also in his way. He has a very agreeable manner; for when he has a mind thoroughly to correct a man, he never takes from him anything, but he allows him something for it; or else, he blames him for things wherein he is not defec-

[1] Horace, "Ars Poetica," 11.

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tive, as well as for matters wherein he is. This makes a weak man believe he is in jest in the whole. The other day he told Beau Prim, who is thought impotent, that his mistress had declared she would not have him, because he was a sloven, and had committed a rape. The beau bit at the banter, and said very gravely, he thought to be clean was as much as was necessary; and that as to the rape, he wondered by what witchcraft that should come to her ears; but it had indeed cost him a hundred pounds to hush the affair. The Greenhats are a family with small voices and short arms, therefore they have power with none but their friends: they never call after those who run away from them, or pretend to take hold of you if you resist. But it has been remarkable, that all who have shunned their company, or not listened to them, have fallen into the hands of such as have knocked out their own brains, or broken their bones. I have looked over our pedigree upon the receipt of this epistle, and find the Greenhats are akin to the Staffs. They descend from Maudlin, the left-handed wife of Nehemiah Bickerstaff, in the reign of Harry II. And it is remarkable, that they are all left-handed, and have always been very expert at single rapier. A man must be very much used to their play to know how to defend himself; for their posture is so different from that of the right-handed, that you run upon their swords if you push forward; and they are in with you, if you offer to fall back without keeping your guard. There have been other letters lately sent to me which relate to other people: among others, some whom I have heretofore declared to be so, are deceased. I must not therefore break through rules so far, as to speak ill of the dead. This maxim extends to all but the late Partridge, who still denies his death. I am informed indeed by several, that he walks; but I shall with all convenient speed lay him.

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St. James's Coffee-house, August 24.

We hear from Tournay, that on the night between the 22nd and 23rd, they went on with their works in the enemy's mines, and levelled the earth which was taken out of them. The next day, at eight in the morning, when the French observed we were relieving our trenches, they sprung a larger mine than any they had fired during this siege, which killed only four private sentinels. The ensuing night, we had three men and two officers killed, as also seven men wounded. Between the 24th and 25th, we repaired some works, which the enemy had ruined. On the next day, some of the enemy's magazines blew up; and it is thought they were destroyed on purpose by some of their men, who are impatient of the hardships of the present service. There happened nothing remarkable for two or three days following. A deserter, who came out of the citadel on the 27th, says, the garrison is brought to the utmost necessity; that their bread and water are both very bad; and that they were reduced to eat horse-flesh. The manner of fighting in this siege has discovered a gallantry in our men unknown to former ages; their meeting with adverse parties underground, where every step is taken with apprehensions of being blown up with mines below them, or crushed by the fall of the earth above them, and all this acted in darkness, has something in it more terrible than ever is met with in any other part of a soldier's duty. However, this is performed with great cheerfulness. In other parts of the war we have also good prospects: Count Thaun has taken Annecy, and the Count de Merci marched into Franche Comté, while his Electoral Highness is much superior in number to Monsieur d'Harcourt; so that both on the side of Savoy and Germany, we have reason to expect very suddenly some great event.

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No. 60. [STEELE.

From *Thursday, August* 25, to *Saturday, August* 27, 1709.

White's Chocolate-house, August 26.

To proceed regularly in the history of my worthies, I ought to give you an account of what has passed from day to day in this place; but a young fellow of my acquaintance has so lately been rescued out of the hands of the knights of the industry, that I rather choose to relate the manner of his escape from them, and the uncommon way which was used to reclaim him, than to go on in my intended diary. You are to know then, that Tom Wildair is a student of the Inner Temple, and has spent his time, since he left the university for that place, in the common diversions of men of fashion; that is to say, in whoring, drinking, and gaming. The two former vices he had from his father; but was led into the last by the conversation of a partisan of the Myrmidons, who had chambers near him. His allowance from his father was a very plentiful one for a man of sense, but as scanty for a modern fine gentleman. His frequent losses had reduced him to so necessitous a condition, that his lodgings were always haunted by impatient creditors, and all his thoughts employed in contriving low methods to support himself, in a way of life from which he knew not how to retreat, and in which he wanted means to proceed. There is never wanting some good-natured person to send a man an account of what he has no mind to hear; therefore many epistles were conveyed to the father of this extravagant, to inform him of the company, the pleasures, the

[1] See No. 56.

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distresses, and entertainments, in which his son passed his time. The old fellow received these advices with all the pain of a parent, but frequently consulted his pillow to know how to behave himself on such important occasions, as the welfare of his son, and the safety of his fortune. After many agitations of mind, he reflected, that necessity was the usual snare which made men fall into meanness, and that a liberal fortune generally made a liberal and honest mind; he resolved therefore to save him from his ruin, by giving him opportunities of tasting what it is to be at ease, and enclosed to him the following order upon Sir Tristram Cash :[1]

"SIR,

"Pray pay to Mr. Tho. Wildair, or order, the sum of one thousand pounds, and place it to the account of,

"Yours,

"HUMPHREY WILDAIR."

Tom was so astonished at the receipt of this order, that though he knew it to be his father's hand, and that he had always large sums at Sir Tristram's; yet a thousand pounds was a trust of which his conduct had always made him appear so little capable, that he kept his note by him, till he writ to his father the following letter :

"HONOURED FATHER,

"I have received an order under your hand for a thousand pounds, in words at length, and I think I could swear it is your hand. I have looked it over and over twenty thousand times. There is in plain letters, T, H, O, U, S, A, N, D,: and after it, the letters P, O, U, N, D, S. I have it still by me,

[1] See No. 57.

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and shall, I believe, continue reading it till I hear from you."

The old gentleman took no manner of notice of the receipt of his letter; but sent him another order for three thousand pounds more. His amazement on this second letter was unspeakable. He immediately double-locked his door, and sat down carefully to reading and comparing both his orders. After he had read them till he was half mad, he walked six or seven turns in his chamber, then opens his door, then locks it again; and to examine thoroughly this matter, he locks his door again, puts his table and chairs against it; then goes into his closet, and locking himself in, read his notes over again about nineteen times, which did but increase his astonishment. Soon after, he began to recollect many stories he had formerly heard of persons who had been possessed with imaginations and appearances which had no foundation in nature, but had been taken with sudden madness in the midst of a seeming clear and untainted reason. This made him very gravely conclude he was out of his wits; and with a design to compose himself, he immediately betakes him to his nightcap, with a resolution to sleep himself into his former poverty and senses. To bed therefore he goes at noon-day, but soon rose again, and resolved to visit Sir Tristram upon this occasion. He did so, and dined with the knight, expecting he would mention some advice from his father about paying him money; but no such thing being said, "Look you, Sir Tristram," said he, "you are to know, that an affair has happened, which——" "Look you," says Tristram, "I know, Mr. Wildair, you are going to desire me to advance; but the late call of the bank, where I have not yet made my last payment, has obliged me——" Tom

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interrupted him, by showing him the bill of a thousand pounds. When he had looked at it for a convenient time, and as often surveyed Tom's looks and countenance; "Look you, Mr. Wildair, a thousand pounds——" Before he could proceed, he shows him the order for three thousand more. Sir Tristram examined the orders at the light, and finding at the writing the name, there was a certain stroke in one letter, which the father and he had agreed should be to such directions as he desired might be more immediately honoured, he forthwith pays the money. The possession of four thousand pounds gave my young gentleman a new train of thoughts: he began to reflect upon his birth, the great expectations he was born to, and the unsuitable ways he had long pursued. Instead of that unthinking creature he was before, he is now provident, generous, and discreet. The father and son have an exact and regular correspondence, with mutual and unreserved confidence in each other. The son looks upon his father as the best tenant he could have in the country, and the father finds the son the most safe banker he could have in the City.

Will's Coffee-house, August 26.

There is not anything in nature so extravagant, but that you will find one man or other that shall practise or maintain it; otherwise, Harry Spondee could not have made so long an harangue as he did here this evening concerning the force and efficacy of well-applied nonsense. Anong ladies, he positively averred, it was the most prevailing part of eloquence; and had so little complaisance as to say, a woman is never taken by her reason, but always by her passion. He proceeded to assert, the way to move that, was only to astonish her. "I know," continued he, "a very late instance of this; for being by

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accident in the next room to Strephon, I could not help overhearing him as he made love to a certain great lady's woman. The true method in your application to one of this second rank of understanding, is not to elevate and surprise, but rather to elevate and amaze. Strephon is a perfect master in this kind of persuasion: his way is, to run over with a soft air a multitude of words, without meaning or connection, but such as do each of them apart give a pleasing idea, though they have nothing to do with each other as he assembles them. After the common phrases of salutation, and making his entry into the room, I perceived he had taken the fair nymph's hand, and kissing it, said, 'Witness to my happiness ye groves! Be still ye rivulets! Oh! woods, caves, fountains, trees, dales, mountains, hills, and streams! Oh! fairest, could you love me?' To which I overheard her answer, with a very pretty lisp, 'Oh! Strephon, you are a dangerous creature: why do you talk these tender things to me? But you men of wit——' 'Is it then possible,' said the enamoured Strephon, 'that she regards my sorrows? Oh! Pity, thou balmy cure to an heart overloaded. If rapture, solicitation, soft desire, and pleasing anxiety—— But still I live in the most afflicting of all circumstances, doubt—— Cannot my charmer name the place and moment?

There all those joys insatiably to prove,
With which rich beauty feeds the glutton love.

Forgive me, madam, it is not that my heart is weary of its chain, but——' This incoherent stuff was answered by a tender sigh, 'Why do you put your wit to a weak woman?' Strephon saw he had made some progress in her heart, and pursued it, by saying that he would certainly wait upon her at such an hour near Rosamond's

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Pond;[1] and then—— The sylvian deities, and rural powers of the place, sacred and inviolable to love; love, the mover of all noble hearts, should hear his vows repeated by the streams and echoes. The assignation was accordingly made." This style he calls the unintelligible method of speaking his mind; and I'll engage, had this gallant spoken plain English, she had never understood him half so readily: for we may take it for granted, that he'll be esteemed as a very cold lover, who discovers to his mistress that he is in his senses.

From my own Apartment, August 26.

The following letter came to my hand, with a request to have the subject recommended to our readers, particularly the smart fellows, who are desired to repair to Major Touchhole,[2] who can help them to firelocks that are only fit for exercise.

Just ready for the Press,

"Mars Triumphant, or, London's Glory: being the whole art of Encampment, with the method of embattling Armies, marching them off, posting the Officers, forming Hollow Squares, and the various Ways of

[1] This "lake of love" (No. 170) was a sheet of water in the south-west corner of St. James's Park, "long consecrated," as Warburton says, "to disastrous love and elegiac poetry." It is frequently mentioned in plays of the time as a place of assignation. See Pope's "Rape of the Lock":

"This the blest lover shall for Venus take,
And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake."

The anxious father of an heiress, who had given him the slip, says (*Spectator*, No. 311), "After an hour's search she returned of herself, having been taking a walk, as she told me, by Rosamond's Pond." The pond was filled up in 1770.

[2] Said to be a Mr. Gregory, of Thames Street, a train-band major. See also No. 265.

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paying the Salute with the Halfpike; as it was performed by the Trained-bands of London this year One thousand seven hundred and nine, in that Nursery of Bellona the Artillery-ground.[1] Wherein you have a new method how to form a strong line of foot, with large intervals between each platoon, very useful to prevent the breaking in of horse. A civil way of performing the military ceremony; wherein the major alights from his horse, and at the head of his company salutes the lieutenant-colonel; and the lieutenant-colonel, to return the compliment, courteously dismounts, and after the same manner salutes his major: exactly as it was performed, with abundance of applause, on the 5th of July last. Likewise an account of a new invention made use of in the Red Regiment to quell mutineering captains; with several other things alike useful for the public. To which is added, An Appendix by Major Touch-hole; proving the method of discipline now used in our armies to be very defective. With an essay towards an amendment. Dedicated to the Lieutenant-Colonel of the First Regiment."

Mr. Bickerstaff has now in the press, "A Defence of awkward Fellows against the Class of the Smarts: with a Dissertation upon the Gravity which becomes weighty Persons. Illustrated by way of Fable, and a Discourse on the Nature of the Elephant, the Cow, the Dray-horse, and the Dromedary, which have motions equally steady and grave. To this is added, a Treatise written by an Elephant (according to Pliny) against receiving Foreigners into the Forest. Adapted to some present Circumstances. Together with Allusions to such Beasts as declare against the poor Palatines."

[1] See Nos. 28, 41.

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No. 61.

[STEELE.

From *Saturday*, *August* 27, to *Tuesday*, *August* 30, 1709.

White's Chocolate-house, *August* 29.

Among many phrases which have crept into conversation, especially of such company as frequent this place, there is not one which misleads me more, than that of a fellow of a great deal of fire. This metaphorical term, "fire," has done much good in keeping coxcombs in awe of one another; but at the same time it has made them troublesome to everybody else. You see in the very air of a fellow of fire, something so expressive of what he would be at, that if it were not for self-preservation, a man would laugh out. I had last night the fate to drink a bottle with two of these firemen, who are indeed dispersed like the myrmidons[1] in all quarters, and to be met with among those of the most different education. One of my companions was a scholar with fire; the other a soldier of the same complexion. My learned man would fall into disputes, and argue without any manner of provocation or contradiction: the other was decisive without words, and would give a shrug or an oath to express his opinion. My learned man was a mere scholar, and my man of war as mere a soldier. The particularity of the first was ridiculous; that of the second, terrible. They were relations by blood, which in some measure moderated their extravagances towards each other: I gave myself up merely as a person of no note in the company, but as if brought to be convinced, that I was an inconsiderable thing, any otherwise than that they would show each other

[1] See No. 56.

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to me, and make me spectator of the triumph they alternately enjoyed. The scholar has been very conversant with books, and the other with men only; which makes them both superficial: for the taste of books is necessary to our behaviour in the best company, and the knowledge of men is required for a true relish of books: but they have both fire, which makes one pass for a man of sense, and the other for a fine gentleman. I found I could easily enough pass my time with the scholar; for if I seemed not to do justice to his parts and sentiments, he pitied me, and let me alone. But the warrior could not let it rest there; I must know all that happened within his shallow observations of the nature of the war: to all which he added, an air of laziness, and contempt of those of his companions who were eminent for delighting in the exercise and knowledge of their duty. Thus it is, that all the young fellows of much animal life, and little understanding, that repair to our armies, usurp upon the conversation of reasonable men, under the notion of having fire. The word has not been of greater use to shallow lovers, to supply them with chat to their mistresses, than it has been to pretended men of pleasure to support them in being pert and dull, and saying of every fool of their order, "Such a one has fire." There is a Colonel Truncheon, who marches with divisions ready on all occasions; a hero who never doubted in his life, but is ever positively fixed in the wrong, not out of obstinate opinion, but invincible stupidity. It is very unhappy for this latitude of London, that it is possible for such as can learn only fashion, habit, and a set of common phrases of salutation, to pass with no other accomplishments in this nation of freedom for men of conversation and sense. All these ought to pretend to, is, not to offend; but they carry it so far, as to be negligent, whether they offend or not;

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for they have fire. But their force differs from true spirit, as much as a vicious from a mettlesome horse. A man of fire is a general enemy to all the waiters where you drink, is the only man affronted at the company's being neglected, and makes the drawers abroad, his *valet-de-chambre* and footman at home, know, he is not to be provoked without danger. This is not the fire that animates the noble Marinus,[1] a youth of good nature, affability, and moderation. He commands his ship, as an intelligence moves its orb; he is the vital life, and his officers the limbs of the machine. His vivacity is seen in doing all the offices of life with readiness of spirit, and propriety in the manner of doing them. To be ever active in laudable pursuits, is the distinguishing character of a man of merit; while the common behaviour of every gay coxcomb of fire is to be confidently in the wrong, and dare to persist in it.

Will's Coffee-house, August 29.

It is a common objection against writings of a satirical mixture, that they hurt men in their reputations, and consequently in their fortunes and possessions; but a gentleman who frequents this room declared, he was of opinion it ought to be so, provided such performances had their proper restrictions. The greatest evils in human society are such as no law can come at; as in the case of ingratitude, where the manner of obliging very often leaves the benefactor without means of demanding justice, though that very circumstance should be the more binding to the person who has received the benefit. On such an occasion, shall it be possible for the malefactor to escape?

[1] Perhaps Lord Forbes (afterwards third Earl of Granard), a naval officer on friendly terms with Swift. (See "Journal to Stella," July 21–23, 1711, and No. 271, note.) He was born in 1685, and was therefore only 24 in 1709.

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And is it not lawful to set marks upon persons who live within the law, and do base things? Shall not we use the same protection of those laws to punish them, which they have to defend themselves? We shall therefore take it for a very moral action to find a good appellation for offenders, and to turn them into ridicule under feigned names. I am advertised by a letter of August the 25th, that the name of Coppersmith[1] has very much wanted explanation in the city, and by that means unjustly given, by those who are conscious they deserve it themselves, to an honest and worthy citizen[2]—belonging to the Copper Office; but that word is framed out of a moral consideration of wealth amongst men, whereby he that has gotten any part of it by injustice and extortion, is to be thought in the eye of virtuous men so much the poorer for such gain. Thus all the gold which is torn from our neighbours, by making advantage of their wants, is copper; and I authorise the Lombards to distinguish themselves accordingly. All the honest, who make a reasonable profit, both for the advantage of themselves and those they deal with, are goldsmiths; but those who tear unjustly all they can, coppersmiths. At the same time I desire him who is most guilty, to sit down satisfied with riches and contempt, and be known by the title of *the Coppersmith;* as being the chief of that respected, contemptible fraternity.

This is the case of all others mentioned in our lucubra-

[1] See No. 57.

[2] Probably Sir Humphrey Mackworth (1657–1727), the governor of a company formed for working copper mines in England. Yalden wrote verses "To Sir Humphrey Mackworth on working the mines." In 1709, after internal quarrels in the Corporation, Mackworth was accused of peculation, and in 1710 the House of Commons voted him guilty of fraud; but a bill alienating his estates fell through owing to the failing power of the Whigs. Mackworth was one of the founders

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tions, particularly of Stentor,[1] who goes on in his vociferations at St. Paul's with so much obstinacy, that he has received admonition from St. Peter's for it from a person of eminent wit and piety;[2] but who is by old age reduced to the infirmity of sleeping at a service, to which he had been fifty years attentive, and whose death, whenever it happens, may, with that of the saints, well be called, falling asleep; for the innocence of his life makes him expect it as indifferently as he does his ordinary rest. This gives him a cheerfulness of spirit to rally his own weakness, and hath made him write to Stentor to hearken to my admonitions. "Brother Stentor," said he, "for the repose of the church, hearken to Bickerstaff, and consider, that while you are so devout at St. Paul's, we cannot sleep for you at St. Peter's."

From my own Apartment, August 29.

There has been lately sent me a much harder question than was ever yet put to me since I professed astrology; to wit, how far, and to what age, women ought to make their beauty their chief concern? The regard and care of their faces and persons are as variously to be considered, as their complexions themselves differ; but if one may transgress against the careful practice of the fair sex so much as to give an opinion against it, I humbly presume, that less care, better applied, would increase their empire, and make it last as long as life. Whereas

of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and published some books on religious subjects, besides many political pamphlets.

[1] See No. 54.

[2] Dr. Robert South, who was, when this paper was written, nearly 75, and in bad health. In January 1709, Swift wrote to Lord Halifax, "Pray, my lord, desire Dr. South to die about the fall of the leaf," and in October Halifax wrote, "Dr. South holds out still, but he cannot be immortal." He lived until 1716.

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now, from their own example, we take our esteem of their merit; for it is very just, that she who values herself only on her beauty, should be regarded by others on no other consideration. There is certainly a liberal and pedantic education among women as well as men, and the merit lasts accordingly. She therefore that is bred with freedom, and in good company, considers men according to their respective characters and distinctions; while she that is locked up from such observations, will consider her father's butler not as a butler, but as a man. In like manner, when men converse with women, the well-bred and intelligent are looked upon with an observation suitable to their different talents and accomplishments, without respect to their sex; while a mere woman can be observed under no consideration but that of a woman; and there can be but one reason for placing any value upon her, or losing time in her company. Wherefore I am of opinion, that the rule for pleasing long, is, to obtain such qualifications as would make them so were they not women. Let the beauteous Cleomira then show us her real face, and know, that every stage of life has its peculiar charms, and that there is no necessity for fifty to be fifteen: that childish colouring of her cheeks is as ungraceful, as that shape would have been when her face wore its real countenance. She has sense, and ought to know, that if she will not follow nature, nature will follow her. Time then has made that person, which had (when I visited her grandfather) an agreeable bloom, sprightly air, and soft utterance, now no less grateful in a lovely aspect, an awful manner, and maternal wisdom. But her heart was so set upon her first character, that she neglects and repines at her present; not that she is against a more staid conduct in others, for she recommends gravity, circumspection, and severity of countenance, to her daughter. Thus,

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against all chronology, the girl is the sage, the mother the fine lady. But these great evils proceed from an unaccountable wild method in the education of the better half of the world, the women. We have no such thing as a standard for good breeding. I was the other day at my Lady Wealthy's, and asked one of her daughters, how she did? She answered, she never conversed with men. The same day I visited at Lady Plantwell's, and asked her daughter the same question. She answers, "What's that to you, you old thief?" and gives me a slap on the shoulders. I defy any man in England, except he knows the family before he enters, to be able to judge whether he shall be agreeable or not, when he comes into it. You find either some odd old woman, who is permitted to rule as long as she lives, in hopes of her death, and to interrupt all things; or some impertinent young woman, who will talk sillily upon the strength of looking beautifully. I will not answer for it, but that it may be, that I (like all other old fellows) have a fondness for the fashions and manners which prevailed when I was young and in fashion myself: but certain it is, that the taste of grace and beauty is very much lowered! The fine women they show me nowadays, are at best but pretty girls to me, who have seen Sacharissa,[1] when all the world repeated the poems she inspired; and Villaria,[2] when a youthful king was her subject. The things you follow and make songs on now, should be sent to knit, or sit down to bobbing or bone-lace: they are indeed neat, and so are their sempstresses; they are pretty, and so are their handmaids. But that graceful motion, that awful mien, and that winning

[1] Waller's "Sacharissa" was Lady Dorothy Sidney (1617–1684), daughter of Robert, second Earl of Leicester, and wife of Robert, second Earl of Sunderland.

[2] The Duchess of Cleveland; see No. 50.

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attraction, which grew upon them from the thoughts and conversations they met with in my time, are now no more seen. They tell me I am old: I am glad I am so; for I don't like your present young ladies. Those among us who do set up for anything of decorum, do so mistake the matter, that they offend on the other side. Five young ladies who are of no small fame for their great severity of manners and exemplary behaviour, would lately go nowhere with their lovers but to an organ-loft in a church, where they had a cold treat, and some few opera songs, to their great refreshment and edification. Whether these prudent persons had not been as much so if this had been done at a tavern, is not very hard to determine. It is such silly starts and incoherences which undervalue the beauteous sex, and puzzle us in our choice of sweetness of temper and simplicity of manners, which are the only lasting charms of woman. But I must leave this important subject at present, for some matters which press for publication; as you will observe in the following letter:

"DEAR SIR,

"It is natural for distant relations to claim kindred with a rising family; though at this time, zeal to my country, not interest, calls me out. The City forces[1] being shortly to take the field, all good Protestants would be pleased that their arms and valour should shine with equal lustre. A council of war was lately held, the Honourable Colonel Mortar being president. After many debates, it was unanimously resolved, that Major Blunder, a most expert officer, should be detached for Birmingham to buy arms, and to prove his firelocks on the spot, as well to prevent expense, as disappointment in the day of

[1] See No. 60.

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battle. The major being a person of consummate experience, was invested with a discretionary power. He knew from ancient story, that securing the rear, and making a glorious retreat, was the most celebrated piece of conduct. Accordingly such measures were taken to prevent surprise in the rear of his arms, that even Pallas herself, in the shape of rust, could not invade them. They were drawn into close order, firmly embodied, and arrived securely without touch-holes. Great and national actions deserve popular applause; and as praise is no expense to the public, therefore, dearest kinsman, I communicate this to you, as well to oblige this nursery of heroes, as to do justice to my native country. I am

"Your most
"Affectionate Kinsman,
"OFFSPRING TWIG.

"London, *August* 26, Artillery Ground.

"A war-horse, belonging to one of the colonels of the artillery, to be let or sold. He may be seen, adorned with ribands, and set forth to the best advantage, the next training day."

No. 62. [STEELE.

From *Tuesday, August* 30, to *Thursday, September* 1, 1709.

White's Chocolate-house, August 31.

This place being frequented by persons of condition, I am desired to recommend a dog kennel to any who shall want a pack. It lies not far from Suffolk Street,[1] and

[1] Gambling-houses were very numerous at this time; they were

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is kept by two who were formerly dragoons in the French service; but left plundering for the more orderly life of keeping dogs: besides that, according to their expectation, they find it more profitable, as well as more conducing to the safety of their skin, to follow this trade, than the beat of drum. Their residence is very convenient for the dogs to whelp in, and bring up a right breed to follow the scent. The most eminent of the kennel are bloodhounds, which lead the van, and are as follow:

A List of the Dogs.

Jowler, of a right Irish breed, called Captain.

Rockwood, of French race, with long hair, by the courtesy of England called also Captain.

Pompey, a tall hound, kennelled in a convent in France, and knows a rich soil.

The two last hunt in couple, and are followed by,

Ringwood, a French black whelp of the same breed, a fine open-mouthed dog; and an old sick hound, always in kennel; but of the true blood, with a good nose, French breed.

There is also an Italian greyhound, with good legs, and knows perfectly the ground from Ghent to Paris.

Ten setting dogs, right English.

Four mongrels, of the same nation.

And twenty whelps, fit for any game.

These curs are so extremely hungry, that they are too keen at the sport, and worry their game before the keepers can come in. The other day a wild boar from the north rushed into the kennel, and at first indeed defended him-

largely supported by foreign adventurers, many of whom lived in Suffolk Street, Haymarket.

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self against the whole pack; but they proved at last too many for him, and tore twenty-five pounds of flesh from off his back, with which they filled their bellies, and made so great a noise in the neighbourhood, that the keepers are obliged to hasten the sale. That quarter of the town where they are kennelled is generally inhabited by strangers, whose blood the hounds have often sucked in such a manner, that many a German count, and other *virtuosi*, who come from the Continent, have lost the intention of their travels, and been unable to proceed on their journey.

If these hounds are not very soon disposed of to some good purchaser, as also those at the kennels nearer St. James's, it is humbly proposed, that they may be altogether transported to America, where the dogs are few, and the wild beasts many. Or, that during their stay in these parts, some eminent justice of the peace may have it in particular direction to visit their harbours; and that the Sheriff of Middlesex may allow him the assistance of the common hangman to cut off their ears, or part of them, for distinction-sake, that we may know the bloodhounds from the mongrels and setters. Till these things are regulated, you may inquire at a house belonging to Paris at the upper end of Suffolk Street, or a house belonging to Ghent, opposite to the lower end of Pall Mall, and know further.

It were to be wished that these curs were disposed of; for it is a very great nuisance to have them tolerated in cities. That of London takes care, that the common hunt, assisted by the serjeants and bailiffs, expel them wherever they are found within the walls; though it is said, some private families keep them, to the destruction of their neighbours: but it is desired, that all who know of any of these curs, or have been bit by them, would

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send me their marks, and the houses where they are harboured, and I do not doubt but I shall alarm the people so well, as to have them used like mad dogs wherever they appear. In the meantime, I advise all such as entertain this kind of vermin, that if they give me timely notice that their dogs are dismissed, I shall let them go unregarded, otherwise am obliged to admonish my fellow subjects in this behalf, and instruct them how to avoid being worried, when they are going about their lawful professions and callings. There was lately a young gentleman bit to the bone; who has now indeed recovered his health, but is as lean as a skeleton. It grieved my heart to see a gentleman's son run among the hounds; but he is, they tell me, as fleet and as dangerous as the best of the pack.

Will's Coffee-house, August 31.

This evening was spent at our table in discourse of propriety of words and thoughts, which is Mr. Dryden's definition of wit;[1] but a very odd fellow, who would intrude upon us, and has a briskness of imagination more like madness than regular thought, said,[2] that Harry Jacks was the first who told him of the taking of the citadel of Tournay,[3] "and," says he, "Harry deserves a statue more than the boy who ran to the Senate with a thorn in his foot to tell of a victory." We were astonished at the assertion, and Spondee asked him, "What affinity is there between that boy and Harry, that you say

[1] Dryden defines wit as "a propriety of thoughts and words; or, in other terms, thoughts and words elegantly adapted to the subject" (Preface to "The State of Innocence"). Addison observes that this "is not so properly a definition of wit, as of good writing in general" (*Spectator*, No. 62).

[2] "Told us" (folio).

[3] See news paragraph below.

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their merit resembles so much as you just now told us?" "Why," says he, "Harry you know is in the French interest, and it was more pain to him to tell the story of Tournay, than to the boy to run upon a thorn to relate a victory which he was glad of." The gentleman who was in the chair upon the subject of propriety of words and thoughts, would by no means allow, that there was wit in this comparison; and urged, that to have anything gracefully said, it must be natural; and that whatsoever was introduced in common discourse with so much premeditation, was insufferable. That critic went on: "Had Mr. Jacks," said he, "told him the citadel was taken, and another had answered, 'He deserves a statue as well as the Roman boy, for he told it with as much pain'; it might have passed for a sprightly expression: but there is a wit for discourse, and a wit for writing. The easiness and familiarity of the first, is not to savour in the least of study; but the exactness of the other, is to admit of something like the freedom of discourse, especially in discourses of humanity, and what regards the Belles Lettres. I do not in this allow, that Bickerstaff's *Tatlers*, or discourses of wit by retail, and for the penny, should come within the description of writing." I bowed at his compliment, and—but he would not let me proceed.

You see in no place of conversation the perfection of speech so much as in an accomplished woman. Whether it be, that there is a partiality irresistible when we judge of that sex, or whatever it is, you may observe a wonderful freedom in their utterance, and an easy flow of words, without being distracted (as we often are who read much) in the choice of dictions and phrases. My Lady Courtly is an instance of this: she was talking the other day of dress, and did it with so excellent an air and gesture, that you would have sworn she had learned her action from

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our Demosthenes. Besides which, her words were particularly well adapted to the matter she talked of, that the dress was a new thing to us men. She avoided the terms of art in it, and described an unaffected garb and manner in so proper terms, that she came up to that of Horace's "*simplex munditiis*";[1] which, whoever can translate in two words, has as much eloquence as Lady Courtly. I took the liberty to tell her, that all she had said with so much good grace, was spoken in two words in Horace, but would not undertake to translate them; upon which she smiled, and told me, she believed me a very great scholar, and I took my leave.

From my own Apartment, August 31.

I have been just now reading the introduction to the History of Catiline by Sallust, an author who is very much in my favour; but when I reflect upon his professing himself wholly disinterested, and at the same time see how industriously he has avoided saying anything to the praise of Cicero, to whose vigilance the commonwealth owed its safety, it very much lessens my esteem for that writer; and is one argument, among others, for laughing at all who pretend to be out of the interests of the world, and profess purely to act for the service of mankind, without the least regard to themselves. I do not deny but that the rewards are different; some aim at riches, others at honour, by their public services. However, they are all pursuing some end to themselves, though indeed those ends differ as much as right and wrong. The most graceful way then, I should think, would be to acknowledge, that you aim at serving yourselves; but at the

[1] 1 Od. v. 5. See No. 212, for Steele's remarks on a well-dressed woman, in reply to a lady who asked what was the meaning of these words.

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same time make it appear, it is for the service of others that you have these opportunities. Of all the disinterested professors I have ever heard of, I take the boatswain of Dampier's ship to be the most impudent, but the most excusable.[1] You are to know, that in the wild searches that navigator was making, they happened to be out at sea, far distant from any shore, in want of all the necessaries of life; insomuch, that they began to look, not without hunger, on each other. The boatswain was a fat, healthy, fresh fellow, and attracted the eyes of the whole crew. In such an extreme necessity, all forms of superiority were laid aside: the captain and lieutenant were safe only by being carrion, and the unhappy boatswain in danger only by being worth eating. To be short, the company were unanimous, and the boatswain must be cut up. He saw their intention, and desired he might speak a few words before they proceeded; which being permitted, he delivered himself as follows:

"GENTLEMEN SAILORS,

"Far be it that I should speak it for any private interest of my own, but I take it, that I should not die with a good conscience, if I did not confess to you that I am not sound. I say, gentlemen, justice, and the testimony of a good conscience, as well as love of my country, to which I hope you will all return, oblige me to own, that Black Kate at Deptford has made me very unsafe to

[1] William Dampier (1652–1715), captain, traveller and buccaneer, tells another story of a voyage in 1686, when provisions were nearly exhausted. "The men had contrived first to kill Captain Swan and eat him when the victuals were gone, and after him all of us who were accessory in promoting the undertaking this voyage. This made Captain Swan say to me, after our arrival at Guam, 'Ah, Dampier, you would have made them but a poor meal'; for I was as lean as the captain was lusty and fleshy."

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eat; and (I speak it with shame) I am afraid, gentlemen, I should poison you."

This speech had a good effect in the boatswain's favour; but the surgeon of the ship protested, he had cured him very well, and offered to eat the first steak of him himself.

The boatswain replied (like an orator, with a true notion of the people, and in hopes to gain time) that he was heartily glad if he could be for their service, and thanked the surgeon for his information. "However," said he, "I must inform you, for your own good, that I have ever since my cure been very thirsty and dropsical; therefore I presume it would be much better to tap me, and drink me off, than eat me at once, and have no man in the ship fit to be drank." As he was going on with his harangue, a fresh gale arose, and gave the crew hopes of a better repast at the nearest shore, to which they arrived next morning.

Most of the self-denials we meet with are of this sort; therefore I think he acts fairest who owns, he hopes at least to have brother's fare, without professing that he gives himself up with pleasure to be devoured for the preservation of his fellows.

St. James's Coffee-house, August 31.

Letters from the Hague of the 6th of September, N.S., say, that the governor of the citadel at Tournay having offered their highnesses the Duke of Marlborough and the Prince of Savoy to surrender that place on the 31st of the last month, on terms which were not allowed them by those princes, hostilities were thereupon renewed; but that on the 3rd the place was surrendered, with a seeming condition granted to the besieged above that of being prisoners of war; for they were forthwith to be

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conducted to Condé, but were to be exchanged for prisoners of the Allies, and particularly those of Warneton were mentioned in the demand. Both armies having stretched towards Mons with the utmost diligence, that of the Allies, though they passed the much more difficult road, arrived first before that town, which they have now actually invested; and the quartermaster-general was, at the time of despatching these letters, marking the ground for the encampment of the covering army.

To the Booksellers, or others whom this Advertisement may concern.

Mr. Omicron,[1] the unborn poet, gives notice, that he writes all treatises as well in verse as prose, being a ninth son, and translates out of all languages, without learning or study.

If any bookseller will treat for his pastoral on the "Siege and Surrender of the Citadel of Tournay," he must send in his proposals before the news of a capitulation for any other town.

The undertaker for either playhouse may have an opera written by him; or, if it shall suit their design, a satire upon operas; both ready for next winter.

This is to give notice, that Richard Farloe, M.A., well known for his acuteness in dissection of dead bodies, and his great skill in osteology, has now laid by that practice; and having, by great study, and much labour, acquired the knowledge of an antidote for all the most common maladies of the stomach, is removed, and may be applied to, at any time of the day, in the south entrance from Newgate Street into Christ's Hospital.

[1] It has been suggested that there is here a reference to John Oldmixon, the Whig historian and journalist; but in No. 71 Steele seems to disclaim such an intention.

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No. 63. [STEELE, ETC.

From *Thursday, September* 1, to *Saturday, September* 3, 1709.

White's Chocolate-house, September 2.

Of the Enjoyment of Life with Regard to others.[1]

I have ever thought it the greatest diminution to the Roman glory imaginable, that in their institution of public triumphs, they led their enemies in chains when they were prisoners. It is to be allowed, that doing all honour to the superiority of heroes above the rest of mankind, must needs conduce to the glory and advantage of a nation; but what shocks the imagination to reflect upon, is, that a polite people should think it reasonable, that an unhappy man, who was no way inferior to the victor, but by the chance of war, should be led like a slave at the wheels of his chariot. Indeed these other circumstances of a triumph, that it was not allowed in a civil war, lest part of it should be in tears, while the other was making acclamations; that it should not be allowed, except such a number were slain in battle; that the general should be disgraced who made a false muster of his dead: these, I say, had great and politic ends in their being established, and tended to the apparent benefit of the commonwealth. But this behaviour to the conquered had no foundation in nature or policy, only to gratify the insolence of a haughty people, who triumphed over barbarous nations, by acting what was fit only for those very barbarians to practise. It seems wonderful, that they who were so refined as to take care, that to complete the

[1] Probably this article is by Addison; see note to No. 50.

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honour done to the victorious officer, no power should be known above him in the Empire on the day of his triumph, but that the consuls themselves should be but guests at his table that evening, could not take it into thought to make the man of chief note among his prisoners one of the company. This would have improved the gladness of the occasion, and the victor had made a much greater figure, in that no other man appeared unhappy on his day, than in that no other man appeared great. But we will waive at present such important incidents, and turn our thoughts rather to the familiar part of human life, and we shall find, that the great business we contend for, is in a less degree what those Romans did on more solemn occasions, to triumph over our fellow creatures; and there is hardly a man to be found, who would not rather be in pain to appear happy, than be really happy and thought miserable. This men attempt by sumptuous equipages, splendid houses, numerous servants, and all the cares and pursuits of an ambitious or fashionable life. Bromeo and Tabio are particularly ill-wishers to each other, and rivals in happiness. There is no way in nature so good to procure the esteem of the one, as to give him little notices of certain secret points wherein the other is uneasy. Gnatho has the skill of doing this, and never applauds the improvements Bromeo has been many years making, and ever will be making; but he adds, "Now this very thing was my thought when Tabio was pulling up his underwood, yet he never would hear of it; but now your gardens are in this posture, he is ready to hang himself. Well, to be sincere, that situation of his can never make an agreeable seat: he may make his house and appurtenances what he pleases; but he cannot remove them to the same ground where Bromeo stands. But of all things under the sun, a man that is happy at second-hand is the most monstrous."

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"It is a very strange madness," answers Bromeo, "if a man on these occasions can think of any end but pleasing himself. As for my part, if things are convenient, I hate all ostentation: there is no end of the folly of adapting our affairs to the imagination of others." Upon which, the next thing he does, is to enlarge whatever he hears his rival has attempted to imitate him in; but their misfortune is, that they are in their time of life, in their estates, and in their understandings equal; so that the emulation may continue to the last day of their lives. As it stands now, Tabio has heard Bromeo has lately purchased two hundred a year in the annuities since he last settled the account of their happiness, in which he thought himself to have the balance. This may seem a very fantastical way of thinking in these men; but there is nothing so common, as a man's endeavouring rather to go farther than some other person towards an easy fortune, than to form any certain standard that would make himself happy.

Will's Coffee-house, September 2.

Mr. Dactile has been this evening very profuse of his eloquence upon the talent of turning things into ridicule; and seemed to say very justly, that there was generally in it something too disingenuous for the society of liberal men, except it were governed by the circumstances of persons, time, and place. "This talent," continued he, "is to be used as a man does his sword, not to be drawn but in his own defence, or to bring pretenders and impostors in society to a true light." But we have seen this faculty so mistaken, that the burlesque of Virgil himself has passed, among men of little taste, for wit; and the noblest thoughts that can enter into the heart of man, levelled with ribaldry and baseness: though by the rules of justice, no man ought to be ridiculed for any imper-

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fection, who does not set up for eminent sufficiency in that way wherein he is defective. Thus cowards, who would hide themselves by an affected terror in their mien and dress; and pedants, who would show the depth of their knowledge by a supercilious gravity, are equally the objects of laughter. Not that they are in themselves ridiculous for their want of courage, or weakness of understanding, but that they seem insensible of their own place in life, and unhappily rank themselves with those, whose abilities, compared to their defects, make them contemptible. At the same time, it must be remarked, that risibility being the effect of reason, a man ought to be expelled from sober company who laughs without it. "Ha! ha!" says Will. Truby, who sat by, "will any man pretend to give me laws when I should laugh, or tell me what I should laugh at?" "Look ye," answered Humphrey Slyboots, "you are mightily mistaken; you may, if you please, make what noise you will, and nobody can hinder an English gentleman from putting his face into what posture he thinks fit; but, take my word for it, that motion which you now make with your mouth open, and the agitation of your stomach, which you relieve by holding your sides, is not laughter: laughter is a more weighty thing than you imagine; and I'll tell you a secret, you never did laugh in your life; and truly I am afraid you never will, except you take great care to be cured of those convulsive fits." Truby left us, and when he had got two yards from us, "Well," said he, "you are strange fellows," and was immediately taken with another fit.

The Trubies are a well-natured family, whose particular make is such, that they have the same pleasure out of good Will, which other people have in that scorn which is the cause of laughter: therefore their bursting into the figures of men when laughing, proceeds only from a

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general benevolence they are born with; as the Slyboots smile only on the greatest occasion of mirth; which difference is caused rather from a different structure of their organs, than that one is less moved than the other. I know Sowerly frets inwardly when Will. Truby laughs at him; but when I meet him, and he bursts out, I know it is out of his abundant joy to see me, which he expresses by that vociferation which is in others laughter. But I shall defer considering this subject at large, till I come to my treatise of oscitation, laughter, and ridicule.

From my own Apartment, September 2.

The following letter being a panegyric upon me for a quality which every man may attain, an acknowledgment of his faults; I thought it for the good of my fellow writers to publish it.[1]

"Sir,

"It must be allowed, that Esquire Bickerstaff is of all authors the most ingenuous. There are few, very few, that will own themselves in a mistake, though all the world see them to be in downright nonsense. You'll be pleased, sir, to pardon this expression, for the same reason for which you once desired us to excuse you when you seemed anything dull. Most writers, like the generality of Paul Lorrain's Saints,[2] seem to place a peculiar vanity in dying hard. But you, sir, to show a good example to your brethren, have not only confessed, but of your

[1] Nichols suggested that this letter was by Swift, and it is printed in Scott's edition of his works.

[2] Paul Lorrain (died 1719) was the Ordinary of Newgate. In their "dying speeches," compiled by Lorrain, criminals commonly professed to be penitent, and were thus called "Lorrain's Saints." See *Spectator*, Nos. 338, 341.

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own accord mended the indictment. Nay, you have been so good-natured as to discover beauties in it, which, I'll assure you, he that drew it never dreamed of: and to make your civility the more accomplished, you have honoured him with the title of your kinsman, which, though derived by the left hand, he is not a little proud of. My brother (for such Obadiah is) being at present very busy about nothing, has ordered me to return you his sincere thanks for all these favours; and, as a small token of his gratitude to communicate to you the following piece of intelligence, which, he thinks, belongs more properly to you than to any other of our modern historians. Madonella,[1] who as it was thought had long since taken her flight towards the ethereal mansions, still walks, it seems, in the regions of mortality; where she has found, by deep reflections on the revolution mentioned in yours of June 23rd, that where early instructions have been wanting to imprint true ideas of things on the tender souls of those of her sex, they are never after able to arrive at such a pitch of perfection, as to be above the laws of matter and motion; laws which are considerably enforced by the principles usually imbibed in nurseries and boarding-schools. To remedy this evil, she has laid the scheme of a college for young damsels; where, instead of scissors, needles, and sampler; pens, compasses, quadrants, books, manuscripts, Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, are to take up their whole time. Only on holidays the students will, for moderate exercise, be allowed to divert themselves with the use of some of the lightest and most voluble weapons; and proper care will be taken to give them at least a superficial tincture of the ancient and modern Amazonian tactics. Of these military performances, the direction is undertaken

[1] Mary Astell; see No. 32.

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by Epicene,[1] the writer of Memoirs from the Mediterranean, who, by the help of some artificial poisons conveyed by smells, has within these few weeks brought many persons of both sexes to an untimely fate; and, what is more surprising, has, contrary to her profession, with the same odours, revived others who had long since been drowned in the whirlpools of Lethe. Another of the professors is to be a certain lady,[2] who is now publishing two of the choicest Saxon novels, which are said to have been in as great repute with the ladies of Queen Emma's Court, as the Memoirs from the new Atalantis are with those of ours. I shall make it my business to inquire into the progress of this learned institution, and give you the first notice of their philosophical transactions, and searches after nature.

"Yours, &c.,

"TOBIAH GREENHAT."

[1] Mrs. de la Rivière Manley (1672–1724), who afterwards attacked Steele, without ground, as the author of this article. Subsequently she became a writer for the Tories. She is best known by her scandalous "Secret Memoirs and Manners of several Persons of Quality, of both Sexes, from the New Atalantis," 1709, which was continued in "Memoirs of Europe towards the close of the Eighth Century," 1710.

[2] Elizabeth Elstob published, in 1709, an excellent English translation of an Anglo-Saxon homily. In 1715 she brought out "English Rudiments of Grammar for the Anglo-Saxon Tongue." Afterwards, being in poor circumstances, she kept a school with indifferent success, until 1739, when she was appointed governess to the Duchess of Portland's children. She died in 1756, aged 73, and was buried at St. Margaret's, Westminster.

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St. James's Coffee-house, September 2.

This day we have received advices by the way of Ostend, which give an account of an engagement between the French and the Allies on the 11th instant, N.S.[1] Marshal Boufflers arrived in the enemy's camp on the 5th, and acquainted Marshal Villars, that he did not come in any character, but to receive his commands for the king's service, and communicate to him his orders upon the present posture of affairs. On the 9th, both armies advanced towards each other, and cannonaded all the ensuing day till the close of the evening, and stood on their arms all that night. On the day of battle, the cannonading was renewed about seven: the Duke of Argyle had orders to attack the wood Saar on the right, which he executed so successfully, that he pierced through it, and won a considerable post. The Prince of Orange had the same good fortune in a wood on the left: after which, the whole body of the confederates, joined by the forces from the siege, marched up, and engaged the enemy, who were drawn up at some distance from these woods. The dispute was very warm for some time; but towards noon the French began to give ground from one wing to the other: which advantage being observed by our generals, the whole army was urged on with fresh vigour, and in a few hours the day ended with the entire defeat of the enemy.

[1] The Battle of Malplaquet.

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No. 64. [STEELE.

From *Saturday*, *September* 3, to *Tuesday*, *September* 6, 1709.

Quæ caret ora cruore nostro?—HOR. 1 Od. ii. 36.

From my own Apartment, September 5.

When I lately spoke of triumphs, and the behaviour of the Romans on those occasions,[1] I knew by my skill in astrology, that there was a great event approaching to our advantage; but not having yet taken upon me to tell fortunes, I thought fit to defer the mention of the battle of Mons[2] till it happened; which moderation was no final pain to me: but I should wrong my art, if I concealed that some of my aërial intelligencers had signified to me the news of it even from Paris, before the arrival of Lieutenant-Colonel Graham[3] in England. All nations, as well as persons, have their good and evil genius attending them; but the kingdom of France has three, the last of which is neither for it nor against it in reality, but has for some months past acted an ambiguous part, and attempted to save its ward from the incursion of its powerful enemies, by little subterfuges and tricks, which a nation is more than undone when it is reduced to practise. Thus, instead of giving exact accounts and representations of things, they tell what is indeed true, but at the same time a falsehood when all the circumstances come to be related.

[1] No. 63.

[2] Now known as the battle of Malplaquet. It was soon followed by the fall of Mons.

[3] Colonel Graham travelled express with a letter from the Duke of Marlborough to Mr. Secretary Boyle. See "Annals of Queen Anne," 1709, p. 64.

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Pacolet was at the Court of France on Friday night last, when this genius of that kingdom came thither in the shape of a post-boy, and cried out, that Mons was relieved, and the Duke of Marlborough marched. Pacolet was much astonished at this account, and immediately changed his form, and flew to the neighbourhood of Mons, from whence he found the Allies had really marched, and began to inquire into the reasons of this sudden change, and half feared he had heard a truth of the posture of the French affairs, even in their own country. But upon diligent inquiry among the aërials who attend these regions, and consultation with the neighbouring peasants, he was able to bring me the following account of the motions of the armies since they retired from about that place, and the action which followed thereupon.

On Saturday the 7th of September, N.S., the confederate army was alarmed in their camp at Havre by intelligence, that the enemy were marching to attack the Prince of Hesse. Upon this advice, the Duke of Marlborough commanded that the troops should immediately move, which was accordingly performed, and they were all joined on Sunday the 8th at noon. On that day in the morning it appeared, that instead of being attacked, the advanced guard of the detachment commanded by the Prince of Hesse had dispersed and taken prisoners a party of the enemy's horse, which was sent out to observe the march of the confederates. The French moved from Quiverain on Sunday in the morning, and inclined to the right from thence all that day. The 9th, the Monday following, they continued their march till on Tuesday the 10th they possessed themselves of the woods of Dour and Blaugies. As soon as they came into that ground, they threw up entrenchments with all expedition. The Allies arrived within few hours after the enemy was

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posted; but the Duke of Marlborough thought fit to wait for the arrival of the reinforcement which he expected from the siege of Tournay. Upon notice that these troops were so far advanced as to be depended on for an action the next day, it was accordingly resolved to engage the enemy.

It will be necessary for understanding the greatness of the action, and the several motions made in the time of the engagement, that you have in your mind an idea of the place. The two armies on the 11th instant were both drawn up before the woods of Dour, Blaugies, Sart and Jansart; the army of the Prince of Savoy on the right before that of Blaugies; the forces of Great Britain in the centre on his left; those of the High Allies, with the wood Sart, as well as a large interval of plain ground, and Jansart, on the left of the whole. The enemy were entrenched in the paths of the woods, and drawn up behind two entrenchments over against them, opposite to the armies of the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene. There were also two lines entrenched in the plains over against the army of the States. This was the posture of the French and confederate forces when the signal was given, and the whole line moved on to the charge. The Dutch army, commanded by the Prince of Hesse, attacked with the most undaunted bravery; and after a very obstinate resistance, forced the first entrenchment of the enemy in the plain between Sart and Jansart; but were repulsed in their attack on the second with great slaughter on both sides. The Duke of Marlborough, while this was transacting on the left, had with very much difficulty marched through Sart, and beaten the enemy from the several entrenchments they had thrown up in it. As soon as the Duke had marched into the plain, he observed the main body of the enemy drawn up and

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entrenched in the front of his army. This situation of the enemy, in the ordinary course of war, is usually thought an advantage hardly to be surmounted; and might appear impracticable to any but that army which had just overcome greater difficulties. The Duke commanded the troops to form, but to forbear charging till further order. In the meantime he visited the left of our line, where the troops of the States had been engaged. The slaughter on this side had been very great, and the Dutch incapable of making further progress, except they were suddenly reinforced. The right of our line was attacked soon after their coming upon the plain; but they drove back the enemy with such bravery, that the victory began to incline to the Allies by the precipitate retreat of the French to their works, from whence they were immediately beaten. The Duke upon observing this advantage on the right, commanded the Earl of Orkney to march with a sufficient number of battalions to force the enemy from their entrenchments on the plain between the woods of Sart and Jansart; which being performed, the horse of the Allies marched into the plains, covered by their own foot, and forming themselves in good order, the cavalry of the enemy attempted no more, but to cover the foot in their retreat. The Allies made so good use of the beginning of the victory, that all their troops moved on with fresh resolution, till they saw the enemy fly before them towards Condé and Maubeuge; after whom proper detachments were made, who made a terrible slaughter in the pursuit. In this action it is said Prince Eugene was wounded, as also the Duke of Aremberg, and Lieutenant-General Webb. The Count of Oxenstern, Colonel Lalo, and Sir Thomas Pendergrass, killed. This wonderful success, obtained under all the difficulties that could be opposed in the way of an army,

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must be acknowledged as owing to the genius, courage and conduct of the Duke of Marlborough, a consummate hero; who has lived not only beyond the time in which Cæsar said, he was arrived at a satiety of life and glory; but also been so long the subject of panegyric, that it is as hard to say anything new in his praise, as to add to the merit which requires such eulogiums.

Will's Coffee-house, September 5.

The following letter[1] being very explanatory of the true design of our Lucubrations, and at the same time an excellent model for performing it, it is absolutely necessary, for the better understanding our works, to publish it.

"*To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.*

"SIR,

"Though I have not the honour to be of the family of the Staffs, nor related to any branch of it, yet I applaud your wholesome project of making wit useful.

"This is what has been, or should have been, intended by the best comedies. But nobody (I think) before you thought of a way to bring the stage as it were into the coffee-house, and there attack those gentlemen who thought themselves out of the reach of raillery, by prudently avoiding its chief walks and districts. I smile when I see a solid citizen of threescore read the article from Will's Coffee-house, and seem to be just beginning to learn his alphabet of wit in spectacles; and to hear the attentive table sometimes stop him with pertinent queries which he is puzzled to answer, and then join in commending it the sincerest way, by freely owning he don't understand it.

"In pursuing this design, you will always have a large

[1] By John Hughes; see his "Correspondence," iii. 3.

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scene before you, and can never be at a loss for characters to entertain a town so plentifully stocked with them. The follies of the finest minds, which a philosophic surgeon knows how to dissect, will best employ your skill: and of this sort, I take the liberty to send you the following sketch.

"Cleontes is a man of good family, good learning, entertaining conversation, and acute wit. He talks well, is master of style, and writes not contemptibly in verse. Yet all this serves but to make him politely ridiculous; and he is above the rank of common characters, only to have the privilege of being laughed at by the best. His family makes him proud and scornful; his learning, assuming and absurd; and his wit, arrogant and satirical. He mixes some of the best qualities of the head with the worst of the heart. Everybody is entertained by him, while nobody esteems him. I am,

"Sir,

"Your most affectionate Monitor,

"JOSIAH COUPLET."

Lost from the Tree in Pall Mall, two Irish dogs, belonging to the pack of London; one a tall white wolf-dog; the other a black nimble greyhound (not very sound) and supposed to be gone to the Bath by instinct for cure. The man of the inn from whence they ran being now there, is desired, if he meets either of them, to tie them up. Several others are lost about Tunbridge and Epsom;[1] which whoever will maintain, may keep.

[1] Bath, Tunbridge, and Epsom were the favourite watering-places of Queen Anne's time, and were naturally frequented by sharpers and adventurers.

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No. 65. [STEELE.

From *Tuesday, September* 6, to *Thursday, September* 8, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines . . . . nostri farrago libelli.
Juv., Sat. I. 85, 86.

Will's Coffee-house, September 7.

I came hither this evening, and expected nothing else but mutual congratulations in the company on the late victory; but found our room, which one would have hoped to have seen full of good humour and alacrity upon so glorious an occasion, full of sour animals, inquiring into the action, in doubt of what had happened, and fearful of the success of their countrymen. It is natural to believe easily what we wish heartily; and a certain rule, that they are not friends to a glad occasion, who speak all they can against the truth of it; who end their argument against our happiness, that they wish it otherwise. When I came into the room, a gentleman was declaiming; "If," says he, "we have so great and complete a victory, why have we not the names of the prisoners? Why is not an exact relation of the conduct of our generals laid before the world? Why do we not know where or whom to applaud? If we are victorious, why do we not give an account of our captives and our slain? But we are to be satisfied with general notices we are conquerors, and to believe it so. Sure this is approving the despotic way of treating the world, which we pretend to fight against, if we sit down satisfied with such contradictory accounts, which have the words of triumph, but do not bear the spirit of it." I whispered Mr. Greenhat

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Pray what can that dissatisfied man be?" "He is," answered he, "a character you have not yet perhaps observed. You have heard of battle-painters, have mentioned a battle-poet; but this is a battle-critic. He is a fellow that lives in a government so gentle, that though it sees him an enemy, suffers his malice because they know his impotence. He is to examine the weight of an advantage before the company will allow it." Greenhat was going on in his explanation, when Sir George England thought fit to take up the discourse in the following manner:

"Gentlemen, the action you are in so great doubt to approve of, is greater than ever has been performed in any age; and the value of it I observe from your dissatisfaction: for battle-critics are like all others; you are the more offended, the more you ought to be, and are convinced you ought to be, pleased. Had this engagement happened in the time of the old Romans, and such things been acted in their service, there would not be a foot of the wood which was pierced but had been consecrated to some deity, or made memorable by the death of him who expired in it for the sake of his country. It had on some monument at the entrance been said, 'Here the Duke of Argyle drew his sword, and said, March. Here Webb, after having an accomplished fame for gallantry, exposed himself like a common soldier. Here Rivet, who was wounded at the beginning of the day, and carried off as dead, returned to the field, and received his death.'[1] Medals had been struck for our

[1] Colonel Rivet was one of the officers killed at the battle of Malplaquet. The Duke of Argyle received seven shots through his clothes, but was unhurt. General Webb, who distinguished himself by his victory at Wynendale in 1708, much to Marlborough's chagrin, was dangerously wounded at Malplaquet.

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general's behaviour when he first came into the plain. Here was the fury of the action, and here the hero stood as fearless as if invulnerable. Such certainly had been the cares of that state for their own honour, and in gratitude to their heroic subjects. But the wood entrenched, the plain made more impassable than the wood, and all the difficulties opposed to the most gallant army and most intrepid leaders that ever the sun shone upon, are treated by the talk of some in this room as objections to the merit of our general and our army; but," continued he, "I leave all the examination of this matter, and a proper discourse on our sense of public actions, to my friend Mr. Bickerstaff, who may let beaus and gamesters rest, till he has examined into the reasons of men's being malcontents in the only nation that suffers professed enemies to breathe in open air."

From my own Apartment, Sept. 7.

The following letters are sent to me from relations; and though I do not know who and who are intended, I publish them. I have only written nonsense if there is nothing in them; and done a good action if they alarm any heedless men against the fraternity of the knights whom the Greeks call Ῥάσχαλς.[1]

"Mr. Bickerstaff,

"It is taken very ill by several gentlemen here, that you are so little vigilant as to let the dogs run from their kennels to this place. Had you done your duty, we should have had notice of their arrival; but the sharpers are now become so formidable here, that they

[1] Rascals. See No. 56.

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have divided themselves into nobles and commons. Beau Bogg, beau Pert, Rake, and Tallboy are of their upper house; broken captains, ignorant attorneys, and such other bankrupts from industrious professions, compose their lower order. Among these two sets of men, there happened here lately some unhappy differences: Squire Humphry came down among us with four hundred guineas. His raw appearance, and certain signals in the good-natured muscles of Humphry's countenance, alarmed the societies. For sharpers are as skilful as beggars in physiognomy, and know as well where to hope for plunder, as the others to ask for alms. Pert was the man exactly fitted for taking with Humphry as a fine gentleman; for a raw fool is ever enamoured with his contrary, a coxcomb; and a coxcomb is what the booby, who wants experience, and is unused to company, regards as the first of men. He ever looks at him with envy, and would certainly be such, if he were not oppressed by his rusticity or bashfulness. There arose an entire friendship by this sympathy between Pert and Humphry, which ended in stripping the latter. We now could see this forlorn youth for some days moneyless, without sword, and one day without his hat, and with secret melancholy pining for his snuff-box; the jest of the whole town, but most of those who robbed him. At last fresh bills came down, when immediately their countenances cleared up, ancient kindnesses and familiarity renewed, and to dinner he was invited by the fraternity. You are to know, that while he was in his days of solitude, a commoner who was excluded from his share of the prey, had whispered the squire, that he was bit, and cautioned him of venturing again. However, hopes of recovering his snuff-box, which was given him by his aunt, made him fall to play

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after dinner; yet mindful of what he was told, he saw something that provoked him to tell them they were a company of sharpers. Presently Tallboy fell on him, and being too hard at fisticuffs, drove him out of doors. The valiant Pert followed, and kicked him in his turn; which the squire resented, as being nearer his match; so challenged him: but differing about time and place, friends interposed (for he had still money left) and persuaded him to ask pardon for provoking them to beat him, and they asked his for doing it. The house consulting whence Humphry could have his information, concluded it must be from some malicious commoner; and to be revenged, beau Bogg watched their haunts, and in a shop where some of them were at play with ladies, showed dice which he found, or pretended to find upon them; and declaring how false they were, warned the company to take care who they played with. By his seeming candour, he cleared his reputation at least to fools, and some silly women; but it was still blasted by the squire's story with thinking men: however, he gained a great point by it; for the next day he got the company shut up with himself and fellow-members, and robbed them at discretion.

"I cannot express to you with what indignation I behold the noble spirit of gentlemen degenerated to that of private cut-purses. 'Tis in vain to hope a remedy while so many of the fraternity get and enjoy estates of twenty, thirty, and fifty thousand pounds with impunity, creep into the best conversations, and spread the infectious villainy through the nation, while the lesser rogues, that rob for hunger or nakedness, are sacrificed by the blind, and in this respect partial and defective law. Could you open men's eyes against the occasion of all this, the great corrupter of our manners and morality,

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the author of more bankrupts than the war, and sure bane of all industry, frugality, and good nature; in a word, of all virtues; I mean, public or private play at cards or dice; how willingly would I contribute my utmost, and possibly send you some memoirs of the lives and politics of some of the fraternity of great figure, that might be of use to you in setting this in a clear light against next session; that all who care for their country or posterity, and see the pernicious effects of such a public vice, may endeavour its destruction by some effectual laws. In concurrence to this good design, I remain,

"Your humble Servant, &c.

"Bath, *Aug.* 30."

"MR. BICKERSTAFF, *Friday, Sept.* 2.

"I heartily join with you in your laudable design against the myrmidons, as well as your late insinuations against coxcombs of fire;[1] and I take this opportunity to congratulate you on the success of your labours, which I observed yesterday in one of the hottest firemen in town, who not only affects a soft smile, but was seen to be thrice contradicted without showing any sign of impatience. These, I say, so happy beginnings promise fair, and on this account I rejoice you have undertaken to unkennel the curs; a work of such use that I admire[2] it so long escaped your vigilance; and exhort you, by the concern you have for the good people of England, to pursue your design; and that these vermin may not flatter themselves that they pass undiscovered, I desire you'd acquaint Jack Haughty that the whole secret of his

[1] See No. 61. [2] Wonder.

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bubbling his friend with the Swiss[1] at the Thatched House is well known, as also his sweetening the knight; and I shall acknowledge the favour.

"Your most humble Servant, &c."

No. 66. [STEELE.

From *Thursday, Sept.* 8, *to Saturday, Sept.* 10, 1709.

Will's Coffee-house, Sept. 9.[2]

The subject of the discourse this evening was Eloquence and Graceful Action. Lysander, who is something particular in his way of thinking and speaking, told us, a man could not be eloquent without action: for the deportment of the body, the turn of the eye, and an apt sound to every word that is uttered, must all conspire to make an accomplished speaker. Action in one that speaks in public, is the same thing as a good mien in ordinary life. Thus, as a certain insensibility in the countenance recommends a sentence of humour and jest, so it must be a very lively consciousness that gives grace to great sentiments. The jest is to be a thing unexpected; therefore your undesigning manner is a beauty in expressions of mirth; but when you are to talk on a set subject, the more you are moved yourself, the more you will move others. "There

[1] Probably Heidegger. See No. 1.

[2] This article is printed in Scott's edition of Swift's Works. But Steele cites the character of Atterbury as evidence of his own impartiality (Preface to the *Tatler*); and the passage is quoted in his "Apology for Himself and his Writings" (1714), with a marginal note, "written by Mr. Steele himself." The bulk of this paper on Eloquence and Action may nevertheless be, and probably is, by Swift.

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is," said he, "a remarkable example of that kind: Æschines, a famous orator of antiquity, had pleaded at Athens in a great cause against Demosthenes; but having lost it, retired to Rhodes. Eloquence was then the quality most admired among men; and the magistrates of that place having heard he had a copy of the speech of Demosthenes, desired him to repeat both their pleadings. After his own, he recited also the oration of his antagonist. The people expressed their admiration of both, but more of that of Demosthenes. 'If you are,' said he, 'thus touched with hearing only what that great orator said, how would you have been affected had you seen him speak? For he who hears Demosthenes only, loses much the better part of the oration.' Certain it is, that they who speak gracefully, are very lamely represented in having their speeches read or repeated by unskilful people; for there is something native to each man, so inherent to his thoughts and sentiments, which it is hardly possible for another to give a true idea of. You may observe in common talk, when a sentence of any man's is repeated, an acquaintance of his shall immediately observe, 'That is so like him, methinks I see how he looked when he said it.' But of all the people on the earth, there are none who puzzle me so much as the clergy of Great Britain, who are, I believe, the most learned body of men now in the world; and yet this art of speaking, with the proper ornaments of voice and gesture, is wholly neglected among them; and I'll engage, were a deaf man to behold the greater part of them preach, he would rather think they were reading the contents only of some discourse they intended to make, than actually in the body of an oration, even when they are upon matters of such a nature as one would believe it were impossible to think of without emotion. I own

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there are exceptions to this general observation, and that the Dean[1] we heard the other day together, is an orator. He has so much regard to his congregation, that he commits to his memory what he is to say to them; and has so soft and graceful a behaviour, that it must attract your attention. His person, it is to be confessed, is no small recommendation; but he is to be highly commended for not losing that advantage, and adding to the propriety of speech (which might pass the criticism of Longinus) an action which would have been approved by Demosthenes. He has a peculiar force in his way, and has many of his audience[2] who could not be intelligent hearers of his discourse, were there not explanation as well as grace in his action. This art of his is used with the most exact and honest skill. He never attempts your passions till he has convinced your reason. All the objections which he can form are laid open and dispersed, before he uses the least vehemence in his sermon; but when he thinks he has your head, he very soon wins your heart; and never pretends to show the beauty of holiness till he hath convinced you of the truth of it. Would every one of our clergymen be thus careful to recommend truth and virtue in their proper figures, and show so much concern for them as to give them all the additional force they were able, it is not possible that nonsense should have so many hearers as you find it has in dissenting congregations, for no reason in the world but because it is spoken extempore; for ordinary minds are wholly governed by their eyes and ears, and there is no way to come at their hearts but by power over their

[1] Dr. Francis Atterbury (1662–1732), afterwards Bishop of Rochester (see Steele's Preface). He had been appointed Dean of Carlisle in 1704.

[2] At the chapel of Bridewell Hospital, where Atterbury was preacher for many years.

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imaginations. There is my friend and merry companion Daniel:[1] he knows a great deal better than he speaks, and can form a proper discourse as well as any orthodox neighbour. But he knows very well, that to bawl out, My beloved! and the words, Grace! Regeneration! Sanctification! A new light! The day! the day! ay, my beloved, the day! or rather, the night! the night is coming! and judgment will come, when we least think of it! and so forth—he knows to be vehement is the only way to come at his audience. Daniel, when he sees my friend Greenhat come in, can give him a good hint, and cry out, This is only for the saints! the regenerated! By this force of action, though mixed with all the incoherence and ribaldry imaginable, Daniel can laugh at his diocesan, and grow fat by voluntary subscription, while the parson of the parish goes to law for half his dues. Daniel will tell you, it is not the shepherd, but the sheep with the bell, which the flock follows. Another thing very wonderful this learned body should omit, is, learning to read; which is a most necessary part of eloquence in one who is to serve at the altar: for there is no man but must be sensible, that the lazy tone and inarticulate sound of our common readers, depreciates the most proper form of words that were ever extant in any nation or language, to speak our own wants, or His power from whom we ask relief. There cannot be a greater instance of the power of action than in little Parson Dapper,[2] who is the common relief to all the lazy

[1] Daniel Burgess (1645–1713), minister to a congregation of Independents in Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn. His meeting-house was wrecked by the Sacheverell mob in 1710. Tom Brown speaks of his "pop-gun way of delivery."

[2] Joseph Trapp, Professor of Poetry at Oxford, who published, in 1711, "A Character of the Present Set of Whigs." "Your new Lord

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pulpits in town. This smart youth has a very good memory, a quick eye, and a clean handkerchief. Thus equipped, he opens his text, shuts his book fairly, shows he has no notes in his Bible, opens both palms, and shows all is fair there too. Thus, with a decisive air, my young man goes on without hesitation; and though, from the beginning to the end of his pretty discourse, he has not used one proper gesture, yet at the conclusion the church-warden pulls his gloves from off his head; 'Pray, who is this extraordinary young man?' Thus the force of action is such, that it is more prevalent, even when improper, than all the reason and argument in the world without it." This gentleman concluded his discourse by saying, "I do not doubt but if our preachers would learn to speak, and our readers to read, within six months' time we should not have a dissenter within a mile of a church in Great Britain."

From my own Apartment, Sept. 9.

I have a letter from a young fellow who complains to me, that he was bred a mercer, and is now just out of his time, but unfortunately (for he has no manner of education suitable to his present estate) an uncle has left him £1000 per annum.

The young man is sensible that he is so spruce, that he fears he shall never be genteel as long as he lives, but applies himself to me, to know what method to take to help his air and be a fine gentleman. He adds, that several of those ladies who were formerly his customers,

Chancellor sets out to-morrow for Ireland. I never saw him. He carries over one Trapp, a parson, as his chaplain, a sort of pretender to wit, a second-rate pamphleteer for the cause, whom they pay by sending him to Ireland. I never saw Trapp neither." (Swift's "Journal," Jan. 7, 1711.)

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visit his mother on purpose to fall in his way, and fears he shall be obliged to marry against his will; "for," says he, "if any one of them should ask me, I shall not be able to deny her. I am," says he further, "utterly at a loss how to deal with them; for though I was the most pert creature in the world when I was foreman, and could hand a woman of the first quality to her coach, as well as her own gentleman-usher, I am now quite out of my way, and speechless in their company. They commend my modesty to my face. No one scruples to say, I should certainly make the best husband in the world, a man of my sober education. Mrs. Would-be watches all opportunities to be alone with me. Therefore, good Mr. Bickerstaff, here are my writings enclosed; if you can find any flaw in my title, so as it may go to the next heir, who goes to St. James's Coffee-house, and White's, and could enjoy it, I should be extremely well pleased with two thousand pounds to set up my trade, and live in a way I know I should become, rather than be laughed at all my life among too good company. If you could send for my cousin, and persuade him to take the estate on these terms, and let nobody know it, you would extremely oblige me."

Upon first sight, I thought this a very whimsical proposal; however, upon more mature consideration, I could not but admire the young gentleman's prudence and good sense; for there is nothing so irksome as living in a way a man knows he does not become. I consulted Mr. Obadiah Greenhat on this occasion, and he is so well pleased with the man, that he has half a mind to take the estate himself; but upon second thoughts he proposed this expedient. "I should be very willing," said he, "to keep the estate where it is, if we could make the young man any way easy; therefore I

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humbly propose he should take to drinking for one half-year, and make a sloven of him, and from thence begin his education anew: for it is a maxim, that one who is ill taught is in a worse condition than he who is wholly ignorant; therefore a spruce mercer is further off the air of a fine gentleman than a downright clown. To make our patient anything better, we must unmake him what he is." I indeed proposed to flux him; but Greenhat answered, that if he recovered, he would be as prim and feat as ever he was: therefore he would have it his way; and our friend is to drink till he is carbuncled, and tun-bellied; after which we will send him down to smoke, and be buried with his ancestors in Derbyshire. I am indeed desirous he should have his life in the estate, because he has such a just sense of himself and his abilities, to know that it is an unhappiness to him to be a man of fortune. This youth seems to understand, that a gentleman's life is that of all others the hardest to pass through with propriety of behaviour; for though he has a support without art or labour, yet his manner of enjoying that circumstance is a thing to be considered; and you see among men who are honoured with the common appellation of gentlemen, so many contradictions to that character, that it is the utmost ill-fortune to bear it: for which reason I am obliged to change the circumstances of several about this town. Harry Lacker is so very exact in his dress, that I shall give his estate to his younger brother, and make him a dancing master. Nokes Lightfoot is so nimble, and values himself so much upon it, that I have thoughts of making him huntsman to a pack of beagles, and give his land to somebody that will stay upon it.

Now I am upon the topic of becoming what we enjoy, I forbid all persons who are not of the first quality, or

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who do not bear some important office that requires so much distinction, to go to Hyde Park with six horses, for I cannot but esteem it the highest insolence: therefore hereafter no man shall do it merely because he is able, without any other pretension. But what may serve all purposes quite as well, it shall be allowed all such who think riches the chief distinction, to appear in the Ring[1] with two horses only, and a rent-roll hanging out of each side of their coach. This is a thought of Mr. Greenhat's, who designs very soon to publish a sumptuary discourse upon the subject of equipage, wherein he will give us rules on that subject, and assign the proper duties and qualifications of masters and servants, as well as that of husbands and wives; with a treatise of economy without doors, or the complete art of appearing in the world. This will be very useful to all who are suddenly rich, or are ashamed of being poor.

——— *Sunt certa piacula, quæ te*
Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.[2]

I have notice of a new pack of dogs, of quite another sort than hitherto mentioned. I have not an exact account of their way of hunting, the following letter giving only a bare notice of them.

"SIR, *September 7.*

"There are another pack of dogs to be disposed of, who kennel about Charing Cross, at the old Fat Dog's at the corner of Buckingham Court,[3] near Spring

[1] The Ring was a fashionable ride and promenade in Hyde Park, destroyed when the Serpentine was formed. It is often referred to in the *Spectator*. See Nos. 15, 73, &c. [2] Horace, 1 Ep. i. 36.

[3] Buckingham Court, on the north side of the Admiralty, led into Spring Garden. One of its best known inhabitants was Duncan Campbell, the fortune-teller, whose life was written by Defoe.

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Garden:[1] two of them are said to be whelped in Alsatia,[2] now in ruins; but they, with the rest of the pack, are as pernicious as if the old kennel had never been broken down. The ancients distinguished this sort of curs by the name of Hæredipetes,[3] the most pernicious of all biters, for seizing young heirs, especially when their estates are entailed, whom they reduce by one good bite to such a condition, that they cannot ever after come to the use of their teeth, or get smelling of a crust. You are desired to dispose of these as soon as you can, that the breed may not increase; and your care in tying them up will be acknowledged by,

"SIR,

"Humble Servant,

"PHILANTHROPOS."[4]

St. James's Coffee-house, Sept. 9.

We have received letters from the Duke of Marlborough's camp, which bring us further particulars of the great and glorious victory obtained over the enemy on the 11th instant, N.S. The number of the wounded and prisoners is much greater than was expected from our first account. The day was doubtful till after twelve o'clock; but the enemy made little

[1] Spring Garden, between St. James's Park and Charing Cross, dates from the time of James I. The popular entertainments there provided were moved, after the Restoration, to the New Spring Garden at Vauxhall.

[2] A name given to the precinct of Whitefriars, a place of refuge for debtors. The privilege of sanctuary was abolished in 1697.

[3] Usurers who rob minors. See Molière's "L'Avare," act ii., sec. 1.

[4] Perhaps by John Hughes.

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resistance after their first line on the left began to give way. An exact narration of the whole affair is expected next post. The French have had two days allowed them to bury their dead, and carry off their wounded men upon parole. Those regiments of Great Britain which suffered most, are ordered into garrison, and fresh troops commanded to march into the field. The States have also directed troops to march out of the towns, to relieve those who lost so many men in attacking the second entrenchment of the French in the plain between Sart and Jansart.

No. 67.

[STEELE.

From *Saturday, Sept.* 10, *to Tuesday, Sept.* 13, 1709.

From my own Apartment, Sept. 12.

No man can conceive, till he comes to try it, how great a pain it is to be a public-spirited person. I am sure I am unable to express to the world, how much anxiety I have suffered, to see of how little benefit my lucubrations have been to my fellow-subjects. Men will go on in their own way in spite of all my labour. I gave Mr. Didapper a private reprimand for wearing red-heeled shoes, and at the same time was so indulgent as to connive at him for fourteen days, because I would give him the wearing of them out; but after all this, I am informed, he appeared yesterday with a new pair of the same sort. I have no better success with Mr. Whatdee'call,[1] as to his buttons: Stentor[2] still roars; and box and dice rattle as loud as they did before I writ against them. Partridge[3] walks about at noonday, and

[1] See No. 21. [2] See Nos. 54, 61. [3] See Nos. 1, 56, 59.

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Æsculapius[1] thinks of adding a new lace to his livery. However, I must still go on in laying these enormities before men's eyes, and let them answer for going on in their practice.

My province[2] is much larger than at first sight men would imagine, and I shall lose no part of my jurisdiction, which extends not only to futurity, but also is retrospect to things past; and the behaviour of persons who have long ago acted their parts, is as much liable to my examination as that of my own contemporaries.

In order to put the whole race of mankind in their proper distinctions, according to the opinion their cohabitants conceived of them, I have, with very much care, and depth of meditation, thought fit to erect a Chamber of Fame, and established certain rules, which are to be observed in admitting members into this illustrious society.

In this Chamber of Fame there are to be three tables, but of different lengths: the first is to contain exactly twelve persons; the second, twenty; the third, an hundred. This is reckoned to be the full number of those who have any competent share of fame. At the first of these tables are to be placed in their order the twelve most famous persons in the world, not with regard to the things they are famous for, but according to the degree of their fame, whether in valour, wit, or learning. Thus, if a scholar be more famous than a soldier, he is to sit above him. Neither must any preference be given to virtue, if the person be not equally famous.

[1] See Nos. 44, 47.

[2] A portion of this paper, commencing here, and ending with "all the caution imaginable" (p. 130), is printed in Scott's edition of Swift's Works, and was no doubt by the Dean. See No. 81, note.

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When the first table is filled, the next in renown must be seated at the second, and so on in like manner to the number of twenty; as also in the same order at the third, which is to hold an hundred. At these tables no regard is to be had to seniority: for if Julius Cæsar shall be judged more famous than Romulus and Scipio, he must have the precedence. No person who has not been dead an hundred years must be offered to a place at any of these tables; and because this is altogether a lay society, and that sacred persons move upon greater motives than that of fame, no persons celebrated in Holy Writ, or any ecclesiastical men whatsoever, are to be introduced here.

At the lower end of the room is to be a side-table for persons of great fame, but dubious existence, such as Hercules, Theseus, Æneas, Achilles, Hector, and others. But because it is apprehended that there may be great contention about precedence, the proposer humbly desires the opinion of the learned towards his assistance in placing every person according to his rank, that none may have just occasion of offence.

The merits of the cause shall be judged by plurality of voices.

For the more impartial execution of this important affair, it is desired that no man will offer his favourite hero, scholar, or poet; and that the learned will be pleased to send to Mr. Bickerstaff, at Mr. Morphew's, near Stationers' Hall, their several lists for the first table only, and in the order they would have them placed; after which the composer will compare the several lists, and make another for the public, wherein every name shall be ranked according to the voices it has had. Under this chamber is to be a dark vault for the same number of persons of evil fame.

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It is humbly submitted to consideration, whether the project would not be better if the persons of true fame meet in a middle room, those of dubious existence in an upper room, and those of evil fame in a lower dark room.

It is to be noted that no historians are to be admitted at any of these tables, because they are appointed to conduct the several persons to their seats, and are to be made use of as ushers to the assemblies.

I call upon the learned world to send me their assistance towards this design, it being a matter of too great moment for any one person to determine. But I do assure them, their lists shall be examined with great fidelity, and those that are exposed to the public, made with all the caution imaginable.

In the meantime, while I wait for these lists, I am employed in keeping people in a right way to avoid the contrary to fame and applause, to wit, blame and derision. For this end I work upon that useful project of the penny-post,[1] by the benefit of which it is proposed that a charitable society be established: from which society there shall go every day circular letters to all parts within the bills of mortality, to tell people of their faults in a friendly and private manner, whereby you may know what the world thinks of them, before it is declared to the world that they are thus faulty. This method cannot fail of universal good consequences: for it is further added, that they who will not be reformed by it, must be

[1] A penny postal system was established in London in 1683 by William Dockwra, a merchant, who was dismissed from his position as comptroller in 1700. In 1709, Charles Povey, a projector, started a halfpenny carriage of letters for the Metropolis, but in November the postmasters-general brought an action against him for an infringement of their monopoly, and Povey was fined £100.

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contented to see the several letters printed, which were not regarded by them, that when they will not take private reprehension, they may be tried further by a public one. I am very sorry I am obliged to print the following epistles of that kind to some persons, and the more because they are of the fair sex. This went on Friday last to a very fine lady.

"MADAM,

"I am highly sensible that there is nothing of so tender a nature as the reputation and conduct of ladies; and that when there is the least stain got into their fame, it is hardly ever to be washed out. When I have said this, you will believe I am extremely concerned to hear at every visit I make, that your manner of wearing your hair is a mere affectation of beauty, as well as that your neglect of powder has been a common evil to your sex. It is to you an advantage to show that abundance of fine tresses; but I beseech you to consider that the force of your beauty, and the imitation of you, costs Eleonora great sums of money to her tire-woman for false locks, besides what is allowed to her maid for keeping the secret that she is grey. I must take leave to add to this admonition, that you are not to reign above four months and odd days longer. Therefore I must desire you to raise and frizz your hair a little, for it is downright insolence to be thus handsome without art; and you'll forgive me for entreating you to do now out of compassion, what you must soon do out of necessity. I am,

"Madam,

"Your most obedient and most humble Servant."

This person dresses just as she did before I writ: as

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does also the lady to whom I addressed the following billet the same day:

"MADAM,

"Let me beg of you to take off the patches at the lower end of your left cheek, and I will allow two more under your left eye, which will contribute more to the symmetry of your face; except you would please to remove the ten black atoms on your ladyship's chin, and wear one large patch instead of them. If so, you may properly enough retain the three patches above-mentioned. I am, &c."

This, I thought, had all the civility and reason in the world in it; but whether my letters are intercepted, or whatever it is, the lady patches as she used to do. It is to be observed by all the charitable society, as an instruction in their epistles, that they tell people of nothing but what is in their power to mend. I shall give another instance of this way of writing: Two sisters in Essex Street are eternally gaping out of the window, as if they knew not the value of time, or would call in companions. Upon which I writ the following line:

"DEAR CREATURES,

"On the receipt of this, shut your casements."

But I went by yesterday, and found them still at the window. What can a man do in this case, but go on, and wrap himself up in his own integrity, with satisfaction only in this melancholy truth, that virtue is its own reward, and that if no one is the better for his admonitions, yet he is himself the more virtuous in that he gave those advices.

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St. James's Coffee-house, Sept. 12.

Letters of the 18th instant from the Duke of Marlborough's camp at Havre advise, that the necessary dispositions were made for opening the trenches before Mons. The direction of the siege is to be committed to the Prince of Orange, who designed to take his post accordingly with thirty battalions and thirty squadrons on the day following. On the 17th, Lieutenant-General Cadogan set out for Brussels, to hasten the ammunition and artillery which is to be employed in this enterprise; and the confederate army was extended from the Aisne to the Trouille, in order to cover the siege. The loss of the confederates in the late battle is not exactly known; but it appears by a list transmitted to the States-General, that the number of the killed and wounded in their service amounts to about eight thousand. It is computed that the English have lost 1500 men, and the rest of the allies about five thousand, including the wounded. The States-General have taken the most speedy and effectual measures for reinforcing their troops; and 'tis expected that in eight or ten days the army will be as numerous as before the battle. The affairs in Italy afford us nothing remarkable; only that it is hoped the difference between the Courts of Vienna and Turin will be speedily accommodated. Letters from Poland present us with a near prospect of seeing King Augustus re-established on the throne, all parties being very industrious to reconcile themselves to his interests.

Will's Coffee-house, Sept. 12.

Of all the pretty arts in which our modern writers excel, there is not any which is more to be recommended to the imitation of beginners than the skill of

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transition from one subject to another. I know not whether I make myself well understood; but it is certain, that the way of stringing a discourse, used in the *Mercury Gallant*,[1] the *Gentleman's Journal*,[2] and other learned writings, not to mention how naturally things present themselves to such as harangue in pulpits, and other occasions which occur to the learned, are methods worthy commendation. I shall attempt this style myself in a few lines. Suppose I were discoursing upon the King of Sweden's passing the Boristhenes. The Boristhenes is a great river, and puts me in mind of the Danube and the Rhine. The Danube I cannot think of without reflecting on that unhappy prince who had such fair territories on the banks of it; I mean the Duke of Bavaria, who by our last letters is retired from Mons. Mons is as strong a fortification as any which has no citadel; and places which are not completely fortified, are, methinks, lessons to princes, that they are not omnipotent, but liable to the strokes of fortune. But as all princes are subject to such calamities, it is the part of men of letters to guard them from the observations of all small writers: for which reason I shall conclude my present remarks by publishing the following advertisement, to be taken notice of by all who dwell in the suburbs of learning.

"Whereas the King of Sweden has been so unfortunate to receive a wound in his heel; we do hereby prohibit all epigrammatists in either language, and both universities, as well as all other poets, of what denomination

[1] The *Mercure Gallant* was published in 1673 and following years. A new periodical of the same name was begun in 1710.

[2] The *Gentleman's Journal; or, the Monthly Miscellany*, was published by Motteux between 1692 and 1694, in quarto.

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soever, to make any mention of Achilles having received his death's wound in the same part.

"We do likewise forbid all comparisons in coffee-houses between Alexander the Great and the said King of Sweden, and from making any parallels between the death of Patkul and Philotas;[1] we being very apprehensive of the reflections that several politicians have ready by them to produce on this occasion, and being willing, as much as in us lies, to free the town from all impertinences of this nature."

No. 68.

[STEELE.

From *Tuesday, Sept.* 13, to *Thursday, Sept.* 15, 1709.

From my own Apartment, Sept. 14.[2]

The progress of our endeavours will of necessity be very much interrupted, except the learned world will please to send their lists to the chamber of fame[3] with all expedition. There is nothing can so much contribute to create a noble emulation in our youth,

[1] Philotas, son of Parmenion, was one of the generals of Alexander the Great. He was arrested for treason, made a confession under torture, and was stoned before the troops. Jean Reinhold de Patkul (1660–1707), a Livonian nobleman in disgrace at the Swedish Court, found his way to King Augustus, in Poland, and was charged with having instigated that monarch to attack Livonia. When a treaty of peace was drawn up, Charles XII. made the surrender of Patkul one of the conditions; and after much delay he was handed over to General Meyerfeldt, and broken upon the wheel in October 1707. In the *Review* for August 20, 1709, Defoe criticised the conduct of Charles XII. in this matter, and said that since his barbarous action he had had no success. He paid dear for the blood of Patkul.

[2] This article is printed in Scott's edition of Swift's Works.

[3] See No. 67.

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as the honourable mention of such whose actions have outlived the injuries of time, and recommended themselves so far to the world, that it is become learning to know the least circumstance of their affairs. It is a great incentive to see that some men have raised themselves so highly above their fellow-creatures; that the lives of ordinary men are spent in inquiries after the particular actions of the most illustrious. True it is, that without this impulse to fame and reputation, our industry would stagnate, and that lively desire of pleasing each other die away. This opinion was so established in the heathen world, that their sense of living appeared insipid, except their being was enlivened with a consciousness that they were esteemed by the rest of the world. Upon examining the proportion of men's fame for my table of twelve, I thought it no ill way, since I had laid it down for a rule, that they were to be ranked simply as they were famous, without regard to their virtue, to ask my sister Jenny's advice, and particularly mentioned to her the name of Aristotle. She immediately told me, he was a very great scholar, and that she had read him at the boarding-school. She certainly means a trifle sold by the hawkers, called "Aristotle's Problems." But this raised a great scruple in me, whether a fame increased by imposition of others is to be added to his account, or that these excrescences, which grow out of his real reputation, and give encouragement to others to pass things under the cover of his name, should be considered in giving him his seat in the chamber? This punctilio is referred to the learned. In the meantime, so ill-natured are mankind, that I believe I have names already sent me sufficient to fill up my lists for the dark room, and every one is apt enough to send in their accounts of ill deservers. This malevolence does not

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proceed from a real dislike of virtue, but a diabolical prejudice against it, which makes men willing to destroy what they care not to imitate. Thus you see the greatest characters among your acquaintance, and those you live with, are traduced by all below them in virtue, who never mention them but with an exception. However, I believe I shall not give the world much trouble about filling my tables for those of evil fame, for I have some thoughts of clapping up the sharpers there as fast as I can lay hold of them.

At present, I am employed in looking over the several notices which I have received of their manner of dexterity, and the way at dice of making all rugg,[1] as the cant is. The whole art of securing a die has lately been sent me by a person who was of the fraternity, but is disabled by the loss of a finger, by which means he cannot practise that trick as he used to do. But I am very much at a loss how to call some of the fair sex who are accomplices with the knights of industry; for my metaphorical dogs are easily enough understood; but the feminine gender of dog has so harsh a sound, that we know not how to name it. But I am credibly informed that there are female dogs as voracious as the males, and make advances to young fellows, without any other design but coming to a familiarity with their purses. I have also long lists of persons of condition, who are certainly of the same regimen with these banditti, and instrumental to their cheats upon undiscerning men of their own rank. These add their good reputation to carry on the impostures of others, whose very names would else be defence enough against falling into their hands. But for the honour of our nation, these shall be unmentioned, provided we hear no more of such practices,

[1] See No. 39.

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and that they shall not from henceforward suffer the society of such as they know to be the common enemies of order, discipline, and virtue. If it appear that they go on in encouraging them, they must be proceeded against according to severest rules of history, where all is to be laid before the world with impartiality, and without respect to persons.

So let the stricken deer go weep.[1]

Will's Coffee-house, September 14.

I find left here for me the following epistle:

"SIR,

"Having lately read your discourse about the family of Trubies,[2] wherein you observe that there are some who fall into laughter out of a certain benevolence in their temper, and not out of the ordinary motive, viz., contempt and triumph over the imperfections of others, I have conceived a good idea of your knowledge of mankind. And as you have a tragi-comic genius, I beg the favour of you to give us your thoughts of a quite different effect, which also is caused by other motives than what are commonly taken notice of. What I would have you treat of, is, the cause of shedding tears. I desire you would discuss it a little, with observations upon the various occasions which provoke us to that expression of our concern, &c."

To obey this complaisant gentleman, I know no way so short as examining the various touches of my own bosom, on several occurrences in a long life, to the evening of which I am arrived, after as many various

[1] "Why, let the stricken deer go weep" ("Hamlet," act iii. sc. 2, l. 282.

[2] See No. 63.

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incidents as anybody has met with. I have often reflected, that there is a great similitude in the motions of the heart in mirth and in sorrow; and I think the usual occasion of the latter, as well as the former, is something which is sudden and unexpected. The mind has not a sufficient time to recollect its force, and immediately gushes into tears before we can utter ourselves by speech or complaint. The most notorious causes of these drops from our eyes, are pity, sorrow, joy, and reconciliation. The fair sex, who are made of man, and not of earth, have a more delicate humanity than we have, and pity is the most common cause of their tears: for as we are inwardly composed of an aptitude to every circumstance of life, and everything that befalls any one person might have happened to any other of human race, self-love, and a sense of the pain we ourselves should suffer in the circumstances of any whom we pity, is the cause of that compassion. Such a reflection in the breast of a woman immediately inclines her to tears; but in a man, it makes him think how such a one ought to act on that occasion, suitable to the dignity of his nature. Thus a woman is ever moved for those whom she hears lament, and a man for those whom he observes to suffer in silence. It is a man's own behaviour in the circumstances he is under which procures him the esteem of others, and not merely the affliction itself which demands our pity: for we never give a man that passion which he falls into for himself. He that commends himself never purchases our applause; nor he who bewails himself, our pity. Going through an alley the other day, I observed a noisy impudent beggar bawl out, that he was wounded in a merchantman, that he had lost his poor limbs, and showed a leg clouted up. All that passed by, made what haste they could out of sight and hearing. But a poor

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fellow at the end of the passage, with a rusty coat, a melancholy air, and a soft voice, desired them to look upon a man not used to beg. The latter received the charity of almost every one that went by. The strings of the heart, which are to be touched to give us compassion, are not so played on but by the finest hand. We see in tragical representations it is not the pomp of language, or magnificence of dress, in which the passion is wrought that touches sensible spirits, but something of a plain and simple nature which breaks in upon our souls, by that sympathy which is given us for our mutual good-will and service.[1] In the tragedy of "Macbeth," where Wilks[2] acts the part of a man whose family has been murdered in his absence, the wildness of his passion, which is run over in a torrent of calamitous circumstances, does but raise my spirits, and give me the alarm; but when he skilfully seems to be out of breath, and is brought too low to say more, and upon a second reflection, cry, only wiping his eyes, "What, both children! Both, both my children gone!" there is no resisting a sorrow which seems to have cast about for all the reasons possible for its consolation, but has no recourse. There is not one left, but both, both are murdered![3] Such sudden starts from the thread of the discourse, and a plain sentiment expressed in an artless way, are the irresistible strokes of eloquence and poetry. The same great master, Shakespeare, can afford us instances of all the places where our souls are accessible, and ever commands our tears; but it is to be observed, that he draws them from some unexpected source, which seems not wholly of a piece with the discourse. Thus when Brutus and Cassius had a debate in the tragedy of "Cæsar," and

[1] *Cf.* No. 47. [2] See No. 19.
[3] "Julius Cæsar," act iv. sc. 3.

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rose to warm language against each other, insomuch that it had almost come to something that might be fatal, till they recollected themselves; Brutus does more than make an apology for the heat he had been in, by saying, "Porcia is dead."[1] Here Cassius is all tenderness, and ready to dissolve, when he considers that the mind of his friend had been employed on the greatest affliction imaginable, when he had been adding to it by a debate on trifles; which makes him in the anguish of his heart cry out, "How scaped I killing when I thus provoked you?"[2] This is an incident which moves the soul in all its sentiments; and Cassius's heart was at once touched with all the soft pangs of pity, remorse, and reconciliation. It is said indeed by Horace, "If you would have me weep, you must first weep yourself."[3] This is not literally true, for it would have been as rightly said, if we observe nature, that I shall certainly weep if you do not; but what is intended by that expression is, that it is not possible to give passion except you show that you suffer yourself. Therefore the true art seems to be, that when you would have the person you represent pitied, you must show him at once, in the highest grief and struggling, to bear it with decency and patience. In this case, we sigh for him, and give him every groan he suppresses.[4] I remember, when I was young enough to

[1] Steevens brought forward the fact that the author of the *Tatler* here quotes from Davenant's alteration of Shakespeare's play as an argument to prove how little Shakespeare was read. De Quincey made some excellent remarks on this subject in his "Life of Shakespeare." ("Encyclopædia Britannica," 7th ed.)

[2] "How scaped I killing when I crossed you so?" ("Julius Cæsar," act iv. sc. 3.)

[3] *Ars Poetica*, 102.

[4] "There is no criticism of Shakespeare in that day at all comparable to this of Steele's, at the outset and to the close of the *Tatler*.

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follow the sports of the field, I have more than once rode off at the death of a deer, when I have seen the animal in an affliction which appeared human without the least noise, let fall tears when he was reduced to extremity; and I have thought of the sorrow I saw him in when his haunch came to the table. But our tears are not given only to objects of pity, but the mind has recourse to that relief on all occasions which give us much emotion. Thus, to be apt to shed tears is a sign of a great as well as little spirit. I have heard say, the present Pope[1] never passes through the people, who always kneel in crowds and ask his benediction, but the tears are seen to flow from his eyes. This must proceed from an imagination that he is the father of all those people, and that he is touched with so extensive a benevolence that it breaks out into a passion of tears. You see friends, who have been long absent, transported in the same manner: a thousand little images crowd upon them at their meeting, as all the joys and griefs they have known during their separation; and in one hurry of thought, they conceive how they should have participated in those occasions, and weep, because their minds are too full to wait the slow expression of words.

His lacrimis vitam damus, et miseressimus ultro.[2]

There is lately broke loose from the London Pack[3] a

With no set analysis or fine-spun theory, but dropped only here and there, and from time to time with a careless grace, it is yet of the subtlest discrimination. . . . He ranks him as high in philosophy as in poetry, and in the ethics of human life and passion quotes his authority as supreme. None but Steele then thought of criticising him in that strain." (Forster.)

[1] Clement XI.

[2] Virgil, "Æneid," ii. 145.

[3] See No. 56, &c.

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very tall dangerous biter. He is now at the Bath, and it is feared will make a damnable havoc amongst the game. His manner of biting is new, and called the Top. He secures one die betwixt his two fingers: the other is fixed by the help of a famous wax invented by an apothecary, since a gamester; a little of which he puts upon his forefinger, and that holds the die in the box at his devotion. Great sums have been lately won by these ways; but it is hoped that this hint of his manner of cheating will open the eyes of many who are every day imposed upon.

There is now in the press, and will be suddenly published, a book entitled "An Appendix to the Contempt of the Clergy,"[1] wherein will be set forth at large, that all our dissensions are owing to the laziness of persons in the sacred ministry, and that none of the present schisms could have crept into the flock but by the negligence of the pastors. There is a digression in this treatise, proving that the pretences made by the priesthood from time to time that the Church was in danger, is only a trick to make the laity passionate for that of which they themselves have been negligent. The whole concludes with an exhortation to the clergy, to the study of eloquence, and practice of piety, as the only method to support the highest of all honours, that of a priest, who lives and acts according to his character.

[1] "The Grounds and Occasion of the Contempt of the Clergy and Religion Inquired into" was published by Dr. John Eachard in 1670.

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No. 69. [STEELE.

From *Thursday, Sept.* 15, *to Saturday, Sept.* 17, 1709.

——Quid oportet
Nos facere, a vulgo longe latèque remotos?
HOR., 1 Sat. vi. 18.

From my own Apartment, Sept. 16.

It is, as far as it relates to our present being, the great end of education to raise ourselves above the vulgar; but what is intended by the vulgar, is not, methinks, enough understood. In me, indeed, that word raises a quite different idea from what it usually does in others; but perhaps that proceeds from my being old, and beginning to want the relish of such satisfactions as are the ordinary entertainment of men. However, such as my opinion is in this case, I will speak it; because it is possible that turn of thought may be received by others, who may reap as much tranquillity from it as I do myself. It is to me a very great meanness, and something much below a philosopher, which is what I mean by a gentleman, to rank a man among the vulgar for the condition of life he is in, and not according to his behaviour, his thoughts and sentiments, in that condition. For if a man be loaded with riches and honours, and in that state of life has thoughts and inclinations below the meanest artificer; is not such an artificer, who within his power is good to his friends, moderate in his demands for his labour, and cheerful in his occupation, very much superior to him who lives for no other end but to serve himself, and assumes a preference in all his words and actions to

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those who act their part with much more grace than himself? Epictetus has made use of the similitude of a stage-play to human life with much spirit. "It is not," says he, "to be considered among the actors, who is prince, or who is beggar, but who acts prince or beggar best."[1] The circumstance of life should not be that which gives us place, but our behaviour in that circumstance is what should be our solid distinction. Thus, a wise man should think no man above him or below him, any further than it regards the outward order and discipline of the world: for if we take too great an idea of the eminence of our superiors, or subordination of our inferiors, it will have an ill effect upon our behaviour to both. But he who thinks no man above him but for his virtue, none below him but for his vice, can never be obsequious or assuming in a wrong place, but will frequently emulate men in rank below him, and pity those above him. This sense of mankind is so far from a levelling principle, that it only sets us upon a true basis of distinction, and doubles the merit of such as become their condition. A man in power, who can, without the ordinary prepossessions which stop the way to the true knowledge and service of mankind, overlook the little distinctions of fortune, raise obscure merit, and discountenance successful indesert,[2] has, in the minds of knowing men, the figure of an angel rather than a man, and is above the rest of men in the highest character he can be, even that of their benefactor. Turning my thoughts as I was taking my pipe this evening after this manner, it was no small delight to me to receive advice from Felicia,[3] that Eboracensis was appointed a governor of one of their

[1] "Encheiridion," sect. xvii. Dobson.

[2] Want of merit. *Cf.* "The Lying Lover," act ii.: "'Tis my own indesert that gives me fears."

[3] England.

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plantations.[1] As I am a great lover of mankind, I took part in the happiness of that people who were to be governed by one of so great humanity, justice, and honour. Eboracensis has read all the schemes which writers have formed of government and order, and been long conversant with men who have the reins in their hands; so that he can very well distinguish between chimerical and practical politics. It is a great blessing (when men have to deal with such different characters in the same species as those of free-men and slaves) that they who command have a just sense of human nature itself, by which they can temper the haughtiness of the master, and soften the servitude of the slave. "Hæ tibi erunt artes."[2] This is the notion with which those of the plantation receive Eboracensis: and as I have cast his nativity, I find it will be a record made of this person's administrations; and on that part of the shore from whence he embarks to return from his government, there will be a monument with these words: "Here the people wept, and took leave of Eboracensis, the first governor our mother Felicia sent, who, during his command here, believed himself her subject."

[1] Robert Hunter, a friend of Addison and Swift, was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Virginia in 1707, but was taken by the French in his voyage thither. Having been exchanged for the French Bishop of Quebec, he was appointed Governor of New York, and in 1710 took charge of 2700 Protestant refugees from the Palatinate, who were to settle there. During his government of New York, he was directed by her Majesty to provide subsistence for about 3000 palatines sent from Great Britain to be employed in raising and manufacturing naval stores; and by 1734 he had disbursed £21,000 and upwards in that undertaking, no part of which was ever repaid. He returned to England in 1719; and, after being made Major-General, he was appointed Governor of Jamaica in 1729. He died March 31, 1734, and was buried in that island.

[2] "Æneid," vi. 853.

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White's Chocolate-house, Sept. 16.

The following letter wants such sudden despatch, that all things else must wait for this time.

"SIR, *Sept.* 13, *equal day and night.*

"There are two ladies, who, having a good opinion of your taste and judgment, desire you to make use of them in the following particular, which perhaps you may allow very particular. The two ladies before mentioned have a considerable time since contracted a more sincere and constant friendship than their adversaries the men will allow consistent with the frailty of female nature; and being from a long acquaintance convinced of the perfect agreement of their tempers, have thought upon an expedient to prevent their separation, and cannot think any so effectual (since it is common for love to destroy friendship) as to give up both their liberties to the same person in marriage. The gentleman they have pitched upon, is neither well-bred nor agreeable, his understanding moderate, and his person never designed to charm women; but having so much self-interest in his nature, as to be satisfied with making double contracts, upon condition of receiving double fortunes; and most men being so far sensible of the uneasiness that one woman occasions, they think him for these reasons the most likely person of their acquaintance to receive these proposals. Upon all other accounts, he is the last man either of them would choose, yet for this preferable to all the rest. They desire to know your opinion the next post, resolving to defer further proceeding, till they have received it. I am, Sir,

"Your unknown, unthought-of,

"Humble Servant,

"BRIDGET EITHERSIDE."

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This is very extraordinary, and much might be objected by me, who am something of a civilian, to the case of two marrying the same man; but these ladies are, I perceive, free-thinkers, and therefore I shall speak only to the prudential part of this design, merely as a philosopher, without entering into the merit of it in the ecclesiastical or civil law. These constant friends, Piledea and Orestea, are at a loss to preserve their friendship from the encroachments of love, for which end they have resolved upon a fellow who cannot be the object of affection or esteem to either, and consequently cannot rob one of the place each has in her friend's heart. But in all my reading (and I have read all that the sages in love have written), I have found the greatest danger in jealousy. The ladies indeed, to avoid this passion, choose a sad fellow; but if they would be advised by me, they had better have each their worthless man; otherwise, he that was despicable while he was indifferent to them, will become valuable when he seems to prefer one to the other. I remember in the history of Don Quixote of the Manca, there is a memorable passage which opens to us the weakness of our nature in such particulars. The Don falls into discourse with a gentleman[1] whom he calls the Knight of the Green Cassock, and is invited to his house. When he comes there, he runs into discourse and panegyric upon the economy, the government and order of his family, the education of his children; and lastly, on the singular wisdom of him who disposed things with that exactness. The gentleman makes a soliloquy to himself, "Oh irresistible power of flattery! Though I know this is a madman, I cannot help being taken with his applause."

[1] Don Diego de Miranda. See "Don Quixote," Part II., chaps. xvii., xviii.

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The ladies will find this much more true in the case of their lover; and the woman he most likes, will certainly be more pleased; she whom he slights, more offended, than she can imagine before she has tried. Now I humbly propose, that they both marry coxcombs whom they are sure they cannot like, and then they may be pretty secure against the change of affection, which they fear; and by that means, preserving the temperature under which they now write, enjoy during life, "equal day and night."

St. James's Coffee-house, Sept. 16.

There is no manner of news; but people now spend their time in coffee-houses in reflections upon the particulars of the late glorious day,[1] and collecting the several parts of the action, as they are produced in letters from private hands, or notices given to us by accounts in public papers. A pleasant gentleman, alluding to the great fences through which we pierced, said this evening, "The French thought themselves on the right side of the hedge, but it proved otherwise." Mr. Kidney, who has long conversed with, and filled tea for the most consummate politicians, was pleased to give me an account of this piece of ribaldry, and desired me on that occasion to write a whole paper on the subject of valour, and explain how that quality, which must be possessed by whole armies, is so highly preferable in one man rather than another, and how the same actions are but mere acts of duty in some, and instances of the most heroic virtue in others. He advised me not to fail in this discourse to mention the gallantry of the Prince of Nassau in this last engagement, who (when a battalion

[1] The battle of Malplaquet.

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made a halt in the face of the enemy) snatched the colours out of the hands of the ensign, and planted them just before the line of the enemy, calling to that battalion to take care of their colours, if they had no regard to him. Mr. Kidney has my promise to obey him in this particular on the first occasion that offers.

Mr. Bickerstaff is now compiling exact accounts of the pay of the militia, and the commission officers under the respective Lieutenancies of Great Britain: in the first place, of those of London and Westminster; and in regard that there are no common soldiers, but all house-keepers, or representatives of house-keepers in these bodies, the sums raised by the officers shall be looked into, and their fellow-soldiers, or rather fellow-travellers from one part of the town to the other, not defrauded of the ten pounds allowed for the subsistence of the troops.

Whereas not very long since, at a tavern between Fleet Bridge and Charing Cross, some certain polite gentlemen thought fit to perform the bacchanalian exercises of devotion, by dancing without clothes on, after the manner of the pre-Adamites; this is to certify those persons, that there is no manner of wit or humour in the said practice, and that the beadles of the parish are to be at their next meeting, where it is to be examined, whether they are arrived at want of feeling, as well as want of shame.

Whereas a chapel clerk was lately taken in a garret on a flock-bed with two of the fair sex, who are usually employed in sifting cinders; this is to let him know, that if he persists in being a scandal both to laity and clergy (as being as it were both and neither), the names of the nymphs who were with him shall be printed;

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therefore he is desired, as he tenders the reputation of his ladies, to repent.

Mr. Bickerstaff has received information, that an eminent and noble preacher in the chief congregation of Great Britain, for fear of being thought guilty of presbyterian fervency and extemporary prayer, lately read his, before sermon; but the same advices acknowledging that he made the congregation large amends by the shortness of his discourse, it is thought fit to make no further observation upon it.[1]

No. 70.

[STEELE.

From *Saturday, Sept.* 17, to *Tuesday, Sept.* 20, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines . . . nostri farrago libelli.
—Juv., Sat. i. 85, 86.

From my own Apartment, Sept. 19.

The following letter,[2] in prosecution of what I have lately asserted, has urged that matter so much better than I had, that I insert it as I received it. These testimonials are customary with us learned men, and sometimes are suspected to be written by the author; but I fear no one will suspect me of this.

"SIR, *London, Sept.* 15, 1709.

"Having read your lucubrations of the 10th instant,[3] I can't but entirely agree with you in your notions of the scarcity of men who can either read or speak. For my part, I have lived these thirty years in the world, and yet have observed but a very few who

[1] See No. 66. [2] Printed in Swift's Works. [3] No. 66.

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could do either in any tolerable manner; among which few, you must understand that I reckon myself. How far eloquence, set off with the proper ornaments of voice and gesture, will prevail over the passions, and how cold and unaffecting the best oration in the world would be without them, there are two remarkable instances in the case of Ligarius and that of Milo. Cæsar had condemned Ligarius. He came indeed to hear what might be said; but thinking himself his own master, resolved not to be biassed by anything Cicero could say in his behalf: but in this he was mistaken; for when the orator began to speak, the hero is moved, he is vanquished, and at length the criminal absolved. It must be observed, that this famous orator was less renowned for his courage than his eloquence; for though he came at another time, prepared to defend Milo with one of the best orations that antiquity has produced; yet being seized with a sudden fear by seeing some armed men surrounding the Forum, he faltered in his speech, and became unable to exert that irresistible force and beauty of action which would have saved his client, and for want of which he was condemned to banishment. As the success the former of these orations met with, appears chiefly owing to the life and graceful manner with which it was recited (for some there are who think it may be read without transport), so the latter seems to have failed of success for no other reason, but because the orator was not in a condition to set it off with those ornaments. It must be confessed, that artful sound will with the crowd prevail even more than sense; but those who are masters of both, will ever gain the admiration of all their hearers: and there is, I think, a very natural account to be given of this matter; for the sensation of the head and heart

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are caused in each of these parts by the outward organs of the eye and ear: that therefore which is conveyed to the understanding and passions by only one of these organs, will not affect us so much as that which is transmitted through both.[1] I can't but think your charge is just against a great part of the learned clergy of Great Britain, who deliver the most excellent discourses with such coldness and indifference, that it is no great wonder the unintelligent many of their congregations fall asleep. Thus it happens that their orations meet with a quite contrary fate to that of Demosthenes you mentioned; for as that lost much of its beauty and force by being repeated to the magistrates of Rhodes without the winning action of that great orator, so the performances of these gentlemen never appear with so little grace, and to so much disadvantage, as when delivered by themselves from the pulpit. Hippocrates being sent for to a patient in this city, and having felt his pulse, inquired into the symptoms of his distemper, and finding that it proceeded in great measure from want of sleep, advises his patient, with an air of gravity, to be carried to church to hear a sermon, not doubting but that it would dispose him for the rest he wanted. If some of the rules Horace gives for the theatre, were (not improperly) applied to our pulpits, we should not hear a sermon prescribed as a good opiate.

"——*Si vis me flere, dolendum est*
Primum ipsi tibi——[2]

"A man must himself express some concern and affection in delivering his discourse, if he expects his auditory should interest themselves in what he proposes: for

[1] *Cf.* Rabelais, Book I., chap. xli.

[2] "Ars Poet.," 102.

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otherwise, notwithstanding the dignity and importance of the subject he treats of, notwithstanding the weight and argument of the discourse itself, yet too many will say,

"——*Male si mandata loqueris,*
Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo.——[1]

"If there be a deficiency in the speaker, there will not be a sufficient attention and regard paid to the things spoken: but, Mr. Bickerstaff, you know, that as too little action is cold, so too much is fulsome. Some indeed may think themselves accomplished speakers, for no other reason than because they can be loud and noisy (for surely Stentor[2] must have some design in his vociferations). But, dear Mr. Bickerstaff, convince them, that as harsh and irregular sound is not harmony, so neither is banging a cushion, oratory; and therefore, in my humble opinion, a certain divine[3] of the first order, whom I allow otherwise to be a great man, would do well to leave this off; for I think his sermons would be more persuasive if he gave his auditory less disturbance. Though I cannot say that this action would be wholly improper to a profane oration, yet I think, in a religious assembly, it gives a man too warlike, or perhaps too theatrical a figure to be suitable to a Christian congregation. I am,

"Sir,

"Your humble Servant, &c."

The most learned and ingenious Mr. Rosehat is also pleased to write to me on this subject.

[1] "Ars Poet.," 104. [2] See No. 54.

[3] Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, whom Dryden describes as "a portly prince, and goodly to the sight," "black-browed and bluff."

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"SIR,

"I read with great pleasure in the *Tatler* of Saturday last the conversation upon eloquence. Permit me to hint to you one thing the great Roman orator observes upon this subject, 'Caput enim arbitrabatur oratoris' (he quotes Menedemus, an Athenian), 'ut ipsis apud quos ageret talis qualem ipse optaret videretur, id fieri vitæ dignitate.'[1] It is the first rule in oratory, that a man must appear such as he would persuade others to be, and that can be accomplished only by the force of his life. I believe it might be of great service to let our public orators know, that an unnatural gravity, or an unbecoming levity in their behaviour out of the pulpit, will take very much from the force of their eloquence in it. Excuse another scrap of Latin; it is from one of the Fathers: I think it will appear a just observation to all, as it may have authority with some: 'Qui autem docent tantum, nec faciunt, ipsi præceptis suis detrahunt pondus; quis enim obtemperet, quum ipsi præceptores doceant non obtemperare?' I am,

"Sir,

"Your most humble Servant,

"JONATHAN ROSEHAT.

"*P.S.*—You were complaining in that paper, that the clergy of Great Britain had not yet learned to speak: a very great defect indeed; and therefore I shall think myself a well-deserver of the Church, in recommending all the dumb clergy to the famous speaking doctor at Kensington.[2] This ingenious gentleman, out of com-

[1] Cicero, "De Oratore," i. 19.

[2] James Ford. In answer to an application for advice from a stammerer, the *British Apollo* for Jan. 23 to 25, 1710, said: "For

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passion to those of a bad utterance, has placed his whole study in the new modelling the organs of voice, which art he has so far advanced, as to be able even to make a good orator of a pair of bellows. He lately exhibited a specimen of his skill in this way, of which I was informed by the worthy gentlemen then present, who were at once delighted and amazed to hear an instrument of so simple an organisation use an exact articulation of words, a just cadency in its sentences, and a wonderful pathos in its pronunciation; not that he designs to expatiate in this practice, because he cannot (as he says) apprehend what use it may be of to mankind, whose benefit he aims at in a more particular manner: and for the same reason he will never more instruct the feathered kind, the parrot having been his last scholar in that way. He has a wonderful faculty in making and mending echoes, and this he will perform at any time for the use of the solitary in the country, being a man born for universal good, and for that reason recommended to your patronage by, Sir, Yours, &c."

further advice we refer you to Mr. Ford at Kensington, who has not only recovered several who stammered to a regular speech, but also brought the deaf and dumb to speak, an instance whereof hath been known by a gentleman of our society." The *Postman* for Oct. 21, 1703, contained the following advertisement: "James Ford, formerly living at Christ's Hospital, in Charterhouse Yard and Cecil Street, who removes stammering and other impediments in speech, and teaches foreigners to pronounce English like natives; and has lately brought a child to speak, that was born deaf and dumb; is now removed to Newington Green, where he keeps a tutor in his house, that children may not lose their learning. On Tuesdays and Thursdays he is to be met with at Mr. Meriden's, sword cutler, at the corner of Exchange Alley, at Exchange time, and at the Rainbow Coffee-house, by Temple Bar, at six in the evening on Thursdays." In a letter now in the British Museum (Sloane MS., 4044), Ford asked Sir Hans Sloane to examine certain persons whom he claimed to have cured.

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Another learned gentleman gives me also this encomium:

"SIR, *September* 16.

"You are now got into a useful and noble subject; take care to handle it with judgment and delicacy. I wish every young divine would give yours of Saturday last a serious perusal; and now you are entered upon the action of an orator, if you would proceed to favour the world with some remarks on the mystical enchantments of pronunciation, what a secret force there is in the accents of a tunable voice, and wherefore the works of two very great men of the profession could never please so well when read as heard, I shall trouble you with no more scribble. You are now in the method of being truly profitable and delightful. If you can keep up to such great and sublime subjects, and pursue them with a suitable genius, go on and prosper. Farewell."

White's Chocolate-house, Sept. 19.

This was left for me here for the use of the company of the house.

"*To* ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esq.

"SIR, *September* 15.

"The account you gave lately of a certain dog-kennel in or near Suffolk Street,[1] was not so punctual as to the list of the dogs as might have been expected from a person of Mr. Bickerstaff's intelligence; for if you'll despatch Pacolet thither some evening, it is ten to one but he finds, besides those you mentioned,

"Towzer, a large French mongrel, that was not long

[1] See No. 62.

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ago in a tattered condition, but has now got new hair; is not fleet; but when he grapples, bites even to the marrow.

"Spring, a little French greyhound, that lately made a false trip to Tunbridge.

"Sly, an old battered foxhound, that began the game in France.

"Lightfoot, a fine-skinned Flanders dog, that belonged to a pack at Ghent; but having lost flesh, is come to Paris for the benefit of the air.

"With several others, that in time may be worth notice.

"Your familiar will see also, how anxious the keepers are about the prey, and indeed not without very good reason, for they have their share of everything; nay, not so much as a poor rabbit can be run down, but these carnivorous curs swallow a quarter of it. Some mechanics in the neighbourhood, that have entered into this civil society (and who furnish part of the carrion and oatmeal for the dogs) have the skin; and the bones are picked clean by a little French shock that belongs to the family, &c. I am,

"Sir,

"Your humble Servant, &c.

"I had almost forgotten to tell you, that Ringwood bites at Hampstead with false teeth."[1]

[1] False dice.

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No. 71. [STEELE.

From *Tuesday, Sept.* 20, to *Thursday, Sept.* 22, 1709.

From my own Apartment, Sept. 21.

I have long been against my inclination employed in satire, and that in prosecution of such persons who are below the dignity of the true spirit of it; such who I fear are not to be reclaimed by making them only ridiculous. The sharpers therefore shall have a month's time to themselves free from the observation of this paper; but I must not make a truce without letting them know, that at the same time I am preparing for a more vigorous war; for a friend of mine has promised me, he will employ his time in compiling such a tract before the session of the ensuing Parliament, as shall lay gaming home to the bosoms of all who love their country or their families; and he doubts not but it will create an Act, that shall make these rogues as scandalous as those less mischievous ones on the highroad. I have received private intimations to take care of my walks, and remember there are such things as stabs and blows: but as there never was anything in this design which ought to displease a man of honour, or which was not designed to offend the rascals, I shall give myself very little concern for finding what I expected, that they would be highly provoked at these lucubrations. But though I utterly despise the pack, I must confess I am at a stand at the receipt of the following letter, which seems to be written by a man of sense and worth, who has mistaken some passage that I am sure was not levelled at him. This gentleman's complaints give me compunction, when I

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neglect the threats of the rascals. I can't be in jest with the rogues any longer, since they pretend to threaten. I don't know whether I shall allow them the favour of transportation.

"MR. BICKERSTAFF, *Sept.* 13.

"Observing you are not content with lashing the many vices of the age, without illustrating each with particular characters, it is thought nothing would more contribute to the impression you design by such, than always having regard to truth. In your *Tatler* of this day,[1] I observe you allow, that nothing is so tender as a lady's reputation; that a stain once got in their fame, is hardly ever to be washed out. This you grant even when you give yourself leave to trifle. If so, what caution is necessary in handling the reputation of a man, whose wellbeing in this life perhaps entirely depends on preserving it from any wound, which once there received, too often becomes fatal and incurable? Suppose some villainous hand, through personal prejudice, transmits materials for this purpose, which you publish to the world, and afterwards become fully convinced you were imposed on (as by this time you may be of a character you have sent into the world); I say, supposing this, I would be glad to know, what reparation you think ought to be made the person so injured, admitting you stood in his place. It has always been held, that a generous education is the surest mark of a generous mind. The former is indeed perspicuous in all your papers; and I am persuaded, though you affect often to show the latter, yet you would not keep any measures (even of Christianity) with those who should handle you in the manner you do others. The application of all this is from your having very lately

[1] No. 67.

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glanced at a man, under a character, that were he conscious to deserve, he would be the first to rid the world of himself; and would be more justifiable in it to all sorts of men, than you in your committing such a violence on his reputation, which perhaps you may be convinced of in another manner than you deserve from him.

"A man of your capacity, Mr. Bickerstaff, should have more noble views, and pursue the true spirit of satire; but I will conclude, lest I grow out of temper, and will only beg for your own preservation, to remember the proverb of the pitcher.

"I am Yours,
"A. J."

The proverb of the pitcher I have no regard to; but it would be an insensibility not to be pardoned, if a man could be untouched at so warm an accusation, and that laid with so much seeming temper. All I can say to it is, that if the writer, by the same method whereby he conveyed this letter, shall give me an instance wherein I have injured any good man, or pointed at anything which is not the true object of raillery, I shall acknowledge the offence in as open a manner as the press can do it, and lay down this paper for ever. There is something very terrible in unjustly attacking men in a way that may prejudice their honour or fortune; but when men of too modest a sense of themselves will think they are touched, it is impossible to prevent ill consequences from the most innocent and general discourses. This I have known happen in circumstances the most foreign to theirs who have taken offence at them. An advertisement lately published, relating to Omicron,[1] alarmed a gentleman of good sense, integrity, honour, and industry, which is, in

[1] See No. 62.

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every particular, different from the trifling pretenders pointed at in that advertisement. When the modesty of some is as excessive as the vanity of others, what defence is there against misinterpretation? However, giving disturbance, though not intended, to men of virtuous characters, has so sincerely troubled me, that I will break from this satirical vein; and to show I very little value myself upon it, shall for this month ensuing leave the sharper, the fop, the pedant, the proud man, the insolent; in a word, all the train of knaves and fools, to their own devices, and touch on nothing but panegyric. This way is suitable to the true genius of the Staffs, who are much more inclined to reward than punish. If therefore the author of the above-mentioned letter does not command my silence wholly, as he shall if I do not give him satisfaction, I shall for the above-mentioned space turn my thoughts to raising merit from its obscurity, celebrating virtue in its distress, and attacking vice by no other method but setting innocence in a proper light.

Will's Coffee-house, Sept. 20.

I find here for me the following letter:[1]

"SQUIRE BICKERSTAFF,

"Finding your advice and censure to have a good effect, I desire your admonition to our vicar and schoolmaster, who in his preaching to his auditors, stretches his jaws so wide, that instead of instructing youth, it rather frightens them: likewise in reading prayers, he has such a careless loll, that people are justly offended at his irreverent posture; besides the extraordinary charge

[1] Printed in Swift's Works.

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they are put to in sending their children to dance, to bring them off of those ill gestures. Another evil faculty he has, in making the bowling-green his daily residence, instead of his church, where his curate reads prayers every day. If the weather is fair, his time is spent in visiting; if cold or wet, in bed, or at least at home, though within a hundred yards of the church. These, out of many such irregular practices, I write for his reclamation: but two or three things more before I conclude; to wit, that generally when his curate preaches in the afternoon, he sleeps sitting in the desk on a hassock. With all this, he is so extremely proud, that he will go but once to the sick, except they return his visit."

I was going on in reading my letter, when I was interrupted by Mr. Greenhat, who has been this evening at the play of "Hamlet." "Mr. Bickerstaff," said he, "had you been to-night at the play-house, you had seen the force of action in perfection: your admired Mr. Betterton[1] behaved himself so well, that, though now about seventy, he acted youth; and by the preva-

[1] Thomas Betterton was born in Westminster about 1635, and was apprenticed to a bookseller. There are various accounts of how he came to go on to the stage, but in 1661 he joined Sir William Davenant's company at Lincoln's Inn Fields. Davenant's son afterwards gave Betterton a share in the management, and the company ("the Duke's") moved to Dorset Garden. In 1682 this company united with the King's company. Betterton lost all his savings in a speculation in 1692. Soon afterwards the patentee of the theatre quarrelled with the actors about their salaries, and Betterton and his friends obtained a licence to set up a theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Betterton does not seem to have been a good manager, and he was often in straitened circumstances. In April 1709 the benefit described in No. 1 of the *Tatler* was arranged for his benefit; on that occasion Betterton, though over seventy, acted the youthful part of Valentine in "Love for Love." The performance brought Betterton £500.

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lent power of proper manner, gesture and voice, appeared through the whole drama a young man of great expectation, vivacity, and enterprise. The soliloquy, where he began the celebrated sentence of, 'To be, or not to be;' the expostulation where he explains with his mother

Writing on the occasion of his death, Steele paid a high tribute to the actor's powers in No. 167.

It is interesting to note what Zachary Baggs, treasurer at Drury Lane, stated to be the salary paid to, and the amount made by benefits by, the principal performers. I quote from a rare quarto paper of two leaves, issued by Baggs in July 1709 upon the threatened secession of the actors. He says that during the season, October 1708 to June 1709, 135 days—

	£	s.	d.
Wilks was paid by salary	168	6	8
By his benefit play	90	14	9
Betterton was paid, by his salary £4 a week, and £1 a week for his wife, although she does not act	112	10	0
By a benefit, besides what he got by high prices and guineas	76	4	5
Estcourt was paid at £5 a week salary . .	112	10	0
By his benefit play	51	8	6
Cibber was paid at £5 a week salary . .	112	10	0
By his benefit play	51	0	10
Mills was paid £4 a week salary, and £1 for his wife, for little or nothing . . .	112	10	0
By his benefit play (not including hers) . .	58	1	4
Mrs. Oldfield had £4 a week salary, making for fourteen weeks and a day . . .	56	13	4
She was also paid for costumes . . .	2	10	7
And by her benefit play she had . . .	62	7	8
In all	£1077	3	8

But Baggs adds that at each benefit performance the actor gained much by the special prices paid for seats, and estimating those extra profits at the benefits above mentioned at £880, he arrives at the conclusion that the six actors named earned £1957 in all during the season, though it was broken in upon by the death of Prince George, and brought to a premature close in June.

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in her closet; the noble ardour, after seeing his father's ghost, and his generous distress for the death of Ophelia, are each of them circumstances which dwell strongly upon the minds of the audience, and would certainly affect their behaviour on any parallel occasions in their own lives. Pray, Mr. Bickerstaff, let us have virtue thus represented on the stage with its proper ornaments, or let these ornaments be added to her in places more sacred. As for my part," said he, "I carried my cousin Jerry, this little boy, with me, and shall always love the child for his partiality in all that concerned the fortune of Hamlet. This is entering youth into the affections and passions of manhood beforehand, and as it were antedating the effects we hope from a long and liberal education."

I cannot in the midst of many other things which press, hide the comfort that this letter from my ingenious kinsman gives me.

"*To my Honoured Kinsman*, ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esq.

"DEAR COUSIN, *Oxford, Sept.* 18.

"I am sorry, though not surprised, to find that you have rallied the men of dress in vain; that the amber-headed cane still maintains its unstable post; that pockets are but a few inches shortened; and a beau is still a beau, from the crown of his nightcap to the heels of his shoes. For your comfort, I can assure you, that your endeavours succeed better in this famous seat of learning. By them, the manners of our young gentlemen are in a fair way of amendment, and their very language is mightily refined. To them it is owing, that not a servitor will sing a catch, not a senior fellow make a pun, not a determining bachelor drink a bumper; and I believe a gentleman commoner would as soon have

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the heels of his shoes red as his stockings. When a witling stands at a coffee-house door, and sneers at those who pass by, to the great improvement of his hopeful audience, he is no longer surnamed a slicer, but a man of fire is the word. A beauty, whose health is drunk from Heddington to Hinksey,[1] who has been the theme of the Muses (her cheeks painted with roses, and her bosom planted with orange boughs), has no more the title of lady, but reigns an undisputed toast. When to the plain garb of gown and band a spark adds an inconsistent long wig, we do not say now he boshes, but there goes a smart fellow. If a virgin blushes, we no longer cry the blues. He that drinks till he stares, is no more tow-row, but honest. A youngster in a scrape, is a word out of date; and what bright man says, I was Joabed by the dean: bamboozling is exploded; a shat is a tatler; and if the muscular motion of a man's face be violent, no mortal says, he raises a horse, but he is a merry fellow.

"I congratulate you, my dear kinsman, upon these conquests; such as Roman emperors lamented they could not gain; and in which you rival your correspondent Lewis le Grand, and his dictating academy.

"Be yours the glory to perform, mine to record (as Mr. Dryden has said before me to his kinsman);[2] and while you enter triumphant into the temple of the Muses, I, as my office requires, will, with my staff on my shoulder, attend and conduct you. I am, Dear cousin,

"Your most affectionate Kinsman,

"BENJAMIN BEADLESTAFF."[3]

[1] Villages near Oxford.

[2] Epistle "To my honoured kinsman John Driden, of Chesterton, Esq.," 204:—

"Two of a house few ages can afford,
One to perform, another to record."

[3] See No. 45.

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Upon the humble application of certain persons who have made heroic figures in Mr. Bickerstaff's narrations, notice is hereby given, that no such shall ever be mentioned for the future, except those who have sent menaces, and not submitted to admonition.

No. 72. [STEELE.

From *Thursday, Sept.* 22, to *Saturday, Sept.* 24, 1709.

White's Chocolate-house, Sept. 23.

I have taken upon me no very easy task in turning all my thoughts on panegyric, when most of the advices I receive tend to the quite contrary purpose; and I have few notices but such as regard follies and vices. But the properest way for me to treat, is to keep in general upon the passions and affections of men, with as little regard to particulars as the nature of the thing will admit. However, I think there is something so passionate in the circumstances of the lovers mentioned in the following letter, that I am willing to go out of my way to obey what is commanded in it.

"SIR, *London, September* 17.

"Your design of entertaining the town with the characters of the ancient heroes, as persons shall send an account to Mr. Morphew's, encourages me and others to beg of you, that in the meantime (if it is not contrary to the method you have proposed) you would give us one paper upon the subject of Pætus and his wife's death, when Nero sent him an order to kill himself: his wife setting him the example, died with these

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words, 'Pætus, it is not painful.' You must know the story, and your observations upon it will oblige,

"Sir,

"Your most humble Servant."

When the worst man that ever lived in the world had the highest station in it, human life was the object of his diversion; and he sent orders frequently, out of mere wantonness, to take off such-and-such, without so much as being angry with them. Nay, frequently his tyranny was so humorous, that he put men to death because he could not but approve of them. It came one day to his ear, that a certain married couple, Pætus and Arria, lived in a more happy tranquillity and mutual love than any other persons who were then in being. He listened with great attention to the account of their manner of spending their time together, of the constant pleasure they were to each other in all their words and actions; and found by exact information, that they were so treasonable as to be much more happy than his Imperial Majesty himself. Upon which he wrote Pætus the following billet:—

"Pætus, you are hereby desired to despatch yourself. I have heard a very good character of you; and therefore leave it to yourself, whether you will die by dagger, sword, or poison. If you outlive this order above an hour, I have given directions to put you to death by torture. NERO."

This familiar epistle was delivered to his wife Arria, who opened it.

One must have a soul very well turned for love, pity, and indignation, to comprehend the tumult this unhappy lady was thrown into upon this occasion. The passion

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of love is no more to be understood by some tempers than a problem in a science by an ignorant man: but he that knows what affection is, will have, upon considering the condition of Arria, ten thousand thoughts flow in upon him, which the tongue was not formed to express. But the charming statue is now before my eyes, and Arria, in her unutterable sorrow, has more beauty than ever appeared in youth, in mirth, or in triumph. These are the great and noble incidents which speak the dignity of our nature, in our sufferings and distresses. Behold her tender affection for her husband sinks her features into a countenance which appears more helpless than that of an infant: but, again, her indignation shows in her visage and her bosom a resentment as strong as that of the bravest man. Long she stood in this agony of alternate rage and love; but at last composed herself for her dissolution, rather than survive her beloved Pætus. When he came into her presence, he found her with the tyrant's letter in one hand, and a dagger in the other. Upon his approach to her, she gave him the order; and at the same time, stabbing herself, "Pætus," said she, "it is not painful," and expired. Pætus immediately followed her example. The passion of these memorable lovers was such, that it eluded the rigour of their fortune, and baffled the force of a blow, which neither felt, because each received it for the sake of the other. The woman's part in this story is by much the more heroic, and has occasioned one of the best epigrams transmitted to us from antiquity.

When Arria pulled the dagger from her side,
Thus to her consort spoke the illustrious bride:
"The wound I gave myself I do not grieve,
I die by that which Pætus must receive." [1]

[1] Martial, "Epig.," i. 14. See Pliny, "Epist.," iii. 18.

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From my own Apartment, Sept. 23.

The boy says, one in a black hat left the following letter:

"FRIEND, *19th of the 7th month.*

"Being of that part of Christians whom men call Quakers; and being a seeker of the right way, I was persuaded yesterday to hear one of your most noted teachers. The matter he treated was the necessity of well-living, grounded upon a future state. I was attentive; but the man did not appear in earnest. He read his discourse (notwithstanding thy rebukes) so heavily, and with so little air of being convinced himself, that I thought he would have slept, as I observed many of his hearers did. I came home unedified, and troubled in mind. I dipped into the Lamentations, and from thence turning to the 34th chapter of Ezekiel, I found these words: 'Woe be to the shepherds of Israel, that do feed themselves! Should not the shepherds feed the flock? Ye eat the fat, and ye clothe you with the wool: ye kill them that are fed; but ye feed not the flock. The diseased have ye not strengthened; neither have ye healed that which was sick; neither have ye bound up that which was broken; neither have ye brought again that which was driven away; neither have ye sought that which was lost; but with force and with cruelty have ye ruled them,' &c. Now I pray thee, friend, as thou art a man skilled in many things, tell me, who is meant by the diseased, the sick, the broken, the driven away, and the lost? and whether the prophecy in this chapter be accomplished, or yet to come to pass? And thou wilt oblige thy friend, though unknown."

This matter is too sacred for this paper; but I can't

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see what injury it would do any clergyman, to have it in his eye, and believe, all that are taken from him by his want of industry, are to be demanded of him. I daresay, Favonius[1] has very few of these losses. Favonius, in the midst of a thousand impertinent assailants of the divine truths, is an undisturbed defender of them. He protects all under his care, by the clearness of his understanding, and the example of his life: he visits dying men with the air of a man who hoped for his own dissolution, and enforces in others a contempt of this life, by his own expectation of the next. His voice and behaviour are the lively images of a composed and well-governed zeal. None can leave him for the frivolous jargon uttered by the ordinary teachers among Dissenters, but such who cannot distinguish vociferation from eloquence, and argument from railing. He is so great a judge of mankind, and touches our passions with so superior a command, that he who deserts his congregation must be a stranger to the dictates of nature, as well as to those of grace.

[1] Dr. Smalridge; see Preface to the *Tatler*, and No. 114. Smalridge was born in 1663 at Lichfield, the son of a dyer. In 1678 he was sent to Westminster by Ashmole, and in 1682 was elected to Christ Church, Oxford, where he became a tutor, and was associated with Aldrich and Atterbury against Obadiah Walker, the Popish Master of University College. In 1692 Smalridge became minister of Tothill Fields Chapel; in 1693 he was collated to a prebend at Lichfield; in 1700 he was made D.D.; and in 1708 he was appointed Lecturer at St. Dunstan's-in-the-West. In 1710 he presented Atterbury to the Upper House of Convocation; in 1711 he became Canon of Christ Church and Dean of Carlisle; in 1713 Dean of Christ Church, and in 1714 Bishop of Bristol. He died in 1719, at Christ Church. Though a Tory, he was not a violent politician, and both Addison and Steele were his friends. Addison, writing to Swift, October 1, 1718, says, "The greatest pleasure I have met with for some months is the conversation of my old friend Dr. Smalridge, who, since the death of the excellent friend you mention, is to me the most candid and agreeable of all bishops."

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But I must proceed to other matters, and resolve the questions of other inquirers; as in the following:

"Sir, *Heddington, Sept.* 19.

"Upon reading that part of the *Tatler*, No. 69, where mention is made of a certain chapel-clerk, there arose a dispute, and that produced a wager, whether by the words chapel-clerk was meant a clergyman or a layman? By a clergyman, I mean one in holy orders. It was not that anybody in the company pretended to guess who the person was; but some asserted, that by Mr. Bickerstaff's words must be meant a clergyman only: others said, that those words might have been said of any clerk of a parish; and some of them more properly, of a layman. The wager is half-a-dozen bottles of wine; in which (if you please to determine it) your health, and all the family of the staffs, shall certainly be drunk; and you will singularly oblige another very considerable family. I mean that of

"Your humble Servants,

"The Trencher-Caps."

It is very customary with us learned men, to find perplexities where no one else can see any. The honest gentlemen who wrote me this, are much at a loss to understand what I thought very plain; and in return, their epistle is so plain that I can't understand it. This, perhaps, is at first a little like nonsense; but I desire all persons to examine these writings with an eye to my being far gone in the occult sciences; and remember, that it is the privilege of the learned and the great to be understood when they please: for as a man of much business may be allowed to leave company when he

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pleases; so one of high learning may be above your capacity when he thinks fit. But without further speeches or fooling, I must inform my friends the Trencher-Caps in plain words, that I meant in the place they speak of, a drunken clerk of a church: and I will return their civility among my relations, and drink their healths as they do ours.

No. 73. [STEELE.

From *Saturday, Sept.* 24, to *Tuesday, Sept.* 27, 1709.

White's Chocolate-house, Sept. 26.

I cannot express the confusion the following letter gave me, which I received by Sir Thomas this morning. There cannot be a greater surprise, than to meet with sudden enmity in the midst of a familiar and friendly correspondence; which is my case in relation to this epistle: and I have no way to purge myself to the world, but publishing both it and my answer.

"Mr. BICKERSTAFF,

"You are a very impudent fellow to put me[1] into the *Tatler*. Rot you, sir, I have more wit than you; and rot me, I have more money than most fools I have bubbled. All persons of quality admire me; though, rot me, if I value a Blue Garter any more than I do a blue apron. Everybody knows I am brave; therefore have a care how you provoke

"MONOCULUS."

[1] Sir Humphry Monoux. See No. 36.

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The Answer.

"Sir,

"Did I not very well know your hand, as well by the spelling as the character, I should not have believed yours of to-day had come from you. But when all men are acquainted, that I have had all my intelligence from you relating to your fraternity, let them pronounce who is the more impudent.[1] I confess I have had a peculiar tenderness for you, by reason of that luxuriant eloquence of which you are master, and have treated you accordingly; for which you have turned your florid violence against your ancient friend and schoolfellow. You know in your own conscience, you gave me leave to touch upon your vein of speaking, provided I hid your other talents; in which I believed you sincere, because, like the ancient Sinon,[2] you have before now suffered yourself to be defaced to carry on a plot. Besides, sir, 'Rot me,' language for a person of your present station. Fie, fie, I am really ashamed for you, and I shall no

[1] "As for the satirical part of these writings, those against the gentlemen who profess gaming are the most licentious: but the main of them I take to come from losing gamesters, as invectives against the fortunate; for in very many of them I was very little else but the transcriber. If any have been more particularly marked at, such persons may impute it to their own behaviour before they were touched upon, in publicly speaking their resentment against the author, and professing they would support any man who should insult him." (No. 271.)

[2] The story of the capture of Troy through Sinon's treachery, by help of a wooden horse, is told in the second book of the "Æneid." Sinon, as Dryden puts it, was

> "Taken, to take—who made himself their prey,
> T'impose on their belief, and Troy betray."

In the original editions "Sinon" is misprinted "Simon."

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more depend upon your intelligence. Keep your temper, wash your face, and go to bed.

"ISAAC BICKERSTAFF."

For aught I know, this fellow may have confused the description of the pack, on purpose to ensnare the game, while I have all along believed he was destroying them as well as myself. But because they pretend to bark more than ordinary, I shall let them see, that I will not throw away the whip, until they know better how to behave themselves. But I must not at the same time omit the praises of their economy expressed in the following advice:

"Mr. BICKERSTAFF,[1] *Sept.* 17.

"Though your thoughts are at present employed upon the tables of fame, and marshalling your illustrious dead, it is hoped the living may not be neglected, nor defrauded of their just honours: and since you have begun to publish to the world the great sagacity and vigilance of the knights of the industry, it will be expected you should proceed to do justice to all the societies of them you can be informed of, especially since their own great industry covers their actions as much as possible from that public notice which is their due.

"*Paullum sepultæ distat inertiæ*
Celata virtus.[2]

Hidden vice, and concealed virtue, are much alike.

"Be pleased therefore to let the following memoirs have a place in their history.

"In a certain part of the town, famous for the freshest

[1] This letter was by John Hughes.
[2] Horace, 4 Od., ix. 29.

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oysters and the plainest English, there is a house, or rather a college, sacred to hospitality, and the industrious arts. At the entrance is hieroglyphically drawn, a cavalier contending with a monster, with jaws expanded, just ready to devour him.[1]

"Hither the brethren of the industry resort; but to avoid ostentation, they wear no habits of distinction, and perform their exercises with as little noise and show as possible. Here are no undergraduates, but each is a master of his art. They are distributed according to their various talents, and detached abroad in parties, to divide the labours of the day. They have dogs as well nosed and as fleet as any, and no sportsmen show greater activity. Some beat for the game, some hunt it, others come in at the death; and my honest landlord makes very good venison sauce, and eats his share of the dinner.

"I would fain pursue my metaphors; but a venerable person who stands by me, and waits to bring you this letter, and whom, by a certain benevolence in his look, I suspect to be Pacolet, reproves me, and obliges me to write in plainer terms; that the society had fixed their eyes on a gay young gentleman who has lately succeeded to a title and an estate; the latter of which they judged would be very convenient for them. Therefore, after several attempts to get into his acquaintance, my landlord finds an opportunity to make his court to a friend of the young spark's, in the following manner:

"'Sir, as I take you to be a lover of ingenuity and plain-dealing, I shall speak very freely to you. In few words then, you are acquainted with Sir Liberal Brisk. Providence has for our emolument sent him a fair estate,

[1] There was a public-house called the George and Dragon at Billingsgate.

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for men are not born for themselves. Therefore, if you'll bring him to my house, we will take care of him, and you shall have half the profits. There's Ace and Cutter will do his business to a hair. You'll tell me, perhaps, he's your friend: I grant it, and it is for that I propose it, to prevent his falling into ill hands.

"'*We'll carve him like a dish fit for the gods,*
Not hew him like a carcass fit for hounds.[1]

"'In short, there are to my certain knowledge a hundred mouths open for him. Now if we can secure him to ourselves, we shall disappoint all those rascals that don't deserve him. Nay, you need not start at it, sir, it is for your own advantage. Besides, Partridge has cast me his nativity, and I find by certain destiny, his oaks must be felled.'

"The gentleman to whom this honest proposal was made, made little answer; but said he would consider of it, and immediately took coach to find out the young baronet, and told him all that had passed, together with the new salvo to satisfy a man's conscience in sacrificing his friend. Sir Brisk was fired, swore a dozen oaths, drew his sword, put it up again, called for his man, beat him, and bade him fetch a coach. His friend asked him, what he designed, and whither he was going? He answered, to find out the villains and fight them. To which his friend agreed, and promised to be his second, on condition he would first divide his estate to them, and reserve only a proportion to himself, that so he might have the justice of fighting his equals. His next resolution was to play with them, and let them see he was not the bubble they took him for. But he soon quitted that, and resolved at last to tell Bickerstaff of them, and get them

[1] "Julius Cæsar," act ii. sc. 1 ("Let's carve," &c.).

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enrolled in the order of the industry, with this caution to all young landed knights and squires, that whenever they are drawn to play, they would consider it as calling them down to a sentence already pronounced upon them, and think of the sound of those words, 'His oaks must be felled.'[1] I am,

"Sir,

"Your faithful, humble Servant,

"WILL. TRUSTY."

From my own Apartment, Sept. 26.

It is wonderful to consider to what a pitch of confidence this world is arrived: do people believe I am made up of patience? I have long told them, that I will suffer no enormity to pass, without I have an understanding with the offenders by way of hush-money; and yet the candidates at Queenhithe send all the town coals but me. All the public papers have had this advertisement:

London, Sept. 22, 1709.

To the Electors of an Alderman for the Ward of Queenhithe.[2]

"Whereas an evil and pernicious custom has of late very much prevailed at the election of aldermen for this city, by treating at taverns and alehouses, thereby

[1] *Cf.* the story of Mr. Thomas Charlton in the "Memoirs of Gamesters," &c., p. 150. Tickell alludes to this letter in his verses to the *Spectator*, printed in No. 532 :—

"From felon gamesters the raw squire is free,
And Britain owes her rescued oaks to thee."

[2] The original handbill in the British Museum (Harl. MSS., Badford's Coll. 5996) shows that the real names of the two candidates, called in the *Tatler* Sir Arthur de Bradly and Sir Humphry Greenhat,

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engaging many unwarily to give their votes: which practice appearing to Sir Arthur de Bradly to be of dangerous consequence to the freedom of elections, he hath avoided the excess thereof. Nevertheless, to make an acknowledgment to this ward for their intended favour, he hath deposited in the hands of Mr. ——, one of the present Common Council, four hundred and fifty pounds, to be disposed of as follows, provided the said Sir Arthur de Bradly be the alderman, viz.

"All such that shall poll for Sir Arthur de Bradly, shall have one chaldron of good coals gratis.

"And half a chaldron to every one that shall not poll against him.

"And the remainder to be laid out in a clock, dial, or otherwise, as the Common Council-men of the said ward shall think fit.

"And if any person shall refuse to take the said coals to himself, he may assign the same to any poor electors in the ward.

"I do acknowledge to have received the said four hundred and fifty pounds, for the purposes above mentioned, for which I have given a receipt.

Witness, J——s H——t,
J——y G——h, J——n M——y.[1]
E——d D——s.

were Sir Ambrose Crowley and Sir Benjamin Green. The name of Crowley's agent, and those of his witnesses, are only marked by Steele with their initial and final letters. In every other respect, dates not excepted, the papers are word for word the same. The candidates were Sir Ambrose Crowley and Deputy Gough on one side; and Sir Benj. Green and Deputy Tooley on the other. On Sept. 23, 1709, the majority was declared for the two latter without a poll. (*Post Boy*, Sept. 22-24, 1709.)

[1] John Midgley. The witnesses were James Hallet, Jeremy Gough, and Edward Davis (Harl. MSS., 5996).

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"*N.B.*—Whereas several persons have already engaged to poll for Sir Humphry Greenhat, it is hereby further declared, that every such person as doth poll for Sir Humphry Greenhat, and doth also poll for Sir Arthur de Bradly, shall each of them receive a chaldron of coals gratis, on the proviso above mentioned."

This is certainly the most plain dealing that ever was used, except that the just quantity which an elector may drink without excess, and the difference between an acknowledgment and a bribe, wants explanation. Another difficulty with me is, how a man who is bargained with for a chaldron of coals for his vote, shall be said to have that chaldron gratis? If my kinsman Greenhat had given me the least intimation of his design, I should have prevented his publishing nonsense; nor should any knight in England have put my relation at the bottom of the leaf as a postscript, when after all it appears Greenhat has been the more popular man. There is here such open contradiction, and clumsy art to palliate the matter, and prove to the people, that the freedom of election is safer when laid out in coals, than strong drink, that I can turn this only to a religious use, and admire the dispensation of things; for if these fellows were as wise as they are rich, where would soon be our liberty? This reminds me of a memorable speech[1] made to a city almost in the same latitude with Westminster. "When I think of your wisdom, I admire your wealth; when I think of your wealth, I admire your wisdom."

[1] By Queen Elizabeth.

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No. 74. [Steele.

From *Tuesday, Sept.* 27, to *Thursday, Sept.* 29, 1709.

White's Chocolate-house, Sept. 28.

The writer of the following letter has made a use of me, which I did not foresee I should fall into. But the gentleman having assured me, that he has a most tender passion for the fair one, and speaking his intentions with so much sincerity, I am willing to let them contrive an interview by my means.

"Sir,

"I earnestly entreat you to publish the enclosed; for I have no other way to come at her, or return to myself. A. L.

"*P.S.*—Mr. Bickerstaff,

"You can't imagine how handsome she is: the superscription of my letter will make her recollect the man that gazed at her. Pray put it in."

I can assure the young lady, the gentleman is in the true trammels of love: how else would he make his superscription so very much longer than his billet? He superscribes:

"To the younger of the two ladies in mourning (who sat in the hindmost seat of the middle box at Mr. Winstanley's water-works,[1] on Tuesday was fortnight, and had

[1] Henry Winstanley, son of Hamlet Winstanley, the projector and builder of Eddystone light-house, was designed for a painter, but became an engraver, and clerk of the works at Audley Inn in 1694, and New-

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with them a brother, or some acquaintance that was as careless of that pretty creature as a brother; which seeming brother ushered them to their coach), with great respect. Present.

"MADAM,

"I have a very good estate, and wish myself your husband. Let me know by this way where you live, for I shall be miserable till we live together.

"ALEXANDER LANDLORD."

This is the modern way of bargain and sale; a certain shorthand writing, in which laconic elder brothers are

market in 1700. Walpole supposes that he learned in Italy the tricks and contrivances which amused the public at Piccadilly and Littlebury.

Winstanley's mathematical water theatre stood at the lower end of Piccadilly, distinguishable by a windmill at the top. The exhibitions here were diversified to suit the seasons and the company; and the prices, except that of the sixpenny gallery, varied accordingly. Boxes were from four shillings to half-a-crown, pit from three to two shillings, and a seat in the shilling gallery sometimes cost eighteenpence. The quantity of water used on extraordinary occasions was from 300 to 800 tons. Winstanley had another house of this sort at Littlebury, in Essex, where there were similar exhibitions. On his death, his houses came into the possession of his widow, for whose benefit they were shown in 1713.

From contemporary advertisements we learn, that the mathematical barrel was at times turned into a tavern, and supplied the company with different sorts of wine, biscuits, spa-water, and cold tankards; it was also converted into a coffee-house, and a flying cupid presented tea, coffee, and newspapers to the gentlemen; fruits, flowers, and sweetmeats to the ladies. In the month of May there was the addition of a May-pole and garland, a milkmaid, a fiddler, and syllabubs. Soft music was heard at a distance, or sirens sung on the rocks. An advertisement in the *Daily Courant* for Jan. 20, 1713, speaks of "great additions, to the expense of 300 tons of water, and fire mingling with the water, and two flying boys, and a flaming torch with water flowing out of the burning flame."

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very successful. All my fear is, that the nymph's elder sister is unmarried. If she is, we are undone: but perhaps the careless fellow was her husband; and then she will let us go on.

From my own Apartment, Sept. 28.

The following letter has given me a new sense of the nature of my writings. I have the deepest regard to conviction, and shall never act against it. However, I do not yet understand what good man he thinks I have injured: but his epistle has such weight in it, that I shall always have respect for his admonition, and desire the continuance of it. I am not conscious that I have spoken any faults a man may not mend if he pleases.

"Mr. BICKERSTAFF, *Sept.* 25.

"When I read your paper of Thursday,[1] I was surprised to find mine of the 13th inserted at large; I never intended myself or you a second trouble of this kind, believing I had sufficiently pointed out the man you had injured, and that by this time you were convinced that silence would be the best answer; but finding your reflections are such as naturally call for a reply, I take this way of doing it; and, in the first place, return you thanks for the compliment made me of my seeming sense and worth. I do assure you, I shall always endeavour to convince mankind of the latter, though I have no pretence to the former. But to come a little nearer, I observe you put yourself under a very severe restriction, even the laying down the *Tatler* for ever, if I can give you an instance, 'wherein you have injured any good man, or pointed at anything which is not the true object of raillery.'

[1] No. 71.

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"I must confess, Mr. Bickerstaff, if the making a man guilty of vices that would shame the gallows, be the best methods to point at the true object of raillery, I have until this time been very ignorant; but if it be so, I will venture to assert one thing, and lay it down as a maxim, even to the Staffian race, viz., that that method of pointing ought no more to be pursued, than those people ought to cut your throat who suffer by it, because I take both to be murder, and the law is not in every private man's hands to execute: but indeed, sir, were you the only person would suffer by the *Tatler's* discontinuance, I have malice enough to punish you in the manner you prescribe; but I am not so great an enemy to the town or my own pleasures, as to wish it; nor that you would lay aside lashing the reigning vices, so long as you keep to the true spirit of satire, without descending to rake into characters below its dignity; for as you well observe, 'there is something very terrible in unjustly attacking men in a way that may prejudice their honour or fortune;' and indeed, where crimes are enormous, the delinquent deserves little pity, yet the reporter may deserve less: and here I am naturally led to that celebrated author of 'The Whole Duty of Man,' who hath set this matter in a true light in his treatise of 'The Government of the Tongue;'[1] where, speaking of uncharitable truths, he says, a discovery of this kind serves not to reclaim, but enrage the offender, and precipitate him into further degrees of ill. Modesty and fear of shame is one of those natural restraints, which the wisdom of heaven has put upon mankind; and he that once stumbles, may yet by a check of that bridle recover again: but when by a public detection he

[1] Published in 1674. "The Whole Duty of Man" has been attributed to various authors; but probably it was written by Richard Allestree.

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is fallen under that infamy he feared, he will then be apt to discard all caution, and to think he owes himself the utmost pleasures of vice, as the price of his reputation. Nay, perhaps he advances further, and sets up for a reversed sort of fame, by being eminently wicked, and he who before was but a clandestine disciple, becomes a doctor of impiety, &c. This sort of reasoning, sir, most certainly induced our wise legislators very lately to repeal that law which put the stamp of infamy in the face of felons; therefore you had better give an act of oblivion to your delinquents, at least for transportation, than continue to mark them in so notorious a manner. I cannot but applaud your designed attempt of raising merit from obscurity, celebrating virtue in distress, and attacking vice in another method, by setting innocence in a proper light. Your pursuing these noble themes, will make a greater advance to the reformation you seem to aim at, than the method you have hitherto taken, by putting mankind beyond the power of retrieving themselves, or indeed to think it possible. But if after all your endeavours in this new way, there should then remain any hardened impenitents, you must even give them up to the rigour of the law, as delinquents not within the benefit of their clergy. Pardon me, good Mr. Bickerstaff, for the tediousness of this epistle, and believe it is not from any self-conviction I have taken up so much of your time, or my own; but supposing you mean all your lucubrations should tend to the good of mankind, I may the easier hope your pardon, being,

"Sir,

"Yours, &c."

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Grecian Coffee-house, Sept. 29.[1]

This evening I thought fit to notify to the literati of this house, and by that means to all the world, that on Saturday the 15th of October next ensuing, I design to fix my first table of fame;[2] and desire that such as are acquainted with the characters of the twelve most famous men that have ever appeared in the world, would send in their lists, or name any one man for that table, assigning also his place at it before that time, upon pain of having such his man of fame postponed, or placed too high for ever. I shall not, upon any application whatsoever, alter the place which upon that day I shall give to any of these worthies. But whereas there are many who take upon them to admire this hero, or that author, upon second-hand, I expect each subscriber should underwrite his reason for the place he allots his candidate.

The thing is of the last consequence; for we are about settling the greatest point that has ever been debated in any age, and I shall take precautions accordingly. Let every man who votes consider, that he is now going to give away that, for which the soldier gave up his rest, his pleasure, and his life; the scholar resigned his whole series of thought, his midnight repose, and his morning slumbers. In a word, he is (as I may say) to be judge of that after-life, which noble spirits prefer to their very real being. I hope I shall be forgiven therefore, if I

[1] This article is often ascribed to Swift; but looking to the date at the head of it, such a theory seems disproved by Steele's letter to Swift of October 8: "I wonder you do not write sometimes to me" (see note to No. 81). The article cannot have been held over for any time by Steele, because of the allusions in it to the Queenhithe election; this was a matter respecting which Steele had written in the preceding number, whereas Swift could not have heard of it in Dublin.

[2] See Nos. 67, 81.

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make some objections against their jury as they shall occur to me. The whole of the number by whom they are to be tried, are to be scholars. I am persuaded also, that Aristotle will be put up by all of that class of men. However, in behalf of others, such as wear the livery of Aristotle, the two famous universities are called upon on this occasion; but I except the men of Queen's, Exeter, and Jesus Colleges,[1] in Oxford, who are not to be electors, because he shall not be crowned from an implicit faith in his writings, but to receive his honour from such judges as shall allow him to be censured. Upon this election (as I was just now going to say) I banish all who think and speak after others to concern themselves in it. For which reason all illiterate distant admirers are forbidden to corrupt the voices, by sending, according to the new mode, any poor students coals and candles for their votes[2] in behalf of such worthies as they pretend to esteem. All news-writers are also excluded, because they consider fame as it is a report which gives foundation to the filling up their rhapsodies, and not as it is the emanation or consequence of good and evil actions. These are excepted against as justly as butchers in case of life and death: their familiarity with the greatest names takes off the delicacy of their regard, as dealing in blood makes the *lanii* less tender of spilling it.

St. James's Coffee-house, Sept. 28.

Letters from Lisbon of the 25th inst., N. S., speak of a battle which has been fought near the river Cinca, in which General Staremberg had overthrown the army of

[1] They were obliged by the statutes of these colleges to keep to Aristotle for their texts (Nichols).

[2] See the account of the Queenhithe election in No. 73.

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the Duke of Anjou. The persons who send this, excuse their not giving particulars, because they believed an account must have arrived here before we could hear from them. They had advices from different parts, which concurred in the circumstances of the action; after which the army of his Catholic Majesty advanced as far as Fraga, and the enemy retired to Saragossa. There are reports that the Duke of Anjou was in the engagement; but letters of good authority say, that prince was on the road towards the camp when he received the news of the defeat of his troops. We promise ourselves great consequences from such an advantage, obtained by so accomplished a general as Staremberg; who, among the men of this present age, is esteemed the third in military fame and reputation.

No. 75. [STEELE and ADDISON.[1]

From *Thursday*, *Sept.* 29, to *Saturday*, *Oct.* 1, 1709

From my own Apartment, Sept. 30.

I am called off from public dissertations by a domestic affair of great importance, which is no less than the disposal of my sister Jenny for life. The girl is a girl of great merit, and pleasing conversation; but I being born of my father's first wife, and she of his third, she converses with me rather like a daughter than a sister. I have indeed told her, that if she kept her honour, and behaved herself in such manner as became the Bickerstaffs, I would get her an agreeable man for her husband; which

[1] In the list given by Steele to Tickell this paper was marked as written by Addison and Steele in conjunction.

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was a promise I made her after reading a passage in Pliny's Epistles.[1] That polite author had been employed to find out a consort for his friend's daughter, and gives the following character of the man he had pitched upon:

"Aciliano plurimum vigoris et industriæ quanqum in maxima verecundia: est illi facies liberalis, multo sanguine, multo rubore, suffusa: est ingenua totius corporis pulchritudo, et quidum senatorius decor, quæ ego nequaquam arbitror negligenda: debet enim hoc castitati puellarum quasi præmium dari."

"Acilianus (for that was the gentleman's name) is a man of extraordinary vigour and industry, accompanied with the greatest modesty. He has very much of the gentleman, with a lively colour, and flush of health in his aspect. His whole person is finely turned, and speaks him a man of quality: which are qualifications that, I think, ought by no means to be overlooked, and should be bestowed on a daughter as the reward of her chastity."

A woman that will give herself liberties, need not put her parents to so much trouble; for if she does not possess these ornaments in a husband, she can supply herself elsewhere. But this is not the case of my sister Jenny, who, I may say without vanity, is as unspotted a spinster as any in Great Britain. I shall take this occasion to recommend the conduct of our own family in this particular.

We have in the genealogy of our house, the descriptions and pictures of our ancestors from the time of King Arthur; in whose days there was one of my own name, a Knight of his Round Table, and known by the name of Sir Isaac Bickerstaff. He was low of stature, and of a very swarthy complexion, not unlike a Portuguese Jew. But he was more prudent than

[1] Book i., Epist. xiv.

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men of that height usually are, and would often communicate to his friends his design of lengthening and whitening his posterity. His eldest son Ralph, for that was his name, was for this reason married to a lady who had little else to recommend her, but that she was very tall and very fair. The issue of this match, with the help of high shoes, made a tolerable figure in the next age; though the complexion of the family was obscure until the fourth generation from that marriage. From which time, till the reign of William the Conqueror, the females of our house were famous for their needle-work and fine skins. In the male line, there happened an unlucky accident in the reign of Richard the Third; the eldest son of Philip, then chief of the family, being born with an hump-back and very high nose. This was the more astonishing, because none of his forefathers ever had such a blemish; nor indeed was there any in the neighbourhood of that make, except the butler, who was noted for round shoulders, and a Roman nose: what made the nose the less excusable, was the remarkable smallness of his eyes.

These several defects were mended by succeeding matches; the eyes were opened in the next generation, and the hump fell in a century and a half; but the greatest difficulty was, how to reduce the nose; which I do not find was accomplished till about the middle of Henry the Seventh's reign, or rather the beginning of that of Henry the Eighth.

But while our ancestors were thus taken up in cultivating the eyes and nose, the face of the Bickerstaffs fell down insensibly into chin; which was not taken notice of (their thoughts being so much employed upon the more noble features) till it became almost too long to be remedied.

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But length of time, and successive care in our alliances, have cured this also, and reduced our faces into that tolerable oval which we enjoy at present. I would not be tedious in this discourse, but cannot but observe, that our race suffered very much about three hundred years ago, by the marriage of one of our heiresses with an eminent courtier, who gave us spindle-shanks, and cramps in our bones, insomuch that we did not recover our health and legs till Sir Walter Bickerstaff married Maud the milkmaid, of whom the then Garter King-at-arms (a facetious person) said pleasantly enough, that she had spoiled our blood, but mended our constitutions. After this account of the effect our prudent choice of matches has had upon our persons and features, I cannot but observe, that there are daily instances of as great changes made by marriage upon men's minds and humours. One might wear any passion out of a family by culture, as skilful gardeners blot a colour out of a tulip that hurts its beauty. One might produce an affable temper out of a shrew, by grafting the mild upon the choleric; or raise a Jack-pudding from a prude, by inoculating mirth and melancholy. It is for want of care in the disposing of our children, with regard to our bodies and minds, that we go into a house and see such different complexions and humours in the same race and family. But to me it is as plain as a pikestaff, from what mixture it is, that this daughter silently lowers, the other steals a kind look at you, a third is exactly well behaved, a fourth a splenetic, and a fifth a coquet. In this disposal of my sister, I have chosen, with an eye to her being a wit, and provided, that the bridegroom be a man of a sound and excellent judgment, who will seldom mind what she says when she begins to harangue: for Jenny's only imperfection is an admiration of her

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parts, which inclines her to be a little, but a very little, sluttish; and you are ever to remark, that we are apt to cultivate most, and bring into observation, what we think most excellent in ourselves, or most capable of improvement. Thus my sister, instead of consulting her glass and her toilet for an hour and a half after her private devotion, sits with her nose full of snuff,[1] and a man's nightcap on her head, reading plays and romances. Her wit she thinks her distinction; therefore knows nothing of the skill of dress, or making her person agreeable. It would make you laugh to see me often with my spectacles on lacing her stays; for she is so very a wit, that she understands no ordinary thing in the world. For this reason I have disposed of her to a man of business, who will soon let her see, that to be well dressed, in good humour, and cheerful in the command of her family, are the arts and sciences of female life. I could have bestowed her upon a fine gentleman, who extremely admired her wit, and would have given her a coach and six: but I found it absolutely necessary to cross the strain; for had they met, they had eternally been rivals in discourse, and in continual contention for the superiority of understanding, and brought forth critics, pedants, or pretty good poets. As it is, I expect an offspring fit for the habitation of city, town, or country; creatures that are docile and tractable in whatever we put them to. To convince men of the necessity of taking this method, let but one, even below the skill of an astrologer, behold the turn of faces he meets as soon as he passes Cheapside Conduit, and you see a deep attention and a certain unthinking sharpness in every countenance. They look attentive, but their thoughts are engaged on mean purposes. To me it is very

[1] See No. 35.

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apparent when I see a citizen pass by, whether his head is upon woollen, silks, iron, sugar, indigo, or stocks. Now this trace of thought appears or lies hid in the race for two or three generations. I know at this time a person of a vast estate, who is the immediate descendant of a fine gentleman, but the great-grandson of a broker, in whom his ancestor is now revived. He is a very honest gentleman in his principles, but can't for his blood talk fairly: he is heartily sorry for it; but he cheats by constitution, and overreaches by instinct.

The happiness of the man who marries my sister will be, that he has no faults to correct in her but her own, a little bias of fancy, or particularity of manners, which grew in herself, and can be amended by her. From such an untainted couple, we can hope to have our family rise to its ancient splendour of face, air, countenance, manner, and shape, without discovering the product of ten nations in one house. There is Obadiah Greenhat says, he never comes into any company in England, but he distinguishes the different nations of which we are composed: there is scarce such a living creature as a true Briton. We sit down indeed all friends, acquaintance, and neighbours; but after two bottles, you see a Dane start up and swear, the kingdom is his own. A Saxon drinks up the whole quart, and swears, he'll dispute that with him. A Norman tells them both, he'll assert his liberty: and a Welshman cries, they are all foreigners and intruders of yesterday, and beats them out of the room. Such accidents happen frequently among neighbours' children, and cousins-german. For which reason I say, study your race, or the soil of your family will dwindle into cits or squires, or run up into wits or madmen.[1]

[1] "In the *Tatler*, about the conduct of our family in their marriages [*Tatler*, No. 75], put in where you think best: 'It is to be noted, that the women of our family never change their name.' This amendment must be made, or we have writ nonsense." (No. 79, folio issue.)

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No. 76. [STEELE.

From *Saturday*, *Oct.* 1, to *Tuesday*, *Oct.* 4, 1709.

From my own Apartment, October 3.

It is a thing very much to be lamented, that a man must use a certain cunning to speak to people of what it is their interest to avoid. All men will allow, that it is a great and heroic work to correct men's errors, and at the price of being called a common enemy, to go on in being a common friend to my fellow-subjects and citizens. But I am forced in this work to revolve the same thing in ten thousand lights, and cast them in as many forms, to come at men's minds and affections, in order to lead the innocent in safety, as well as disappoint the artifices of betrayers. Since therefore I can make no impression upon the offending side, I shall turn my observations upon the offended: that is to say, I must whip my children for going into bad company, instead of railing at bad company for ensnaring my children. The greatest misfortunes men fall into, arise from themselves; and that temper, which is called very often, though with great injustice, good-nature, is the source of a numberless train of evils. For which reason we are to take this as a rule, that no action is commendable which is not voluntary; and we have made this a maxim—that man who is commonly called good-natured, is hardly to be thanked for anything he does, because half that is acted about him, is done rather by his sufferance than approbation. It is generally a laziness of disposition, which chooses rather to let things pass the worst way, than to go through the pain of examination. It must be confessed, such a one has so great a benevolence

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in him, that he bears a thousand uneasinesses, rather than he will incommode others; nay, often when he has just reason to be offended, chooses to sit down with a small injury, than bring it into reprehension, out of pure compassion to the offender. Such a person has it usually said of him, he is no man's enemy but his own; which is in effect saying, he is a friend to every man but himself and his friends: for by a natural consequence of his neglecting himself, he either incapacitates himself to be another's friend, or makes others cease to be his. If I take no care of my own affairs, no man that is my friend can take it ill if I am negligent also of his. This soft disposition, if it continues uncorrected, throws men into a sea of difficulties. There is Euphusius, with all the good qualities in the world, deserves well of nobody: that universal good-will which is so strong in him, exposes him to the assault of every invader upon his time, his conversation, and his property. His diet is butcher's meat, his wenches are in plain pinners and Norwich crapes,[1] his dress like other people, his income great, and yet has he seldom a guinea at command. From these easy gentlemen, are collected estates by servants or gamesters; which latter fraternity are excusable, when we think of this clan, who seem born to be their prey. All therefore of the family of Actæon[2] are to take notice, that they are hereby given up to the brethren of the industry, with this reserve only, that they are to be marked as stricken deer, not for their own sakes, but to preserve the herd from following them and coming within the scent. I am obliged to leave this important

[1] A reversible dress material of mingled silk and worsted, produced at Norwich, and therefore called Norwich crape. It attained such popularity early in the present century, says Beck's "Drapers' Dictionary," that it superseded bombazine. [2] See No. 59.

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subject, without telling whose quarters are severed, who has the humbles, who the haunch, and who the legs, of the last stag that was pulled down; but this is only deferred in hopes my deer will make their escape without more admonitions or examples, of which they have had (in mine and the town's opinion) too great a plenty. I must, I say, at present go to other matters of moment.

White's Chocolate-house, October 3.

The lady has answered the letter of Mr. Alexander Landlord, which was published on Thursday last,[1] but in such a manner as I do not think fit to proceed in the affair; for she has plainly told him, that love is her design, but marriage her aversion. Bless me! What is this age come to, that people can think to make a pimp of an astronomer? I shall not promote such designs, but shall leave her to find out her admirer, while I speak to another case sent to me by a letter of September 30, subscribed Lovewell Barebones, where the author desires me to suspend my care of the dead, till I have done something for the dying. His case is, that the lady he loves is ever accompanied by a kinswoman, one of those gay, cunning women, who prevent all the love which is not addressed to themselves. This creature takes upon her in his mistress's presence to ask him, whether Mrs. Florimel (that is the cruel one's name) is not very handsome; upon which he looks silly; then they both laugh out, and she will tell him, that Mrs. Florimel had an equal passion for him, but desired him not to expect the first time to be admitted in private; but that now he was at liberty before her only, who was her friend, to speak his mind, and that his mistress expected it. Upon

[1] See No. 74.

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which Florimel acts a virgin-confusion, and with some disorder waits his speech. Here ever follows a deep silence; after which a loud laugh. Mr. Barebones applies himself to me on this occasion. All the advice I can give him is, to find a lover for the confidant, for there is no other bribe will prevail; and I see by her carriage, that it is no hard matter, for she is too gay to have a particular passion, or to want a general one.

Some days ago the town had a full charge laid against my Essays, and printed at large. I altered not one word of what he of the contrary opinion said; but have blotted out some warm things said for me; therefore please to hear the counsel for the defendant, though I shall be so no otherwise than to take a middle way, and, if possible, keep commendations from being insipid to men's taste, or raillery pernicious to their characters.

"Mr. BICKERSTAFF, *Sept.* 30.

"As I always looked upon satire as the best friend to reformation, whilst its lashes were general, so that gentleman[1] must excuse me, if I do not see the inconvenience of a method he is so much concerned at. The errors he assigns in it, I think, are comprised in the desperation men are generally driven to, when by a public detection they fall under the infamy they feared, who otherwise, by checking their bridle, might have recovered their stumble, and through a self-conviction become their own reformers: so he that was before but a clandestine disciple (to use his own quotation), is now become a doctor in impiety. The little success that is to be expected by these methods from a hardened offender, is too evident to insist on; yet it is true, there is a great deal

[1] See *Tatler*, No. 74, Sept. 29 (Steele).

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subject, without telling whose quarters are severed, who has the humbles, who the haunch, and who the legs, of the last stag that was pulled down; but this is only deferred in hopes my deer will make their escape without more admonitions or examples, of which they have had (in mine and the town's opinion) too great a plenty. I must, I say, at present go to other matters of moment.

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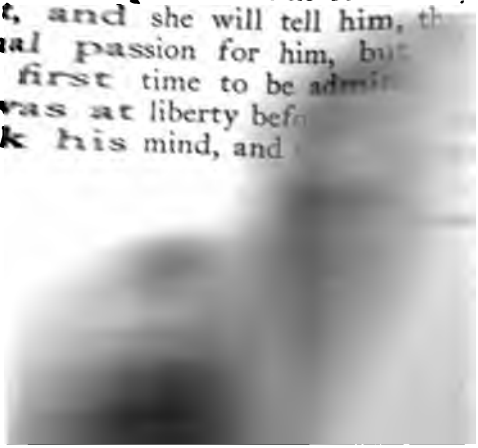

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nd (among others) agreeable to,

"Your humble Servant, &c."[1]

's Coffee-house, October 3.

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bts, and other outworks, and had advanced
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nd him a paper exonerating Harley, who had been sus-
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tter may, as Nichols suggested, be by John Hughes. See
64, 66, and 73.

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of charity in this sort of reasoning, whilst the effects of those crimes extend not beyond themselves. But what relation has this to your proceedings? It is not a circumstantial guessing will serve turn, for there are more than one to pretend to any of your characters; but there must at least be something that must amount to a nominal description, before even common fame can separate me from the rest of mankind to dart at. A general representation of an action, either ridiculous or enormous, may make those wince who find too much similitude in the character with themselves to plead not guilty; but none but a witness to the crime can charge them with the guilt, whilst the indictment is general, and the offender has the asylum of the whole world to protect him. Here can then be no injustice, where no one is injured; for it is themselves must appropriate the saddle, before scandal can ride them. Your method then, in my opinion, is no way subject to the charge brought against it; but on the contrary, I believe this advantage is too often drawn from it, that whilst we laugh at, or detest the uncertain subject of the satire, we often find something in the error a parallel to ourselves; and being insensibly drawn to the comparison we would get rid of, we plunge deeper into the mire, and shame produces that which advice has been too weak for; and you, sir, get converts you never thought of. As for descending to characters below the dignity of satire, what men think are not beneath commission, I must assure him, I think are not beneath reproof: for as there is as much folly in a ridiculous deportment, as there is enormity in a criminal one, so neither the one nor the other ought to plead exemption. The kennel of curs are as much enemies to the state, as Gregg[1] for his con-

[1] William Gregg, a clerk in Harley's office, was detected in a treasonable correspondence with the French Government, and was executed.

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federacy; for as this betrayed our Government, so the other does our property, and one without the other is equally useless. As for the act of oblivion he so strenuously insists on, *Le Roi s'avisera* is a fashionable answer; and for his modus of panegyric, the hint was unnecessary, where Virtue need never ask twice for her laurel. But as for his reformation by opposites, I again must ask his pardon, if I think the effects of these sort of reasonings (by the paucity of converts) are too great an argument, both of their imbecility and unsuccessfulness, to believe it will be any better than misspending of time, by suspending a method that will turn more to advantage, and which has no other danger of losing ground, but by discontinuance. And as I am certain (of what he supposes) that your lucubrations are intended for the public benefit, so I hope you will not give them so great an interruption, by laying aside the only method that can render you beneficial to mankind, and (among others) agreeable to,

"Sir,

"Your humble Servant, &c."[1]

St. James's Coffee-house, October 3.

Letters from the camp at Havre on the 7th instant, N.S., advise, that the trenches were opened before Mons on the 27th of last month, and the approaches were carried on at two attacks with great application and success, notwithstanding the rains which had fallen; that the besiegers had made themselves masters of several redoubts, and other outworks, and had advanced the approaches within ten paces of the counterscarps of the

He left behind him a paper exonerating Harley, who had been suspected of complicity.

[1] This letter may, as Nichols suggested, be by John Hughes. See letters in Nos. 64, 66, and 73.

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hornwork. Lieutenant-General Cadogan received a slight wound in the neck soon after opening the trenches.

The enemy were throwing up entrenchments between Quesnoy and Valenciennes, and the Chevalier de Luxemburg was encamped near Charleroi with a body of 10,000 men. Advices from Catalonia by the way of Genoa import, that Count Staremberg, having passed the Segra, advanced towards Balaguier, which place he took after a few hours' resistance, and made the garrison, consisting of three Spanish battalions, prisoners of war. Letters from Berne say, that the army under the command of Count Thaun had begun to repass the mountains, and would shortly evacuate Savoy.

Whereas Mr. Bickerstaff has received intelligence, that a young gentleman, who has taken my discourses upon John Partridge and others in too literal a sense, and is suing an elder brother to an ejectment; the aforesaid young gentleman is hereby advised to drop his action, no man being esteemed dead in law, who eats and drinks, and receives his rents.

No. 77. [STEELE.[1]

From *Tuesday, Oct.* 4, to *Thursday, Oct.* 6, 1709.

From my own Apartment, October 5.

As bad as the world is, I find by very strict observation upon virtue and vice, that if men appeared no worse than they really are, I should have less work than at present I am obliged to undertake for their reformation.

[1] In No. 78 of the folio issue two corrections in this number are introduced by the following words: "Having these moon-shining nights been much taken up with my astronomical observations, I

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They have generally taken up a kind of inverted ambition, and affect even faults and imperfections of which they are innocent. The other day in a coffee-house I stood by a young heir, with a fresh, sanguine, and healthy look, who entertained us with an account of his claps and his diet-drink; though, to my knowledge, he is as sound as any of his tenants. This worthy youth put me into reflections upon that subject; and I observed the fantastical humour to be so general, that there is hardly a man who is not more or less tainted with it. The first of this order of men are the valetudinarians, who are never in health, but complain of want of stomach or rest every day till noon, and then devour all which comes before them. Lady Dainty[1] is convinced, that it is necessary for a gentlewoman to be out of order; and to preserve that character, she dines every day in her closet at twelve, that she may become her table at two, and be unable to eat in public. About five years ago, I remember it was the fashion to be short-sighted: a man would not own an acquaintance until he had first examined him with his glass. At a lady's entrance into the play-house, you might see tubes immediately levelled at her from every quarter of the pit and side-boxes.[2] However, that mode of infirmity is out, and the age has recovered its sight; but the blind seem to be succeeded

could not attend to the press so carefully as I ought, by which means more than ordinary *errata* have crept into my writings, even to the making of false English."

Looking to Addison's care in revising his work in the *Spectator* and elsewhere, and to Steele's indifference in such matters, Nichols concluded that Addison probably had some part in the preparation of this number.

[1] The name of an affected lady in Colley Cibber's "Double Gallant; or, Sick Lady's Cure" (1707).

[2] See No. 50, note.

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by the lame, and a jaunty limp is the present beauty. I think I have formerly observed, a cane is part of the dress of a prig, and always worn upon a button, for fear he should be thought to have an occasion for it, or be esteemed really, and not genteelly, a cripple. I have considered, but could never find out the bottom of this vanity. I indeed have heard of a Gascon general, who, by the lucky grazing of a bullet on the roll of his stocking, took occasion to halt all his life after. But as for our peaceable cripples, I know no foundation for their behaviour, without it may be supposed that in this warlike age, some think a cane the next honour to a wooden leg. This sort of affectation I have known run from one limb or member to another. Before the limpers came in, I remember a race of lispers, fine persons, who took an aversion to particular letters in our language: some never uttered the letter H; and others had as mortal an aversion for S. Others have had their fashionable defect in their ears, and would make you repeat all you said twice over. I know an ancient friend of mine, whose table is every day surrounded with flatterers, that makes use of this, sometimes as a piece of grandeur, and at others as an art, to make them repeat their commendations. Such affectations have been indeed in the world in ancient times; but they fell into them out of politic ends. Alexander the Great had a wry neck, which made it the fashion in his court to carry their heads on one side when they came into the presence. One who thought to outshine the whole court, carried his head so very complaisantly, that this martial prince gave him so great a box on the ear as set all the heads of the court upright.

This humour takes place in our minds as well as bodies. I know at this time a young gentleman, who

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talks atheistically all day in coffee-houses, and in his degrees of understanding sets up for a free-thinker; though it can be proved upon him, he says his prayers every morning and evening. But this class of modern wits I shall reserve for a chapter by itself. Of the like turn are all your marriage-haters, who rail at the noose, at the words, "For ever and aye," and are secretly pining for some young thing or other that makes their hearts ache by her refusal. The next to these, are those who pretend to govern their wives, and boast how ill they use them; when at the same time, go to their houses, and you shall see them step as if they feared making a noise, and are as fond as an alderman. I don't know, but sometimes these pretences may arise from a desire to conceal a contrary defect than that they set up for. I remember, when I was a young fellow, we had a companion of a very fearful complexion, who, when we sat in to drink, would desire us to take his sword from him when he grew fuddled, for it was his misfortune to be quarrelsome. There are many, many of these evils, which demand my observation; but because I have of late been thought somewhat too satirical, I shall give them warning, and declare to the whole world, that they are not true, but false hypocrites; and make it out, that they are good men in their hearts. The motive of this monstrous affectation in the above-mentioned, and the like particulars, I take to proceed from that noble thirst of fame and reputation which is planted in the hearts of all men. As this produces elegant writings and gallant actions in men of great abilities, it also brings forth spurious productions in men who are not capable of distinguishing themselves by things which are really praiseworthy. As the desire of fame in men of true wit and gallantry shows itself in proper instances, the same desire in men

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who have the ambition without proper faculties, runs wild, and discovers itself in a thousand extravagancies, by which they would signalise themselves from others, and gain a set of admirers. When I was a middle-aged man, there were many societies of ambitious young men in England, who, in their pursuits after fame, were every night employed in roasting porters, smoking cobblers, knocking down watchmen, overturning constables, breaking windows, blackening sign-posts, and the like immortal enterprises, that dispersed their reputation throughout the whole kingdom. One could hardly find a knocker at a door in a whole street after a midnight expedition of these *beaux esprits*. I was lately very much surprised by an account of my maid, who entered my bedchamber this morning in a very great fright, and told me, she was afraid my parlour was haunted; for that she had found several panes of my windows broken, and the floor strewed with halfpence.[1] I have not yet a full light into this new way, but am apt to think, that it is a generous piece of wit that some of my contemporaries make use of, to break windows, and leave money to pay for them.

St. James's Coffee-house, October 5.

I have no manner of news, more than what the whole town had the other day; except that I have the original letter of the Mareschal Boufflers to the French King, after the late battle in the woods, which I translate for the benefit of the English reader.

[1] Breaking windows with halfpence was a favourite pastime with the "Nickers." See Gay's "Trivia," iii. 323 :—

"His scattered pence the flying Nicker flings,
And with the copper shower the casement rings."

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"SIR,

"This is to let your Majesty understand, that, to your immortal honour, and the destruction of the confederates, your troops have lost another battle. Artagnan did wonders, Rohan performed miracles, Guiche did wonders, Gattion performed miracles, the whole army distinguished themselves, and everybody did wonders. And to conclude the wonders of the day, I can assure your Majesty, that though you have lost the field of battle, you have not lost an inch of ground. The enemy marched behind us with respect, and we ran away from them as bold as lions."

Letters have been sent to Mr. Bickerstaff, relating to the present state of the town of Bath, wherein the people of that place have desired him to call home the physicians. All gentlemen therefore of that profession are hereby directed to return forthwith to their places of practice; and the stage-coaches are required to take them in before other passengers, till there shall be a certificate signed by the Mayor or Mr. Powell,[1] that there are but two doctors to one patient left in town.

No. 78.

[STEELE.[2]

From *Thursday*, *Oct.* 6, to *Saturday*, *Oct.* 8, 1709.

From my own Apartment, October 7.

As your painters, who deal in history-pieces, often entertain themselves upon broken sketches, and smaller flourishes of the pencil; so I find some relief in

[1] The puppet-show man.

[2] The corrections noted in the following number of the folio issue suggest that Addison contributed towards this paper.

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striking out miscellaneous hints, and sudden starts of fancy, without any order or connection, after having spent myself on more regular and elaborate dissertations. I am at present in this easy state of mind, sat down to my scrutoire; where, for the better disposition of my correspondence, I have writ upon every drawer the proper title of its contents, as hypocrisy, dice, patches, politics, love, duels, and so forth. My various advices are ranged under such several heads, saving only that I have a particular box for Pacolet, and another for Monoculus.[1] I cannot but observe, that my duel-box, which is filled by the lettered men of honour, is so very ill-spelt, that it is hard to decipher their writings. My love-box, though on a quite contrary subject, filled with the works of the fairest hands in Great Britain, is almost as unintelligible. The private drawer, which is sacred to politics, has in it some of the most refined panegyrics and satires that any age has produced. I have now before me several recommendations for places at my table of fame: three of them are of an extraordinary nature, in which I find I am misunderstood, and shall therefore beg leave to produce them. They are from a Quaker, a courtier, and a citizen.

"ISAAC,

"Thy lucubrations, as thou lovest to call them, have been perused by several of our friends, who have taken offence: forasmuch as thou excludest out of the brotherhood all persons who are praiseworthy for religion, we are afraid that thou wilt fill thy table with none but heathens, and cannot hope to spy a brother there; for there are none of us who can be placed among murdering

[1] See Nos. 36 and 73.

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heroes, or ungodly wits; since we do not assail our enemies with the arm of flesh, nor our gainsayers with the vanity of human wisdom. If therefore thou wilt demean thyself on this occasion with a right judgment, according to the gifts that are in thee, we desire thou wilt place James Nayler[1] at the upper end of thy table.

"EZEKIEL STIFFRUMP."

In answer to my good friend Ezekiel, I must stand to it, that I cannot break my rule for the sake of James Nayler; not knowing, whether Alexander the Great, who is a choleric hero, won't resent his sitting at the upper end of the table with his hat on.

But to my courtier:

"SIR,

"I am surprised, that you lose your time in complimenting the dead, when you may make your court to the living. Let me only tell you in the ear, Alexander and Cæsar (as generous as they were formerly) have not now a groat to dispose of. Fill your table with good company: I know a person of quality that shall give you £100 for a place at it. Be secret, and be rich.

"Yours,

"You know my hand."

This gentleman seems to have the true spirit, without the formality of an under courtier; therefore I shall be plain with him, and let him leave the name of his courtier, and £100 in Morphew's hands: if I can take it, I will.

[1] James Nayler, the Quaker, was born about 1617. Enthusiasts proclaimed that he possessed supernatural powers, and he was convicted of blasphemy, and was pilloried and whipped. Nayler himself only said that "Christ was in him," but his followers worshipped him as God. He died in 1660.

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My citizen writes the following:

"Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff,

"Sir,

"Your *Tatler* of September 13,[1] am now reading, and in your list of famous men, desire you not forget Alderman Whittington, who began the world with a cat, and died worth three hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling, which he left to an only daughter, three years after his Mayoralty. If you want any further particulars of ditto Alderman, daughter, or cat, let me know, and per first will advise the needful. Which concludes,

"Your loving Friend,

"Lemuel Ledger."

I shall have all due regard to this gentleman's recommendation; but cannot forbear observing, how wonderfully this sort of style is adapted for the despatch of business, by leaving out insignificant particles: besides that, the dropping of the first person is an artful way to disengage a man from the guilt of rash words or promises. But I am to consider, that a citizen's reputation is credit, not fame; and am to leave these lofty subjects for a matter of private concern in the next letter before me.

"Sir,

"I am just recovered out of a languishing sickness by the care of Hippocrates,[2] who visited me throughout my whole illness, and was so far from taking any fee,

[1] No. 67.

[2] Perhaps Sir Samuel Garth (died 1719), the author of the mock-heroic poem, "The Dispensary."

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that he inquired into my circumstances, and would have relieved me also that way, but I did not want it. I know no method of thanking him, but recommending it to you to celebrate so great humanity in the manner you think fit, and to do it with the spirit and sentiments of a man just relieved from grief, misery, and pain; to joy, satisfaction, and ease: in which you will represent the grateful sense of

"Your obedient Servant,

"T. B."

I think the writer of this letter has put the matter in as good a dress as I can for him; yet I cannot but add my applause to what this distressed man has said. There is not a more useful man in a commonwealth than a good physician; and by consequence no worthier a person than he that uses his skill with generosity, even to persons of condition, and compassion to those who are in want: which is the behaviour of Hippocrates, who shows as much liberality in his practice, as he does wit in his conversation and skill in his profession. A wealthy doctor, who can help a poor man, and will not without a fee, has less sense of humanity than a poor ruffian, who kills a rich man to supply his necessities. It is something monstrous to consider a man of a liberal education tearing out the bowels of a poor family, by taking for a visit what would keep them a week. Hippocrates needs not the comparison of such extortion to set off his generosity; but I mention his generosity to add shame to such extortion.

This is to give notice to all ingenious gentlemen in and about the cities of London and Westminster, who have a mind to be instructed in the noble sciences of

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music, poetry, and politics, that they repair to the Smyrna Coffee-house[1] in Pall Mall, betwixt the hours of eight and ten at night, where they may be instructed gratis, with elaborate essays by word of mouth on all or any of the above-mentioned arts. The disciples are to prepare their bodies with three dishes of Bohea, and purge their brains with two pinches of snuff. If any young student gives indication of parts, by listening attentively, or asking a pertinent question, one of the professors shall distinguish him, by taking snuff out of his box in the presence of the whole audience.

N.B.—The seat of learning is now removed from the corner of the chimney on the left-hand towards the window, to the round table in the middle of the floor over against the fire; a revolution much lamented by the porters and chairmen, who were much edified through a pane of glass that remained broken all the last summer.

I cannot forbear advertising my correspondents, that I think myself treated by some of them after too familiar a manner, and in phrases that neither become them to give, or me to take. I shall therefore desire for the future, that if any one returns me an answer to a letter, he will not tell me he has received the favour of my letter; but if he does not think fit to say, he has received the honour of it, that he tell me in plain English, he has received my letter of such a date. I must likewise insist, that he would conclude with, "I am with great respect," or plainly, "I am," without further addition; and not insult me, by an assurance of his being with "great truth" and "esteem" my humble servant. There is likewise another mark of superiority which I

[1] See No. 10.

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cannot bear, and therefore must inform my correspondents, that I discard all "faithful" humble servants, and am resolved to read no letters that are not subscribed, "Your most obedient," or "most humble Servant," or both. These may appear niceties to vulgar minds, but they are such as men of honour and distinction must have regard to. And I very well remember a famous duel in France, where four were killed of one side, and three of the other, occasioned by a gentleman's subscribing himself a "most affectionate Friend."

One in the Morning, of the 8th of Oct. 1709.

I was this night looking on the moon, and find by certain signs in that luminary, that a certain person under her dominion, who has been for many years distempered, will within few hours publish a pamphlet, wherein he will pretend to give my lucubrations to a wrong person;[1] and I require all sober-disposed persons to avoid meeting the said lunatic, or giving him any credence any further than pity demands; and to lock up the said person wherever they find him, keeping him from pen, ink, and paper. And I hereby prohibit any person to take upon him my writings, on pain of being sent by me into Lethe with the said lunatic and all his works.

[1] The reference here is not, as Nichols suggested, to the "Annotations on the *Tatler*," by "Walter Wagstaff, Esq.," because the writer of that work refers clearly to Steele as author of the *Tatler*, and because the book was not published until August 1710. The First Part, price 1s., was advertised in the *Post Man* and *Post Boy* for August 31 to September 2, 1710, and Part II. was advertised as published that day in the *Daily Courant* for September 20, 1710.

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No. 79. [Steele.

From *Saturday, Oct.* 8, to *Tuesday, Oct.* 11, 1709.

Felices ter, et amplius,
Quos irrupta tenet copula; nec malis
Divulsus querimoniis
Supremâ citius solvet amor die.
Hor., 1 Od. xiii. 17.

From my own Apartment, October 10.

My sister Jenny's lover, the honest Tranquillus (for that shall be his name), has been impatient with me to despatch the necessary directions for his marriage; that while I am taken up with imaginary schemes (as he called them) he might not burn with real desire, and the torture of expectation. When I had reprimanded him for the ardour wherein he expressed himself, which I thought had not enough of that veneration with which the marriage-bed is to be ascended, I told him, the day of his nuptials should be on the Saturday following, which was the 8th instant. On the 7th in the evening, poor Jenny came into my chamber, and having her heart full of the great change of life from a virgin condition to that of a wife, she long sat silent. I saw she expected me to entertain her on this important subject, which was too delicate a circumstance for herself to touch upon; whereupon I relieved her modesty in the following manner: "Sister," said I, "you are now going from me; and be contented, that you leave the company of a talkative old man, for that of a sober young one: but take this along with you, that there is no mean in the

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state you are entering into, but you are to be exquisitely happy or miserable, and your fortune in this way of life will be wholly of your own making. In all the marriages I have ever seen (most of which have been unhappy ones), the great cause of evil has proceeded from slight occasions; and I take it to be the first maxim in a married condition, that you are to be above trifles. When two persons have so good an opinion of each other as to come together for life, they will not differ in matters of importance, because they think of each other with respect in regard to all things of consideration that may affect them, and are prepared for mutual assistance and relief in such occurrences; but for less occasions, they have formed no resolutions, but leave their minds unprepared. This, dear Jenny, is the reason that the quarrel between Sir Harry Willit and his lady, which began about her squirrel, is irreconcilable: Sir Harry was reading a grave author; she runs into his study, and in a playing humour, claps the squirrel upon the folio. He threw the animal in a rage on the floor; she snatches it up again, calls Sir Harry a sour pedant, without good nature or good manners. This cast him into such a rage, that he threw down the table before him, kicked the book round the room; then recollected himself: 'Lord, Madam,' said he, 'why did you run into such expressions? I was,' said he, 'in the highest delight with that author when you clapped your squirrel upon my book;' and smiling, added upon recollection, 'I have a great respect for your favourite, and pray let us all be friends.' My lady was so far from accepting this apology, that she immediately conceived a resolution to keep him under for ever, and with a serious air replied, 'There is no regard to be had to what a man says, who can fall into so indecent a rage, and such an abject

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submission, in the same moment, for which I absolutely despise you.' Upon which she rushed out of the room. Sir Harry stayed some minutes behind to think and command himself; after which he followed her into her bedchamber, where she was prostrate upon the bed, tearing her hair, and naming twenty coxcombs who would have used her otherwise. This provoked him to so high a degree, that he forbore nothing but beating her; and all the servants in the family were at their several stations listening, while the best man and woman, the best master and mistress, defamed each other in a way that is not to be repeated even at Billingsgate. You know this ended in an immediate separation: she longs to return home, but knows not how to do it: he invites her home every day, and lies with every woman he can get. Her husband requires no submission of her; but she thinks her very return will argue she is to blame, which she is resolved to be for ever, rather than acknowledge it. Thus, dear Jenny, my great advice to you is, be guarded against giving or receiving little provocations. Great matters of offence I have no reason to fear either from you or your husband." After this, we turned our discourse into a more gay style, and parted: but before we did so, I made her resign her snuff-box[1] for ever, and half drown herself with washing away the stench of the musty.[2] But the wedding morning arrived, and our family being very numerous, there was no avoiding the inconvenience of making the ceremony and festival more public than the modern way of celebrating them makes me approve of. The bride next morning came out of her chamber, dressed with all the art and care that Mrs. Toilet the tire-woman could bestow on her. She was on her wedding-day three and

[1] See No. 35. [2] See No. 27.

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twenty: her person is far from what we call a regular beauty; but a certain sweetness in her countenance, an ease in her shape and motion, with an unaffected modesty in her looks, had attractions beyond what symmetry and exactness can inspire without the addition of these endowments. When her lover entered the room, her features flushed with shame and joy; and the ingenuous manner, so full of passion and of awe, with which Tranquillus approached to salute her, gave me good omens of his future behaviour towards her. The wedding was wholly under my care. After the ceremony at church, I was resolved to entertain the company with a dinner suitable to the occasion, and pitched upon the Apollo,[1] at the Old Devil at Temple Bar, as a place sacred to mirth, tempered with discretion, where Ben Jonson and his "sons" used to make their liberal meetings. Here the chief of the Staffian race appeared; and as soon as the company were come into that ample room, Lepidus Wagstaff began to make me compliments for choosing that place, and fell into a discourse upon the subject of pleasure and entertainment, drawn from the rules of Ben's Club,[2] which are in gold letters over the chimney. Lepidus has a way very uncommon, and speaks on subjects, on which any man else would certainly offend, with great dexterity. He gave us a large account of the public meetings of all the well-turned minds who had passed through this life in ages past, and closed his pleasing narrative with a discourse on marriage, and a repetition of the following verses out of Milton:—

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[1] The great room in the Devil Tavern.

[2] The "Leges Convivales," printed in Jonson's "Works," were engraved in gold on a wooden panel.

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Hail wedded love! mysterious law! true source
Of human offspring, sole propriety
In Paradise, of all things common else.
By thee adulterous lust was driven from men
Among the bestial herds to range; by thee,
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother, first were known.
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets,
Whose bed is undefiled, and chaste pronounced,
Present or past, as saints or patriarchs used.
Here Love his golden shafts employs; here lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings:
Reigns here, and revels not in the bought smile
Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendeared,
Casual fruition; nor in court amours,
Mixed dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,
Or serenade, which the starved lover sings
To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.[1]

In these verses, all the images that can come into a young woman's head on such an occasion, are raised; but that in so chaste and elegant a manner, that the bride thanked him for his agreeable talk, and we sat down to dinner. Among the rest of the company, there was got in a fellow you call a wag. This ingenious person is the usual life of all feasts and merriments, by speaking absurdities, and putting everybody of breeding and modesty out of countenance. As soon as we sat down, he drank to the bride's diversion that night, and then made twenty double meanings on the word thing. We are the best bred family, for one so numerous, in this kingdom; and indeed we should all of us have been as much out of countenance as the bride, but that we were relieved by an honest rough relation of ours at the lower end of the table, who is a lieutenant of marines.

[1] "Paradise Lost," iv. 750.

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This soldier and sailor had good plain sense, and saw what was wrong as well as another; he had a way of looking at his plate, and speaking aloud in an inward manner; and whenever the wag mentioned the word "thing," or the words "that same," the lieutenant in that voice cried, "Knock him down." The merry man wondering, angry, and looking round, was the diversion of the table. When he offered to recover, and say, "To the bride's best thoughts," "Knock him down," says the lieutenant, and so on. This silly humour diverted, and saved us from the fulsome entertainment of an ill-bred coxcomb, and the bride drank the lieutenant's health. We returned to my lodging, and Tranquillus led his wife to her apartment, without the ceremony of throwing the stocking, which generally costs two or three maidenheads without any ceremony at all.

No. 80. [STEELE.

From *Tuesday, Oct.* 11, to *Thursday, Oct.* 13, 1709.

Grecian Coffee-house, October 12.

This learned Board has complained to me of the exorbitant price of late years put upon books, and consequently on learning, which has raised the reward demanded by learned men for their advice and labour.[1]

[1] By the Copyright Act of 1709 (8 Anne, c. 19) the authors of books already printed who had not transferred their rights, and the booksellers who had purchased them, were vested with the sole right of printing them for twenty-one years; and the authors of books not printed, and their assigns, for fourteen years, with a further eventual term of fourteen years in case such authors should be living at the expiration of the first term.

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In order to regulate and fix a standard in these matters, divines, physicians, and lawyers have sent in large proposals, which are of great light and instruction. From the perusal of these memorials, I am come to this immediate resolution, till I have leisure to treat the matter at large, viz., in divinity, Fathers shall be valued according to their antiquity, schoolmen by the pound weight, and sermons by their goodness. In my own profession, which is mostly physic, authors shall be rated according to their language. The Greek is so rarely understood, and the English so well, I judge them of no value, so that only Latin shall bear a price, and that too according to its purity, and as it serves best for prescription. In law, the value must be set according to the intricacy and obscurity of the author, and blackness of the letter; provided always, that the binding be of calves-skin. This method I shall settle also with relation to all other writings; insomuch that even these our lucubrations, though hereafter printed by Aldus, Elzevir, or Stephanus, shall not advance above one single penny.

White's Chocolate-house, October 12.

It will be allowed me, that I have all along showed great respect in matters which concern the fair sex; but the inhumanity with which the author of the following letter has been used, is not to be suffered.

"SIR, *October* 9.

"Yesterday I had the misfortune to drop in at my Lady Haughty's upon her visiting day. When I entered the room where she receives company, they all stood up indeed; but they stood as if they were to stare at, rather than to receive me. After a long pause, a

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servant brought a round stool, on which I sat down at the lower end of the room, in the presence of no less than twelve persons, gentlemen and ladies, lolling in elbow-chairs. And to complete my disgrace, my mistress was of the society. I tried to compose myself in vain, not knowing how to dispose of either my legs or arms, nor how to shape my countenance; the eyes of the whole room being still upon me in a profound silence. My confusion at last was so great, that without speaking, or being spoken to, I fled for it, and left the assembly to treat me at their discretion. A lecture from you upon these inhuman distinctions in a free nation, will, I doubt not, prevent the like evils for the future, and make it, as we say, as cheap sitting as standing. I am with the greatest respect,

"Sir,

"Your most humble, and

"Most obedient Servant,

"J. R."

"*P.S.*—I had almost forgot to inform you, that a fair young lady sat in an armless chair upon my right hand with manifest discontent in her looks."

Soon after the receipt of this epistle, I heard a very gentle knock at my door: my maid went down, and brought up word, that a tall, lean, black man, well dressed, who said he had not the honour to be acquainted with me, desired to be admitted. I bid her show him up, met him at my chamber door, and then fell back a few paces. He approached me with great respect, and told me with a low voice, he was the gentleman that had been seated upon the round stool. I immediately recollected that there was a joint-stool in my chamber,

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which I was afraid he might take for an instrument of distinction, and therefore winked at my boy to carry it into my closet. I then took him by the hand, and led him to the upper end of my room, where I placed him in my great elbow-chair; at the same time drawing another without arms to it, for myself to sit by him. I then asked him, at what time this misfortune befell him? He answered, between the hours of seven and eight in the evening. I further demanded of him, what he had eaten or drunk that day? He replied, nothing but a dish of water-gruel, with a few plums in it. In the next place I felt his pulse, which was very low and languishing. These circumstances confirmed me in an opinion which I had entertained upon the first reading of his letter, that the gentleman was far gone in the spleen. I therefore advised him to rise the next morning and plunge into the cold bath, there to remain under water until he was almost drowned. This I ordered him to repeat six days successively; and on the seventh, to repair at the wonted hour to my Lady Haughty's, and to acquaint me afterwards with what he shall meet with there; and particularly to tell me, whether he shall think they stared upon him so much as the time before. The gentleman smiled; and by his way of talking to me, showed himself a man of excellent sense in all particulars, unless when a cane chair, a round or a joint stool, were spoken of. He opened his heart to me at the same time concerning several other grievances; such as, being overlooked in public assemblies, having his bows unanswered, being helped last at table, and placed at the back part of a coach; with many other distresses, which have withered his countenance, and worn him to a skeleton. Finding him a man of reason, I entered into the bottom of his distemper. "Sir," said I, "there are more of your con-

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stitution in this island of Great Britain than in any other part of the world; and I beg the favour of you to tell me, whether you do not observe, that you meet with most affronts in rainy days." He answered candidly, that he had long observed, that people were less saucy in sunshine than in cloudy weather. Upon which I told him plainly, his distemper was the spleen; and that though the world was very ill-natured, it was not so bad as he believed it. I further assured him, that his use of the cold bath, with a course of steel which I should prescribe him, would certainly cure most of his acquaintance of their rudeness, ill-behaviour, and impertinence. My patient smiled, and promised to observe my prescriptions, not forgetting to give me an account of their operation. This distemper being pretty epidemical, I shall, for the benefit of mankind, give the public an account of the progress I make in the cure of it.

From my own Apartment, October 12.

The author of the following letter behaves himself so ingenuously, that I cannot defer answering him any longer.

"HONOURED SIR, *October* 6.

"I have lately contracted a very honest and undissembled claudication in my left foot, which will be a double affliction to me, if (according to your *Tatler* of this day[1]) it must pass upon the world for a piece of singularity and affectation. I must therefore humbly beg leave to limp along the streets after my own way, or I shall be inevitably ruined in coach-hire. As soon as I

[1] No. 77.

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am tolerably recovered, I promise to walk as upright as a ghost in a tragedy, being not of a stature to spare an inch of height that I can any way pretend to. I honour your lucubrations, and am, with the most profound submission,

"Honoured Sir,
"Your most dutiful and
"Most obedient Servant, &c."

Not doubting but the case is as the gentleman represents, I do hereby order Mr. Morphew to deliver him out a licence, upon paying his fees, which shall empower him to wear a cane till the 13th of March next; five months being the most I can allow for a sprain.

St. James's Coffee-house, October 12.

We received this morning a mail from Holland, which brings advice, that the siege of Mons is carried on with so great vigour and bravery, that we hope very suddenly to be masters of the place. All things necessary being prepared for making the assault on the hornwork and ravelin of the attack of Bertamont, the charge began with the fire of bombs and grenades, which was so hot, that the enemy quitted their post, and we lodged ourselves on those works without opposition. During this storm, one of our bombs fell into a magazine of the enemy, and blew it up. There are advices which say, the court of France had made new offers of peace to the confederates; but this intelligence wants confirmation.

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No. 81.

[STEELE and ADDISON.[1]

From *Thursday, Oct.* 13, to *Saturday, Oct.* 15, 1709.

> Hic manus, ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi, . . .
> Quique pii vates, et Phæbo digna locuti,
> Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes,
> Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.
>
> VIRG., Æn. vi. 660.

From my own Apartment, October 14.

There are two kinds of immortality: that which the soul really enjoys after this life, and that imaginary existence by which men live in their fame and reputation. The best and greatest actions have proceeded from the prospect of the one or the other of these; but my design is to treat only of those who have chiefly proposed to themselves the latter as the principal reward of their labours. It was for this reason that I excluded from my tables of fame all the great founders and votaries of religion; and it is for this reason also that I am more than ordinarily anxious to do justice to the persons of whom I am now going to speak; for since fame was the only end of all their enterprises and studies, a man cannot be

[1] In the list which he gave to Tickell, Steele describes this paper as written by Addison and himself jointly. Hawkesworth claimed for Swift Nos. 66, 67, 74, and 81, and no doubt the idea of "tables of fame" (No. 67) was started by him. On October 8, Steele wrote to Swift: "I wonder you do not write sometimes to me. The town is in great expectation from Bickerstaff; what passed at the election for the first table being to be published this day seven-night. I have not seen Ben Tooke a great while, but long to usher you and yours into the world." But it seems clear that Swift left his friends to carry out the execution of the plan. As Nichols points out, Swift afterwards wrote: "I was told that Brutus, and his ancestor Junius, Socrates, Epaminondas, Cato the younger, and Sir Thomas More, were perpetu-

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too scrupulous in allotting them their due proportion of it. It was this consideration which made me call the whole body of the learned to my assistance; to many of whom I must own my obligations for the catalogues of illustrious persons which they have sent me in upon this occasion. I yesterday employed the whole afternoon in comparing them with each other; which made so strong an impression upon my imagination, that they broke my sleep for the first part of the following night, and at length threw me into a very agreeable vision, which I shall beg leave to describe in all its particulars.

I dreamed that I was conveyed into a wide and boundless plain, that was covered with prodigious multitudes of people, which no man could number. In the midst of it there stood a mountain, with its head above the clouds. The sides were extremely steep, and of such a particular structure, that no creature, which was not made in a human figure, could possibly ascend it. On a sudden there was heard from the top of it a sound like that of a trumpet; but so exceeding sweet and harmonious, that it filled the hearts of those who heard it with raptures, and gave such high and delightful sensations, as seemed to animate and raise human nature above itself.

ally together: a sextumvirate, to which all the ages of the world cannot add a seventh." Now there are only *two* of this sextumvirate admitted to seats at the first "table of fame" in the *Tatler*. There are besides, in this paper, manifest deviations from the plan proposed in No. 67, and palpable contradictions to it. The "side-table" is here forgotten; the heroes of "great fame but dubious existence" are turned into a separate apartment; the number of the company at the second table is reduced from twenty to twelve; Bickerstaff, who "had not been dead an hundred years," is mentioned to make out the dozen; of the third table there is nothing said; and the subject seems finally discussed in one paper, which was evidently intended to have made three.

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This made me very much amazed to find so very few in that innumerable multitude who had ears fine enough to hear or relish this music with pleasure: but my wonder abated, when, upon looking round me, I saw most of them attentive to three sirens clothed like goddesses, and distinguished by the names of Sloth, Ignorance, and Pleasure. They were seated on three rocks, amidst a beautiful variety of groves, meadows, and rivulets, that lay on the borders of the mountain. While the base and grovelling multitude of different nations, ranks, and ages were listening to these delusive deities, those of a more erect aspect and exalted spirit separated themselves from the rest, and marched in great bodies towards the mountain; from whence they heard the sound, which still grew sweeter the more they listened to it.

On a sudden, methought this select band sprang forward with a resolution to climb the ascent, and follow the call of that heavenly music. Every one took something with him that he thought might be of assistance to him in his march. Several had their swords drawn, some carried rolls of paper in their hands, some had compasses, others quadrants, others telescopes, and others pencils; some had laurels on their heads, and others buskins on their legs: in short, there was scarce any instrument of a mechanic art or liberal science which was not made use of on this occasion. My good demon, who stood at my right hand during the course of this whole vision, observing in me a burning desire to join that glorious company, told me, he highly approved that generous ardour with which I seemed transported; but at the same time advised me to cover my face with a mask all the while I was to labour on the ascent. I took his counsel without inquiring into his reasons. The whole body now broke into different parties, and

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began to climb the precipice by ten thousand different paths. Several got into little alleys, which did not reach far up the hill, before they ended and led no farther; and I observed, that most of the artisans, which considerably diminished our number, fell into these paths. We left another considerable body of adventurers behind us, who thought they had discovered byways up the hill, which proved so very intricate and perplexed, that after having advanced in them a little, they were quite lost among the several turns and windings; and though they were as active as any in their motions, they made but little progress in the ascent. These, as my guide informed me, were men of subtle tempers, and puzzled politics, who would supply the place of real wisdom with cunning and artifice. Among those who were far advanced in their way, there were some that by one false step fell backward, and lost more ground in a moment than they had gained for many hours, or could be ever able to recover. We were now advanced very high, and observed, that all the different paths which ran about the sides of the mountain, began to meet in two great roads, which insensibly gathered the whole multitude of travellers into two great bodies. At a little distance from the entrance of each road, there stood a hideous phantom, that opposed our farther passage. One of these apparitions had his right hand filled with darts, which he brandished in the face of all who came up that way. Crowds ran back at the appearance of it, and cried out, "Death." The spectre that guarded the other road was Envy: she was not armed with weapons of destruction like the former; but by dreadful hissings, noises of reproach, and a horrid distracted laughter; she appeared more frightful than Death itself, insomuch that abundance of our company were discouraged from

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passing any farther, and some appeared ashamed of having come so far. As for myself, I must confess my heart shrunk within me at the sight of these ghastly appearances: but on a sudden, the voice of the trumpet came more full upon us, so that we felt a new resolution reviving in us; and in proportion as this resolution grew, the terrors before us seemed to vanish. Most of the company who had swords in their hands, marched on with great spirit, and an air of defiance, up the road that was commanded by Death; while others, who had thought and contemplation in their looks, went forward in a more composed manner up the road possessed by Envy. The way above these apparitions grew smooth and uniform, and was so delightful, that the travellers went on with pleasure, and in a little time arrived at the top of the mountain. They here began to breathe a delicious kind of ether, and saw all the fields about them covered with a kind of purple light, that made them reflect with satisfaction on their past toils, and diffused a secret joy through the whole assembly, which showed itself in every look and feature. In the midst of these happy fields, there stood a palace of a very glorious structure: it had four great folding-doors, that faced the four several quarters of the world. On the top of it was enthroned the goddess of the mountain, who smiled upon her votaries, and sounded the silver trumpet which had called them up, and cheered them in their passage to her palace. They had now formed themselves into several divisions, a band of historians taking their stations at each door, according to the persons whom they were to introduce.

On a sudden the trumpet, which had hitherto sounded only a march, or a point of war, now swelled all its notes into triumph and exultation: the whole fabric

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shook, and the doors flew open. The first who stepped forward was a beautiful and blooming hero, and, as I heard by the murmurs round me, Alexander the Great. He was conducted by a crowd of historians. The person who immediately walked before him, was remarkable for an embroidered garment, who not being well acquainted with the place, was conducting him to an apartment appointed for the reception of fabulous heroes. The name of this false guide was Quintus Curtius. But Arrian and Plutarch, who knew better the avenues of this palace, conducted him into the great hall, and placed him at the upper end of the first table. My good demon, that I might see the whole ceremony, conveyed me to a corner of this room, where I might perceive all that passed without being seen myself. The next who entered was a charming virgin, leading in a venerable old man that was blind. Under her left arm she bore a harp, and on her head a garland. Alexander, who was very well acquainted with Homer, stood up at his entrance, and placed him on his right hand. The virgin, who it seems was one of the nine sisters that attended on the goddess of Fame, smiled with an ineffable grace at their meeting, and retired. Julius Cæsar was now coming forward; and though most of the historians offered their service to introduce him, he left them at the door, and would have no conductor but himself. The next who advanced, was a man of a homely but cheerful aspect, and attended by persons of greater figure than any that appeared on this occasion. Plato was on his right hand, and Xenophon on his left. He bowed to Homer, and sat down by him. It was expected that Plato would himself have taken a place next to his master Socrates; but on a sudden there was heard a great clamour of

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disputants at the door, who appeared with Aristotle at the head of them. That philosopher, with some rudeness, but great strength of reason, convinced the whole table, that a title to the fifth place was his due, and took it accordingly. He had scarce sat down, when the same beautiful virgin that had introduced Homer brought in another, who hung back at the entrance, and would have excused himself, had not his modesty been overcome by the invitation of all who sat at the table. His guide and behaviour made me easily conclude it was Virgil. Cicero next appeared, and took his place. He had inquired at the door for one Lucceius to introduce him; but not finding him there, he contented himself with the attendance of many other writers, who all (except Sallust) appeared highly pleased with the office.

We waited some time in expectation of the next worthy, who came in with a great retinue of historians, whose names I could not learn, most of them being natives of Carthage. The person thus conducted, who was Hannibal, seemed much disturbed, and could not forbear complaining to the Board of the affronts he had met with among the Roman historians, "who attempted," says he, "to carry me into the subterraneous apartment; and perhaps would have done it, had it not been for the impartiality of this gentleman," pointing to Polybius, "who was the only person, except my own countrymen, that was willing to conduct me hither." The Carthaginian took his seat, and Pompey entered with great dignity in his own person, and preceded by several historians. Lucan the poet was at the head of them, who observing Homer and Virgil at the table, was going to sit down himself, had not the latter whispered him, that whatever pretence he might otherwise have had, he forfeited his claim to it, by coming in as one of the historians. Lucan was so

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exasperated with the repulse, that he muttered something to himself, and was heard to say, that since he could not have a seat among them himself, he would bring in one who alone had more merit than their whole assembly: upon which he went to the door, and brought in Cato of Utica. That great man approached the company with such an air, that showed he contemned the honour which he laid a claim to. Observing the seat opposite to Cæsar was vacant, he took possession of it, and spoke two or three smart sentences upon the nature of precedency, which, according to him, consisted not in place, but in intrinsic merit; to which he added, that the most virtuous man, wherever he was seated, was always at the upper end of the table. Socrates, who had a great spirit of raillery with his wisdom, could not forbear smiling at a virtue which took so little pains to make itself agreeable. Cicero took the occasion to make a long discourse in praise of Cato, which he uttered with much vehemence. Cæsar answered him with a great deal of seeming temper: but as I stood at a great distance from them, I was not able to hear one word of what they said. But I could not forbear taking notice, that in all the discourse which passed at the table, a word or nod from Homer decided the controversy. After a short pause, Augustus appeared, looking round him with a serene and affable countenance upon all the writers of his age, who strove among themselves which of them should show him the greatest marks of gratitude and respect. Virgil rose from the table to meet him; and though he was an acceptable guest to all, he appeared more such to the learned than the military worthies. The next man astonished the whole table with his appearance: he was slow, solemn, and silent in his behaviour, and wore a raiment curiously wrought with hieroglyphics. As he

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came into the middle of the room, he threw back the skirt of it, and discovered a golden thigh. Socrates, at the sight of it, declared against keeping company with any who were not made of flesh and blood; and therefore desired Diogenes the Laertian to lead him to the apartment allotted for fabulous heroes, and worthies of dubious existence. At his going out, he told them, that they did not know whom they dismissed; that he was now Pythagoras, the first of philosophers, and that formerly he had been a very brave man at the siege of Troy. "That may be very true," said Socrates; "but you forget that you have likewise been a very great harlot in your time."[1] This exclusion made way for Archimedes, who came forward with a scheme of mathematical figures in his hand; among which, I observed a cone and a cylinder.[2]

Seeing this table full, I desired my guide for variety to lead me to the fabulous apartment, the roof of which was painted with gorgons, chimeras, and centaurs, with many other emblematical figures, which I wanted both time and skill to unriddle. The first table was almost full. At the upper end sat Hercules, leaning an arm

[1] The annotators of the 1786 edition devoted a very long note to the defence of Pythagoras against what is here said of him. As to his "harlotry," he clearly could not be responsible for the metamorphoses of his soul after death. His soul continued, it was said, to shift its habitations; and Dicearchus, almost a whole century after the death of Socrates, related, that on its third removal, it got into the body of Alce, a beautiful courtesan. (Aul. Gell., "Noct. Att.," IV. xi.) Lucian, long after, taking a century posterior to Pythagoras, makes his soul animate the body of Aspasia, the mistress of Pericles.

[2] Archimedes ordered a sphere included in a cylinder, the diagram of his thirty-second proposition, to be erected upon his tomb. This figure was accordingly carved upon a stone near one of the gates of Syracuse, and became the means of enabling Cicero to discover the sepulchre of Archimedes, covered over with brambles and thorns. (Cicero, "Disp. Tusc.," v. 23.)

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upon his club. On his right hand were Achilles and Ulysses, and between them Æneas. On his left were Hector, Theseus, and Jason. The lower end had Orpheus, Æsop, Phalaris,[1] and Musæus. The ushers seemed at a loss for a twelfth man, when, methought, to my great joy and surprise, I heard some at the lower end of the table mention Isaac Bickerstaff: but those of the upper end received it with disdain, and said, if they must have a British worthy, they would have Robin Hood. While I was transported with the honour that was done me, and burning with envy against my competitor, I was awakened by the noise of the cannon which were then fired for the taking of Mons.[2] I should have been very much troubled at being thrown out of so pleasing a vision on any other occasion; but thought it an agreeable change to have my thoughts diverted from the greatest among the dead and fabulous heroes, to the most famous among the real and the living.

No. 82. [STEELE.

From *Saturday, Oct.* 15, to *Tuesday, Oct.* 18, 1709.

Ubiidem et maximus et honestissimus amor est, aliquando præstat morte jungi, quam vitâ distrahi.—VAL. MAX.

From my own Apartment, October 17.

After the mind has been employed on contemplations suitable to its greatness, it is unnatural to run into sudden mirth or levity; but we must let the soul subside as it rose, by proper degrees. My late considerations of

[1] Æsop and Phalaris were certainly real persons, though the "letters" attributed to Phalaris are spurious.

[2] Mons was taken on October 21, 1709 (N.S.).

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the ancient heroes impressed a certain gravity upon my mind, which is much above the little gratification received from starts of humour and fancy, and threw me into a pleasing sadness. In this state of thought I have been looking at the fire, and in a pensive manner reflecting upon the great misfortunes and calamities incident to human life; among which, there are none that touch so sensibly, as those which befall persons who eminently love, and meet with fatal interruptions of their happiness when they least expect it. The piety of children to parents, and the affection of parents to their children, are the effects of instinct; but the affection between lovers and friends is founded on reason and choice, which has always made me think, the sorrows of the latter much more to be pitied than those of the former. The contemplation of distresses of this sort softens the mind of man, and makes the heart better. It extinguishes the seeds of envy and ill-will towards mankind, corrects the pride of prosperity, and beats down all that fierceness and insolence which are apt to get into the minds of the daring and fortunate. For this reason the wise Athenians, in their theatrical performances, laid before the eyes of the people the greatest afflictions which could befall human life, and insensibly polished their tempers by such representations. Among the modern, indeed there has arisen a chimerical method of disposing the fortune of the persons represented, according to what they call poetical justice; and letting none be unhappy, but those who deserve it. In such cases, an intelligent spectator, if he is concerned, knows he ought not to be so; and can learn nothing from such a tenderness, but that he is a weak creature, whose passions cannot follow the dictates of his understanding. It is very natural, when one is got into such a way of thinking, to recollect those

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examples of sorrow which have made the strongest impression upon our imaginations. An instance or two of such you will give me leave to communicate.

A young gentleman and lady of ancient and honourable houses in Cornwall had from their childhood entertained for each other a generous and noble passion, which had been long opposed by their friends, by reason of the inequality of their fortunes; but their constancy to each other, and obedience to those on whom they depended, wrought so much upon their relations, that these celebrated lovers were at length joined in marriage. Soon after their nuptials, the bridegroom was obliged to go into a foreign country, to take care of a considerable fortune which was left him by a relation, and came very opportunely to improve their moderate circumstances. They received the congratulations of all the country on this occasion; and I remember it was a common sentence in every one's mouth, "You see how faithful love is rewarded."

He took this agreeable voyage, and sent home every post fresh accounts of his success in his affairs abroad; but at last (though he designed to return with the next ship) he lamented in his letters, that business would detain him some time longer from home, because he would give himself the pleasure of an unexpected arrival.

The young lady, after the heat of the day, walked every evening on the sea-shore, near which she lived, with a familiar friend, her husband's kinswoman, and diverted herself with what objects they met there, or upon discourses of the future methods of life in the happy change of their circumstances. They stood one evening on the shore together in a perfect tranquillity, observing the setting of the sun, the calm face of the deep, and the silent heaving of the waves, which gently

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rolled towards them, and broke at their feet; when at a distance her kinswoman saw something float on the waters, which she fancied was a chest; and with a smile told her, she saw it first, and if it came ashore full of jewels, she had a right to it. They both fixed their eyes upon it, and entertained themselves with the subject of the wreck, the cousin still asserting her right; but promising, if it was a prize, to give her a very rich coral for the child of which she was then big, provided she might be god-mother. Their mirth soon abated, when they observed upon the nearer approach, that it was a human body. The young lady, who had a heart naturally filled with pity and compassion, made many melancholy reflections on the occasion. "Who knows," said she, "but this man may be the only hope and heir of a wealthy house; the darling of indulgent parents, who are now in impertinent mirth, and pleasing themselves with the thoughts of offering him a bride they have got ready for him? Or may he not be the master of a family that wholly depended upon his life? There may, for aught we know, be half-a-dozen fatherless children, and a tender wife, now exposed to poverty by his death. What pleasure might he have promised himself in the different welcome he was to have from her and them? But let us go away, it is a dreadful sight! The best office we can do, is to take care that the poor man, whoever he is, may be decently buried." She turned away, when a wave threw the carcass on the shore. The kinswoman immediately shrieked out, "Oh, my cousin!" and fell upon the ground. The unhappy wife went to help her friend, when she saw her own husband at her feet, and dropped in a swoon upon the body. An old woman, who had been the gentleman's nurse, came out about this time to call the ladies in to supper, and found her child (as she always called him)

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dead on the shore, her mistress and kinswoman both lying dead by him. Her loud lamentations, and calling her young master to life, soon awaked the friend from her trance; but the wife was gone for ever.

When the family and neighbourhood got together round the bodies, no one asked any question, but the objects before them told the story.[1]

Incidents of this nature are the more moving when they are drawn by persons concerned in the catastrophe, notwithstanding they are often oppressed beyond the power of giving them in a distinct light, except we gather their sorrow from their inability to speak it. I have two original letters written both on the same day, which are to me exquisite in their different kinds. The occasion was this: a young gentleman who had courted a most agreeable young woman, and won her heart, obtained also the consent of her father, to whom she was an only child. The old man had a fancy that they should be married in the same church where he himself was, in a village in Westmorland, and made them set out while he was laid up with the gout at London. The bridegroom took only his man, the bride her maid. They had the most agreeable journey imaginable to the place of marriage: from whence the bridegroom wrote the following letter to his wife's father:—

"Sir, *March* 18, 1672.

"After a very pleasant journey hither, we are preparing for the happy hour in which I am to be your son. I assure you the bride carries it, in the eye of the vicar

[1] The substance of this story of the Cornish lovers may have been sent to Steele by the "Solomon Afterwit" whose letter from Land's End is printed in the next number.

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who married you, much beyond her mother; though he says, your open sleeves, pantaloons, and shoulder-knot made a much better show than the finical dress I am in. However, I am contented to be the second fine man this village ever saw, and shall make it very merry before night, because I shall write myself from thence,

"Your most dutiful Son,
"T. D."

"The bride gives her duty, and is as handsome as an angel—I am the happiest man breathing."

The villagers were assembling about the church, and the happy couple took a walk in a private garden. The bridegroom's man knew his master would leave the place on a sudden after the wedding, and seeing him draw his pistols the night before, took this opportunity to go into his chamber and charge them. Upon their return from the garden, they went into that room; and after a little fond raillery on the subject of their courtship, the lover took up a pistol which he knew he had unloaded the night before, and presenting it to her, said with the most graceful air, whilst she looked pleased at his agreeable flattery, "Now, madam, repent of all those cruelties you have been guilty of to me; consider before you die, how often you have made a poor wretch freeze under your casement;[1] you shall die, you tyrant, you shall die, with all those instruments of death and destruction about you, with that enchanting smile, those killing ringlets of your hair"—"Give fire," said she, laughing. He did so, and shot her dead. Who can speak his condition? But he

[1] *Cf.* "Paradise Lost," iv. 769, quoted in No. 79 :—

"Or serenade, which the starved lover sings
To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain."

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bore it so patiently as to call up his man. The poor wretch entered, and his master locked the door upon him. "Well," said he, "did you charge these pistols?" He answered, "Yes." Upon which he shot him dead with that remaining. After this, amidst a thousand broken sobs, piercing groans, and distracted motions, he wrote the following letter to the father of his dead mistress:—

"SIR,

"I, who two hours ago told you truly I was the happiest man alive, am now the most miserable. Your daughter lies dead at my feet, killed by my hand, through a mistake of my man's charging my pistols unknown to me. Him I have murdered for it. Such is my wedding-day,—I will immediately follow my wife to her grave: but before I throw myself upon my sword, I command my distraction so far as to explain my story to you. I fear my heart will not keep together till I have stabbed it. Poor good old man!—Remember, he that killed your daughter, died for it. In the article of death I give you my thanks, and pray for you, though I dare not for myself. If it be possible, do not curse me."

No. 83. [STEELE.

From *Tuesday, Oct.* 18, to *Thursday, Oct.* 20, 1709.

Senilis stultitia, quæ deliratio appellari solet, senum levium est, non omnium.—CICERO, De Senec., xi. 36.

From my own Apartment, October 19.

It is my frequent practice to visit places of resort in this town where I am least known, to observe what reception my works meet with in the world, and what

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good effects I may promise myself from my labours; and it being a privilege asserted by Monsieur Montaigne and others, of vainglorious memory, that we writers of essays may talk of ourselves,[1] I take the liberty to give an account of the remarks which I find are made by some of my gentle readers upon these my dissertations. I happened this evening to fall into a coffee-house near the 'Change, where two persons were reading my account of the table of fame.[2] The one of these was commenting as he read, and explaining who was meant by this and the other worthy as he passed on. I observed the person over against him wonderfully intent and satisfied with his explanation. When he came to Julius Cæsar, who is said to have refused any conductor to the table, "No, no," said he, "he is in the right of it, he has money enough to be welcome wherever he comes;" and then whispered, "He means a certain colonel of the train-bands." Upon reading, that Aristotle made his claim with some rudeness, but great strength of reason, "Who can that be, so rough and so reasonable? It must be some Whig I warrant you. There is nothing but party in these public papers." Where Pythagoras is said to have a golden thigh, "Ay, ay," said he, "he has money enough in his breeches, that is the alderman of our ward." You must know, whatever he read, I found he interpreted from his own way of life and acquaintance. I am glad my readers can construe for themselves these

[1] Among many other things to the same effect, Montaigne wrote: "Grant that it is a fault in me to write about myself, I ought not, following my general intent, to refuse an action that publisheth this crazed quality, since I have it in myself, and I should not conceal this fault, which I have not only in use but in profession" (Florio's "Montaigne").

[2] See No. 81.

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difficult points; but for the benefit of posterity, I design, when I come to write my last paper of this kind, to make it an explanation of all my former. In that piece you shall have all I have commended, with their proper names. The faulty characters must be left as they are, because we live in an age wherein vice is very general, and virtue very particular; for which reason the latter only wants explanation. But I must turn my present discourse to what is of yet greater regard to me than the care of my writings; that is to say, the preservation of a lady's heart. Little did I think I should ever have business of this kind on my hands more; but as little as any one who knows me would believe it, there is a lady at this time who professes love to me. Her passion and good-humour you shall have in her own words.

"Mr. BICKERSTAFF,

"I had formerly a very good opinion of myself; but it is now withdrawn, and I have placed it upon you, Mr. Bickerstaff, for whom I am not ashamed to declare, I have a very great passion and tenderness. It is not for your face, for that I never saw; your shape and height I am equally a stranger to: but your understanding charms me, and I'm lost if you don't dissemble a little love for me. I am not without hopes, because I am not like the tawdry gay things that are fit only to make bone-lace. I am neither childish-young, nor beldam-old, but (the world says) a good agreeable woman.

"Speak peace to a troubled heart, troubled only for you; and in your next paper let me find your thoughts of me.

"Don't think of finding out who I am, for notwithstanding your interest in demons, they cannot help you

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either to my name, or a sight of my face; therefore don't let them deceive you.

"I can bear no discourse if you are not the subject; and, believe me, I know more of love than you do of astronomy.

"Pray say some civil things in return to my generosity, and you shall have my very best pen employed to thank you, and I will confirm it. I am

"Your Admirer,

"MARIA."

There is something wonderfully pleasing in the favour of women; and this letter has put me in so good a humour, that nothing could displease me since I received it. My boy breaks glasses and pipes, and instead of giving him a knock of the pate, as my way is (for I hate scolding at servants), I only say, "Ah! Jack, thou hast a head, and so has a pin;" or some such merry expression. But alas! how am I mortified when he is putting on my fourth pair of stockings on these poor spindles of mine? The fair one understands love better than I astronomy! I am sure, without the help of that art, this poor meagre trunk of mine is a very ill habitation for love. She is pleased to speak civilly of my sense; but *ingenium male habitat* is an invincible difficulty in cases of this nature. I had always indeed, from a passion to please the eyes of the fair, a great pleasure in dress. Add to this, that I have written songs since I was sixty, and have lived with all the circumspection of an old beau, as I am: but my friend Horace has very well said, "Every year takes something from us;"[1] and instructed me to form my pursuits and desires according to the stage of my life: therefore I have no more to value myself upon, than that

[1] 2 Epist. ii. 55.

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I can converse with young people without peevishness, or wishing myself a moment younger. For which reason, when I am amongst them, I rather moderate than interrupt their diversions. But though I have this complacency, I must not pretend to write to a lady civil things, as Maria desires. Time was, when I could have told her, I had received a letter from her fair hands; and, that if this paper trembled as she read it, it then best expressed its author, or some other gay conceit. Though I never saw her, I could have told her, that good sense and good humour smiled in her eyes; that constancy and good nature dwelt in her heart; that beauty and good breeding appeared in all her actions. When I was five-and-twenty, upon sight of one syllable, even wrong spelt, by a lady I never saw, I could tell her, that her height was that which was fit for inviting our approach, and commanding our respect; that a smile sat on her lips, which prefaced her expressions before she uttered them, and her aspect prevented her speech. All she could say, though she had an infinite deal of wit, was but a repetition of what was expressed by her form; her form! which struck her beholders with ideas more moving and forcible than ever were inspired by music, painting, or eloquence. At this rate I panted in those days; but, ah! sixty-three! I am very sorry I can only return the agreeable Maria a passion, expressed rather from the head than the heart.

"DEAR MADAM,

"You have already seen the best of me, and I so passionately love you, that I desire we may never meet. If you will examine your heart, you will find, that you join the man with the philosopher: and if you have that kind opinion of my sense as you pretend, I question not, but you add to it complexion, air, and

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shape: but, dear Molly, a man in his grand climacteric is of no sex. Be a good girl; and conduct yourself with honour and virtue, when you love one younger than myself. I am, with the greatest tenderness,

"Your innocent Lover,

"I. B."

Will's Coffee-house, October 19.

There is nothing more common than the weakness mentioned in the following epistle; and I believe there is hardly a man living who has not been more or less injured by it.

"Sir, *Land's End, Oct.* 12.

"I have left the town some time; and much the sooner, for not having had the advantage when I lived there of so good a pilot as you are to this present age. Your cautions to the young men against the vices of the town are very well: but there is one not less needful, which I think you have omitted. I had from the 'Rough Diamond' (a gentleman so called from an honest blunt wit he had) not long since dead, this observation, that a young man must be at least three or four years in London before he dares say 'No.'

"You will easily see the truth and force of this observation; for I believe, more people are drawn away against their inclinations, than with them. A young man is afraid to deny anybody going to a tavern to dinner; or after being gorged there, to repeat the same with another company at supper, or to drink excessively if desired, or go to any other place, or commit any other extravagancy proposed. The fear of being thought covetous, or to have no money, or to be under the dominion or fear of his parents and friends, hinders him from the free exercise

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of his understanding, and affirming boldly the true reason, which is, his real dislike of what is desired. If you could cure this slavish facility, it would save abundance at their first entrance into the world. I am, SIR,

"Yours,

"SOLOMON AFTERWIT."

This epistle has given an occasion to a treatise on this subject, wherein I shall lay down rules when a young stripling is to say "No," and a young virgin "Yes."

N.B.—For the publication of this discourse, I wait only for subscriptions from the undergraduates of each University, and the young ladies in the boarding-schools of Hackney and Chelsea.

St. James's Coffee-house, October 19.

Letters from the Hague of the 25th of October, N.S., advise, that the garrison of Mons marched out on the 23rd instant, and a garrison of the allies marched into the town. All the forces in the field, both of the enemy and the confederates, are preparing to withdraw into winter quarters.

No. 84. [STEELE.

From *Thursday, Oct.* 20, to *Saturday, Oct.* 22, 1709.

From my own Apartment, October 21.

I have received a letter subscribed A. B.[1] wherein it has been represented to me as an enormity, that there are more than ordinary crowds of women at the Old

[1] Perhaps Alexander Bayne (died 1737), an advocate then living in London, and afterwards Professor of Scots Law at Edinburgh. See Hughes's "Correspondence," i. 56.

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Bailey when a rape is to be tried: but by Mr. A. B.'s favour, I can't tell who are so much concerned in that part of the law as the sex he mentions, they being the only persons liable to such insults. Nor indeed do I think it more unreasonable that they should be inquisitive on such occasions, than men of honour when one is tried for killing another in a duel. It is very natural to inquire how the fatal pass was made, that we may the better defend ourselves when we come to be attacked. Several eminent ladies appeared lately at the Court of Justice on such an occasion, and with great patience and attention stayed the whole trials of two persons for the above-said crime. The law to me indeed seems a little defective on this point; and it is a very great hardship, that this crime, which is committed by men only, should have men only on their jury. I humbly therefore propose, that on future trials of this sort, half of the twelve may be women; and those such whose faces are well known to have taken notes, or may be supposed to remember what happened in former trials in the same place. There is the learned Androgyne, that would make a good fore-woman of the panel, who (by long attendance) understands as much law and anatomy as is necessary in this case. Till this is taken care of, I am humbly of opinion, it would be much more expedient that the fair were wholly absent: for to what end can it be that they should be present at such examinations, when they can only be perplexed with a fellow-feeling for the injured, without any power to avenge their sufferings. It is an unnecessary pain which the fair ones give themselves on these occasions. I have known a young woman shriek out at some parts of the evidence; and have frequently observed, that when the proof grew particular and strong, there has been such a

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universal flutter of fans, that one would think the whole female audience were falling into fits. Nor indeed can I see how men themselves can be wholly unmoved at such tragical relations. In short, I must tell my female readers, and they may take an old man's word for it, that there is nothing in woman so graceful and becoming as modesty: it adds charms to their beauty, and gives a new softness to their sex. Without it, simplicity and innocence appear rude, reading and good sense masculine, wit and humour lascivious. This is so necessary a qualification for pleasing, that the loose part of womankind, whose study it is to ensnare men's hearts, never fail to support the appearance of what they know is so essential to that end: and I have heard it reported by the young fellows in my time, as a maxim of the celebrated Madam Bennet,[1] that a young wench, though never so beautiful, was not worth her board when she was past her blushing. This discourse naturally brings into my thoughts a letter I have received from the virtuous Lady Whittlestick on the subject of Lucretia.

From my Tea-table,
October 17.

"Cousin Isaac,

"I read your *Tatler* of Saturday last,[2] and was surprised to see you so partial to your own sex, as to think none of ours worthy to sit at your first table; for sure you cannot but own Lucretia as famous as any you have placed there, who first parted with her virtue, and afterwards with her life, to preserve her fame."

[1] A notorious character of the time of Charles II., to whom Wycherley dedicated his "Plain Dealer," under the title of "My Lady B——," in a long ironical address respecting herself and women of her class, which is praised by Steele in the *Spectator* (No. 266).

[2] No. 81.

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Mrs. Biddy Twig has written me a letter to the same purpose: but in answer to both my pretty correspondents and kinswomen, I must tell them, that although I know Lucretia would have made a very graceful figure at the upper end of the table, I did not think it proper to place her there, because I knew she would not care for being in the company of so many men without her husband. At the same time I must own, that Tarquin himself was not a greater lover and admirer of Lucretia than I myself am in an honest way. When my sister Jenny was in her sampler, I made her get the whole story without book, and tell it me in needlework. This illustrious lady stands up in history as the glory of her own sex, and the reproach of ours; and the circumstances under which she fell were so very particular, that they seem to make adultery and murder meritorious. She was a woman of such transcendent virtue, that her beauty, which was the greatest of the age and country in which she lived, and is generally celebrated as the highest of praise in other women, is never mentioned as a part of her character. But it would be declaiming to dwell upon so celebrated a story, which I mentioned only in respect to my kinswomen; and to make reparation for the omission they complain of, do further promise them, that if they can furnish me with instances to fill it, there shall be a small tea-table set apart in my palace of fame for the reception of all of her character.[1]

[1] "A table of fame for the ladies will be published as soon as materials can be collected, to which end the public are desired to contribute, and it will be gratefully acknowledged." (*Female Tatler*, No. 58, Nov. 7, 1709.)

The writer of the "General Postscript" advertised his intention of erecting speedily a temple of honour for British heroes only (No.

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Grecian Coffee-house, October 21.

I was this evening communicating my design of producing obscure merit into public view; and proposed to the learned, that they would please to assist me in the work. For the same end I publish my intention to the world, that all men of liberal thoughts may know they have an opportunity of doing justice to such worthy persons as have come within their respective observation, and who by misfortune, modesty, or want of proper writers to recommend them, have escaped the notice of the rest of mankind. If therefore any one can bring any tale or tidings of illustrious persons, or glorious actions, that are not commonly known, he is desired to send an account thereof to me at J. Morphew's, and they shall have justice done them. At the same time that I have this concern for men and things that deserve reputation and have it not, I am resolved to examine into the claims of such ancients and moderns as are in possession of it, with a design to displace them, in case I find their titles defective. The first whose merits I shall inquire into, are some merry gentlemen of the French nation, who have written very advantageous histories of their exploits in war, love, and politics, under the title of memoirs. I am afraid I shall find several of these gentlemen tardy, because I hear of them in no writings but their own. To read the narrative of one of these authors, you would fancy there was not an action in a whole campaign which he did not contrive or execute; yet if you consult the history, or gazettes of those times, you do not find him

11, October 11, 1709). The same writer says, that Mr. Tatler and his admirers were wrapped up in his "table of fame" (November 11, 1709).

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so much as the head of a party from one end of the summer to the other. But it is the way of these great men, when they lie behind their lines, and are in a time of inaction, as they call it, to pass away their time in writing their exploits. By this means, several who are either unknown or despised in the present age, will be famous in the next, unless a sudden stop be put to such pernicious practices. There are others of that gay people who (as I am informed) will live half a year together in a garret, and write a history of their intrigues in the court of France. As for politicians, they do not abound with that species of men so much as we; but as ours are not so famous for writing as for extemporary dissertations in coffee-houses, they are more annoyed with memoirs of this nature also than we are. The most immediate remedy that I can apply to prevent this growing evil, is, that I do hereby give notice to all booksellers and translators whatsoever, that the word "memoir" is French for a novel; and to require of them, that they sell and translate it accordingly.

Will's Coffee-house, October 21.

Coming into this place to-night, I met an old friend of mine,[1] who, a little after the Restoration, wrote an epigram with some applause, which he has lived upon ever since; and by virtue of it, has been a constant frequenter of this coffee-house for forty years. He took me aside, and with a great deal of friendship told me, he was glad to see me alive; "for" says he, "Mr. Bickerstaff,

[1] Possibly William Walsh, a man of fashion and critic, who was a friend both of Dryden and Pope. Johnson says, "He is known more by his familiarity with greater men, than by anything done or written by himself."

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I am sorry to find you have raised many enemies by your lucubrations. There are indeed some," says he, "whose enmity is the greatest honour they can show a man; but have you lived to these years, and don't know, that the ready way to disoblige is to give advice? You may endeavour to guard your children, as you call them, but—" He was going on; but I found the disagreeableness of giving advice without being asked it, by my own impatience of what he was about to say. In a word, I begged him to give me the hearing of a short fable.

"A gentleman," says I, "who was one day slumbering in an arbour, was on a sudden awakened by the gentle biting of a lizard, a little animal remarkable for its love to mankind. He threw it from his hand with some indignation, and was rising up to kill it, when he saw an huge venomous serpent sliding towards him on the other side, which he soon destroyed; reflecting afterwards with gratitude upon his friend that saved him, and with anger against himself, that had shown so little sense of a good office."

No. 85. [STEELE.

From *Saturday*, *Oct.* 22, to *Tuesday*, *Oct.* 25, 1709.

From my own Apartment, October 24.

My brother Tranquillus,[1] who is a man of business, came to me this morning into my study, and after very many civil expressions in return for what good offices I had done him, told me, he desired to carry his wife, my sister, that very morning to his own house. I readily told him I would wait upon him, without asking

[1] See No. 79.

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why he was so impatient to rob us of his good company. He went out of my chamber, and I thought seemed to have a little heaviness upon him, which gave me some disquiet. Soon after, my sister came to me with a very matron-like air, and most sedate satisfaction in her looks, which spoke her very much at ease; but the traces of her countenance seemed to discover that she had been lately in passion, and that air of content to flow from a certain triumph upon some advantage obtained. She no sooner sat down by me, but I perceived she was one of those ladies who begin to be managers within the time of their being brides. Without letting her speak (which I saw she had a mighty inclination to do), I said, "Here has been your husband, who tells me he has a mind to go home this very morning; and I have consented to it." "It is well," said she, "for you must know—" "Nay, Jenny," said I, "I beg your pardon, for it is you must know—you are to understand, that now is the time to fix or alienate your husband's heart for ever; and I fear you have been a little indiscreet in your expressions or behaviour towards him even here in my house." "There has," says she, "been some words; but I'll be judged by you if he was not in the wrong: nay, I need not be judged by anybody, for he gave it up himself, and said not a word, when he saw me grow passionate, but 'Madam, you are perfectly in the right of it.' As you shall judge—" "Nay, madam," said I, "I am judge already, and tell you, that you are perfectly in the wrong of it; for if it was a matter of importance, I know he has better sense than you; if a trifle, you know what I told you on your wedding-day, that you were to be above little provocations." She knows very well I can be sour upon occasion, therefore gave me leave to go on. "Sister," said I, "I will not enter into the dispute

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between you, which I find his prudence put an end to before it came to extremity, but charge you to have a care of the first quarrel, as you tender your happiness; for then it is that the mind will reflect harshly upon every circumstance that has ever passed between you. If such an accident is ever to happen (which I hope never will), be sure to keep to the circumstance before you; make no allusions to what is past, or conclusions referring to what is to come: don't show an hoard of matter for dissension in your breast; but if it is necessary, lay before him the thing as you understand it, candidly, without being ashamed of acknowledging an error, or proud of being in the right. If a young couple be not careful in this point, they will get into a habit of wrangling: and when to displease is thought of no consequence, to please is always of as little moment. There is a play, Jenny, I have formerly been at when I was a student: we got into a dark corner with a porringer of brandy, and threw raisins into it, then set it on fire. My chamberfellow and I diverted ourselves with the sport of venturing our fingers for the raisins; and the wantonness of the thing was, to see each other look like a demon as we burnt ourselves and snatched out the fruit. This fantastical mirth was called snap-dragon. You may go into many a family, where you see the man and wife at this sport: every word at their table alludes to some passage between themselves; and you see by the paleness and emotion in their countenances, that it is for your sake, and not their own, that they forbear playing out the whole game, in burning each other's fingers. In this case, the whole purpose of life is inverted, and the ambition turns upon a certain contention, who shall contradict best, and not upon an inclination to excel in kindnesses and good offices. Therefore, dear Jenny, remember me,

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and avoid snap-dragon." "I thank you, brother," said she, "but you don't know how he loves me; I find I can do anything with him." "If you can so, why should you desire to do anything but please him? But I have a word or two more before you go out of the room; for I see you do not like the subject I am upon. Let nothing provoke you to fall upon an imperfection he cannot help; for if he has a resenting spirit, he will think your aversion as immovable as the imperfection with which you upbraid him. But above all, dear Jenny, be careful of one thing, and you will be something more than woman, that is, a levity you are almost all guilty of, which is, to take a pleasure in your power to give pain. It is even in a mistress an argument of meanness of spirit, but in a wife it is injustice and ingratitude. When a sensible man once observes this in a woman, he must have a very great or a very little spirit to overlook it. A woman ought therefore to consider very often, how few men there are who will regard a meditated offence as a weakness of temper." I was going on in my confabulation, when Tranquillus entered. She cast her eyes upon him with much shame and confusion, mixed with great complacency and love, and went up to him. He took her in his arms, and looked so many soft things at one glance, that I could see he was glad I had been talking to her, sorry she had been troubled, and angry at himself that he could not disguise the concern he was in an hour before. After which, he says to me, with an air awkward enough, but methought not unbecoming, "I have altered my mind, brother; we'll live upon you a day or two longer." I replied, "That's what I have been persuading Jenny to ask of you; but she is resolved never to contradict your inclination, and refused me." We were going on in that way which one hardly knows

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how to express; as when two people mean the same thing in a nice case, but come at it by talking as distantly from it as they can; when very opportunely came in upon us an honest inconsiderable fellow, Tim Dapper, a gentleman well known to us both. Tim is one of those who are very necessary by being very inconsiderable. Tim dropped in at an incident when we knew not how to fall into either a grave or a merry way. My sister took this occasion to make off, and Dapper gave us an account of all the company he had been in to-day, who was and who was not at home, where he visited. This Tim is the head of a species: he is a little out of his element in this town; but he is a relation of Tranquillus, and his neighbour in the country, which is the true place of residence for this species. The habit of a Dapper, when he is at home, is a light broadcloth, with calamanco[1] or red waistcoat and breeches; and it is remarkable, that their wigs seldom hide the collar of their coats. They have always a peculiar spring in their arms, a wriggle in their bodies, and a trip in their gait; all which motions they express at once in their drinking, bowing, or saluting ladies; for a distant imitation of a forward fop, and a resolution to overtop him in his way, are the distinguishing marks of a Dapper. These under-characters of men are parts of the sociable world by no means to be neglected: they are like pegs in a building. They make no figure in it, but hold the structure together, and are as absolutely necessary as the pillars and columns. I am sure we found it so this morning; for Tranquillus and I should perhaps have looked cold at

[1] Calamanco is a woollen stuff made plain, striped, checked, or figured, and glazed in finishing. It was generally made in Flanders and Brabant, and was much used in the last century. *Cf.* No. 96, "a gay calamanco waistcoat."

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each other the whole day, but Dapper fell in with his brisk way, shook us both by the hand, rallied the bride, mistook the acceptance he met with amongst us for extraordinary perfection in himself, and heartily pleased, and was pleased, all the while he stayed. His company left us all in good-humour, and we were not such fools as to let it sink, before we confirmed it by great cheerfulness and openness in our carriage the whole evening.

White's Chocolate-house, October 24.

I have been this evening to visit a lady who is a relation of the enamoured Cynthio,[1] and there heard the melancholy news of his death. I was in hopes that fox-hunting and October would have recovered him from his unhappy passion. He went into the country with a design to leave behind him all thoughts of Clarissa; but he found that place only more convenient to think of her without interruption. The country gentlemen were very much puzzled upon his case, and never finding him merry or loud in their company, took him for a Roman Catholic, and immediately upon his death seized his French valet-de-chambre for a priest; and it is generally thought in the county, it will go hard with him next session. Poor Cynthio never held up his head after having received a letter of Clarissa's marriage. The lady who gave me this account being far gone in poetry and romance, told me, if I would give her an

[1] See No. 35. Steele returned to the character of Cynthio in 1714, in No. 38 of the *Lover*, written two months after Lord Hinchinbroke had spoken on Steele's behalf in the debate whether he should be expelled the House of Commons. Lord Hinchinbroke died in 1722; in 1712 it was reported that he was one of the Mohocks who went about doing mischief ("Wentworth Papers," 277 note).

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epitaph, she would take care to have it placed on his tomb; which she herself had devised in the following manner: it is to be made of black marble, and every corner to be crowned with weeping cupids. Their quivers are to be hung up upon two tall cypress-trees which are to grow on each side of the monument, and their arrows to be laid in a great heap, after the manner of a funeral pile, on which is to lie the body of the deceased. On the top of each cypress is to stand the figure of a moaning turtle-dove. On the uppermost part of the monument, the goddess to whom these birds are sacred, is to sit in a dejected posture, as weeping for the death of her votary. I need not tell you this lady's head is a little turned: however, to be rid of importunities, I promised her an epitaph, and told her, I would take for my pattern that of Don Alonzo, who was no less famous in his age than Cynthio is in ours.

THE EPITAPH.[1]

Here lies Don Alonzo,
Slain by a wound received under
His left pap;
The orifice of which was so
Small, no surgeon could
Discover it.

READER,

If thou wouldst avoid so strange
A death,
Look not upon Lucinda's eyes.

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[1] This epitaph is a quotation from a letter of Sir John Suckling ("Works," 1770, I. 103).

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No. 86. [Addison and Steele.

From *Tuesday, Oct.* 25, to *Thursday, Oct.* 27, 1709.

From my own Apartment, October 26.

When I came home last night, my servant delivered me the following letter:

"Sir, *October* 24.

"I have orders from Sir Harry Quickset, of Staffordshire, Bart., to acquaint you, that his honour Sir Harry himself, Sir Giles Wheelbarrow, Kt.; Thomas Rentfree, Esq., Justice of the Quorum; Andrew Windmill, Esq.; and Mr. Nicholas Doubt of the Inner Temple, Sir Harry's grandson, will wait upon you at the hour of nine to-morrow morning, being Tuesday the 25th of October, upon business which Sir Harry will impart to you by word of mouth. I thought it proper to acquaint you beforehand so many persons of quality came, that you might not be surprised therewith. Which concludes, though by many years' absence since I saw you at Stafford, unknown,

"Sir,

"Your most humble Servant,

"John Thrifty."

I received this message with less surprise than I believe Mr. Thrifty imagined; for I knew the good

[1] Tickell included the article "From my own Apartment" in his edition of Addison's Works, but stated that Steele assisted in this paper. Upon which pompous Bishop Hurd adds, "One sees this by the pertness of the manner in which many parts of it are composed. The scene described is, however, pleasant enough." No doubt Addison was the chief, if not sole author of the first article.

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company too well to feel any palpitations at their approach: but I was in very great concern how I should adjust the ceremonial, and demean myself to all these great men, who perhaps had not seen anything above themselves for these twenty years last past. I am sure that's the case of Sir Harry. Besides which, I was sensible that there was a great point in adjusting my behaviour to the simple squire, so as to give him satisfaction, and not disoblige the Justice of the Quorum. The hour of nine was come this morning, and I had no sooner set chairs (by the steward's letter), and fixed my tea-equipage, but I heard a knock at my door, which was opened, but no one entered; after which followed a long silence, which was broke at last by, "Sir, I beg your pardon; I think I know better:" and another voice, "Nay, good Sir Giles ——" I looked out from my window, and saw the good company all with their hats off, and arms spread, offering the door to each other. After many offers, they entered with much solemnity, in the order Mr. Thrifty was so kind as to name them to me. But they are now got to my chamber door, and I saw my old friend Sir Harry enter. I met him with all the respect due to so reverend a vegetable; for you are to know, that is my sense of a person who remains idle in the same place for half a century. I got him with great success into his chair by the fire, without throwing down any of my cups. The knight-bachelor told me, he had a great respect for my whole family, and would, with my leave, place himself next to Sir Harry, at whose right hand he had sat at every Quarter Sessions this thirty years, unless he was sick. The steward in the rear whispered the young Templar, "That's true to my knowledge." I had the misfortune, as they stood cheek by jowl, to desire the simple squire to sit down before

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the Justice of the Quorum, to the no small satisfaction of the former, and resentment of the latter. But I saw my error too late, and got them as soon as I could into their seats. "Well," said I, "gentlemen, after I have told you how glad I am of this great honour, I am to desire you to drink a dish of tea." They answered one and all, that they never drank tea in a morning. "Not in a morning!" said I, staring round me. Upon which the pert jackanapes Nick Doubt tipped me the wink, and put out his tongue at his grandfather. Here followed a profound silence, when the steward, in his boots and whip, proposed, that we should adjourn to some public-house, where everybody might call for what they pleased, and enter upon the business. We all stood up in an instant, and Sir Harry filed off from the left very discreetly, countermarching behind the chairs towards the door: after him, Sir Giles in the same manner. The simple squire made a sudden start to follow; but the Justice of the Quorum whipped between upon the stand of the stairs. A maid going up with coals made us halt, and put us into such confusion, that we stood all in a heap, without any visible possibility of recovering our order; for the young jackanapes seemed to make a jest of this matter, and had so contrived, by pressing amongst us under pretence of making way, that his grandfather was got into the middle, and he knew nobody was of quality to stir a step till Sir Harry moved first. We were fixed in this perplexity for some time, till we heard a very loud noise in the street; and Sir Harry asking what it was, I, to make them move, said it was fire. Upon this, all ran down as fast as they could, without order or ceremony, till we got into the street, where we drew up in very good order, and filed off down Sheer Lane, the impertinent

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Templar driving us before him, as in a string, and pointing to his acquaintance who passed by. I must confess I love to use people according to their own sense of good-breeding, and therefore whipped in between the Justice and the simple squire. He could not properly take this ill; but I overheard him whisper the steward, that he thought it hard that a common conjuror should take place of him, though an elder squire. In this order we marched down Sheer Lane, at the upper end of which I lodge.[1] When we came to Temple Bar, Sir Harry and Sir Giles got over; but a run of the coaches kept the rest of us on this side the street: however, we all at last landed, and drew up in very good order before Ben Tooke's[2] shop, who favoured our rallying with great humanity. From hence we proceeded again, till we came to Dick's Coffee-house,[3] where I designed to carry them. Here we were at our old difficulty, and took up the street upon the same ceremony. We proceeded through the entry, and were so necessarily kept in order by the situation, that we were now got into the coffee-house itself, where, as soon as we arrived, we repeated our civilities to each other; after which, we marched up to the high table, which has an ascent to it enclosed in the middle of the room. The whole room was alarmed at this entry, made up of persons of so much state and rusticity. Sir

[1] "The upper part [of Shire Lane] hath good old buildings, well inhabited; but the lower part is very narrow and more ordinary" (Strype, Book IV.). A view of the Trumpet in Shire Lane is given in Timbs' "Clubs and Club Life in London," p. 176.

[2] Tooke, Swift's bookseller, died in 1723. His shop was at the Middle Temple Gateway.

[3] Dick's Coffee-house, in Fleet Street, was named after Richard Tornor or Turner, to whom the house was let in 1680. It is called Richard's in the *London Gazette* for 1693, No. 2939.

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Harry called for a mug of ale, and Dyer's Letter.[1] The boy brought the ale in an instant; but said, they did not take in the Letter. "No!" says Sir Harry: "then take back your mug; we are like indeed to have good liquor at this house." Here the Templar tipped me a second wink, and if I had not looked very grave upon him, I found he was disposed to be very familiar with me. In short, I observed after a long pause, that the gentlemen did not care to enter upon business till after their morning draught, for which reason I called for a bottle of mum[2]; and finding that had no effect upon them, I ordered a second, and a third: after which, Sir Harry reached over to me, and told me in a low voice, that the place was too public for business; but he would call upon me again to-morrow morning at my own lodgings, and bring some more friends with him.

Will's Coffee-house, October 26.

Though this place is frequented by a more mixed company than it used to be formerly, yet you meet very often some whom one cannot leave without being the better for their conversation. A gentleman this evening, in a dictating manner, talked I thought very pleasingly in praise of modesty, in the midst of ten or twelve libertines, upon whom it seemed to have had a good effect. He represented it as the certain indication of a great and noble spirit. "Modesty," said he, "is the virtue which makes men prefer the public to their private interest, the guide of every honest undertaking, and the great guardian of innocence; it makes men amiable to their friends, and respected by their

[1] See No. 18.

[2] A thick ale, brewed from wheat. *Cf.* "Dunciad," ii. 385.

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very enemies. In all places, and on all occasions, it attracts benevolence, and demands approbation. One might give instances out of antiquity[1] of the irresistible force of this quality in great minds: Cicereius, and Cneius Scipio, the son of the great Africanus, were competitors for the office of prætor. The crowd followed Cicereius, and left Scipio unattended. Cicereius saw this with much concern, and desiring an audience of the people, he descended from the place where the candidates were to sit, in the eye of the multitude, pleaded for his adversary, and with an ingenuous modesty (which it is impossible to feign) represented to them, how much it was to their dishonour, that a virtuous son of Africanus should not be preferred to him, or any other man whatsoever. This immediately gained the election for Scipio; but all the compliments and congratulations upon it were made to Cicereius. It is easier in this case to say who had the office, than the honour. There is no occurrence in life where this quality is not more ornamental than any other. After the battle of Pharsalia, Pompey marching towards Larissus, the whole people of that place came out in procession to do him honour. He thanked the magistrates for their respect to him; but desired them to perform these ceremonies to the conqueror. This gallant submission to his fortune, and disdain of making any appearance but like Pompey, was owing to his modesty, which would not permit him to be so disingenuous as to give himself the air of prosperity, when he was in the contrary condition. This I say of modesty, as it is the virtue which preserves a decorum in the general course of our life; but considering it also as it regards our mere bodies, it is the certain character

[1] See Valerius Maximus, iv. 5.

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of a great mind. It is memorable of the mighty Cæsar, that when he was murdered in the Capitol, at the very moment in which he expired, he gathered his robe about him, that he might fall in a decent posture. In this manner (says my author) he went off, not like a man that departed out of life, but a deity that returned to his abode.

No. 87.

[STEELE.

From *Thursday*, *Oct.* 27, to *Saturday*, *Oct.* 29, 1709.

Will's Coffee-house, *October* 28.

There is nothing which I contemplate with greater pleasure than the dignity of human nature, which often shows itself in all conditions of life: for notwithstanding the degeneracy and meanness that is crept into it, there are a thousand occasions in which it breaks through its original corruption, and shows what it once was, and what it will be hereafter. I consider the soul of man as the ruin of a glorious pile of building; where, amidst great heaps of rubbish, you meet with noble fragments of sculpture, broken pillars and obelisks, and a magnificence in confusion. Virtue and wisdom are continually employed in clearing the ruins, removing these disorderly heaps, recovering the noble pieces that lie buried under them, and adjusting them as well as possible according to their ancient symmetry and beauty. A happy education, conversation with the finest spirits, looking abroad into the works of nature, and observations upon mankind, are the great assistances to this necessary and glorious work. But even among those who have never had the happiness of any of these

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advantages, there are sometimes such exertions of the greatness that is natural to the mind of man, as show capacities and abilities, which only want these accidental helps to fetch them out, and show them in a proper light. A plebeian soul is still the ruin of this glorious edifice, though encumbered with all its rubbish. This reflection rose in me from a letter which my servant dropped as he was dressing me, and which he told me was communicated to him, as he is an acquaintance of some of the persons mentioned in it. The epistle is from one Sergeant Hall of the Foot Guards. It is directed to Sergeant Cabe, in the Coldstream Regiment of Foot Guards,[1] at the Red Lettice[2] in the Butcher Row,[3] near Temple Bar.

I was so pleased with several touches in it, that I could not forbear showing it to a cluster of critics, who,

[1] This had been Steele's own regiment.

[2] In the address of Sergeant Hall's letter the Red Lettice is spelt according to the original, but this is a corruption of Red Lattice; it signifies a chequered or reticulated window of this colour, no uncommon sign of a public-house. A house with a red lattice is mentioned in "The Glass of Government," a tragi-comedy by Geo. Gascoigne, 1575.

The Chequers, at the date of this paper a very common sign of a public-house, was the representation of a kind of draught-board called "tables," signifying that that game might be played there. From their colour, which was red, and their similarity to a lattice, it was corruptly called the Red Lattice, which word is frequently used by ancient writers to signify an ale-house (Nichols). Mr. Dobson points out that Falstaff speaks of "red-lattice phrases" ("Merry Wives of Windsor," Act ii. sc. 2.), and Staunton says, "Ale-houses in old times were distinguished by *red lattices*, as dairies have since been by *green* ones."

[3] A narrow street between the back side of St. Clement's and Shipyard, in the Strand. There were butchers' shambles on the south side, and a market for meat, poultry, fish, &c. The Row was pulled down in 1813.

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instead of considering it in the light I have done, examined it by the rules of epistolary writing: for as these gentlemen are seldom men of any great genius, they work altogether by mechanical rules, and are able to discover no beauties that are not pointed out by Bouhours and Rapin.[1] The letter is as follows:

From the Camp before Mons,

"COMRADE, *September* 26.

"I received yours, and am glad yourself and your wife are in good health, with all the rest of my friends. Our battalion suffered more than I could wish in the action;[2] but who can withstand Fate? Poor Richard Stephenson had his fate with a great many more: he was killed dead before we entered the trenches. We had above 200 of our battalion killed and wounded: we lost 10 sergeants; 6 are as followeth: Jennings, Castles, Roach, Sherring, Meyrick, and my son Smith. The rest are not your acquaintance. I have received a very bad shot in my head myself, but am in hopes, and please God, I shall recover. I continue in the field, and lie at my colonel's quarters. Arthur is very well; but I can give you no account of Elms; he was in the hospital before I came into the field. I will not pretend to give you an account of the battle, knowing you have a better in the prints. Pray give my service to Mrs. Cook and her daughter, to Mr. Stoffet and his wife, and to Mr. Lyver, and Thomas Hogsdon, and to Mr. Ragdell, and to all my friends and acquaintance in general who do ask after me. My love to Mrs. Stephenson:

[1] Dominic Bouhours (1628–1702) and Nicholas Rapin (1535–1608), French critics.

[2] The bloody battle of Malplaquet, September 11, 1709.

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I am sorry for the sending such ill news. Her husband was gathering a little money together to send to his wife, and put it into my hands. I have seven shillings and threepence, which I shall take care to send her. Wishing your wife a safe delivery, and both of you all happiness, rest

"Your assured Friend
and Comrade,
"JOHN HALL."

"We had but an indifferent breakfast, but the mounseers never had such a dinner in all their lives.

"My kind love to my comrade Hinton, and Mrs. Morgan, and to John Brown and his wife. I sent two shillings, and Stephenson sixpence, to drink with you at Mr. Cook's; but I have heard nothing from him. It was by Mr. Edgar.

"Corporal Hartwell desires to be remembered to you, and desires you to inquire of Edgar, what is become of his wife Peg; and when you write, to send word in your letter what trade she drives.

"We have here very bad weather, which I doubt will be a hindrance to the siege;[1] but I am in hopes we shall be masters of the town in a little time, and then I believe we shall go to garrison."

I saw the critics prepared to nibble at my letter; therefore examined it myself, partly in their way, and partly my own. "This is," said I, "truly a letter, and an honest representation of that cheerful heart which accompanies the poor soldier in his warfare. Is not there in this all the topic of submitting to our destiny as well discussed as if a greater man had been placed, like Brutus, in his tent at midnight, reflecting on all the occurrences of

[1] Mons was taken on October 21.

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past life, and saying fine things on "being" itself? What Sergeant Hall knows of the matter, is, that he wishes there had not been so many killed, and he had himself a very bad shot in the head, and should recover if it pleased God. But be that as it will, he takes care, like a man of honour, as he certainly is, to let the widow Stephenson know, that he had seven and threepence for her; and that if he lives, he is sure he shall go into garrison at last. I doubt not but all the good company at the Red Lettice drank his health with as much real esteem as we do any of our friends. All that I am concerned for, is, that Mrs. Peggy Hartwell may be offended at showing this letter, because her conduct in Mr. Hartwell's absence is a little inquired into. But I could not sink that circumstance, because you critics would have lost one of the parts which I doubt not but you have much to say upon, whether the familiar way is well hit in this style or not? As for myself, I take a very particular satisfaction in seeing any letter that is fit only for those to read who are concerned in it, but especially on such a subject: for if we consider the heap of an army, utterly out of all prospect of rising and preferment, as they certainly are, and such great things executed by them, it is hard to account for the motive of their gallantry. But to me, who was a cadet at the battle of Coldstream, in Scotland, when Monck charged at the head of the regiment, now called Coldstream from the victory of that day;[1] (I remember it as well as if it were yesterday) I stood on the left of old West, who I believe is now at Chelsea: I say,

[1] On January 1, 1660, General Monck quitted his headquarters at Coldstream, to restore the monarchy. As Gumble puts it in his "Life of Monck," "This town hath given title to a small company of men whom God made the instruments of great things." See Mackinnon's "Origin and Services of the Coldstream Guards" (1833).

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to me, who know very well this part of mankind, I take the gallantry of private soldiers to proceed from the same, if not from a nobler, impulse than that of gentlemen and officers. They have the same taste of being acceptable to their friends, and go through the difficulties of that profession by the same irresistible charm of fellowship, and the communication of joys and sorrows, which quickens the relish of pleasure, and abates the anguish of pain. Add to this, that they have the same regard to fame, though they do not expect so great a share as men above them hope for; but I will engage, Sergeant Hall would die ten thousand deaths, rather than a word should be spoken at the Red Lettice, or any part of the Butcher Row, in prejudice to his courage or honesty. If you will have my opinion then of the sergeant's letter, I pronounce the style to be mixed, but truly epistolary; the sentiment relating to his own wound, is in the sublime; the postscript of Peg Hartwell, in the gay; and the whole, the picture of the bravest sort of men, that is to say, a man of great courage and small hopes.

From my own Apartment, October 28.

When I came home this evening, I found, after many attempts to vary my thoughts, that my head still ran upon the subject of the discourse to-night at Will's. I fell therefore into the amusement of proportioning the glory of a battle among the whole army, and dividing it into shares, according to the method of the Million Lottery.[1] In this bank of fame, by an exact calculation,

[1] The first of a long series of Government lotteries was started in 1709. There were 150,000 tickets at £10 each, making £1,500,000. Three thousand seven hundred and fifty tickets were prizes from £1000 to £5 a year for thirty-two years. There was a great demand for the tickets. See No. 124, and the *Spectator*, No. 191.

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and the rules of political arithmetic, I have allotted ten hundred thousand shares; five hundred thousand of which is the due of the general, two hundred thousand I assign to the general officers, and two hundred thousand more to all the commissioned officers, from colonels to ensigns; the remaining hundred thousand must be distributed among the non-commissioned officers and private men: according to which computation, I find Sergeant Hall is to have one share and a fraction of two-fifths. When I was a boy at Oxford, there was among the antiquities near the theatre a great stone, on which were engraven the names of all who fell in the battle of Marathon. The generous and knowing people of Athens understood the force of the desire of glory, and would not let the meanest soldier perish in oblivion. Were the natural impulse of the British animated with such monuments, what man would be so mean as not to hazard his life for his ten-hundred-thousandth part of the honour in such a day as that of Blenheim or Blaregnies?

No. 88.

[STEELE.

From *Saturday*, *Oct.* 29, to *Tuesday*, *Nov.* 1, 1709.

White's Chocolate-house, *October* 31.

I have lately received a letter from a friend in the country, wherein he acquaints me, that two or three men of the town are got among them, and have brought down particular words and phrases which were never before in those parts. He mentions in particular the words "gunner" and "gunster," which my correspondent observes they make use of when anything has been related that is strange and surprising; and therefore

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desires I would explain those terms, as I have many others, for the information of such as live at a distance from this town and court, which he calls the great mints of language. His letter is dated from York; and (if he tells me truth) a word in its ordinary circulation does not reach that city within the space of five years after it is first stamped. I cannot say how long these words have been current in town, but I shall now take care to send them down by the next post.

I must in the first place observe, that the words "gunner" and "gunster" are not to be used promiscuously; for a gunner, properly speaking, is not a gunster: nor is a gunster, *vice versâ*, a gunner. They both indeed are derived from the word "gun," and so far they agree. But as a gun is remarkable for its destroying at a distance, or for the report it makes, which is apt to startle all its hearers, those who recount strange accidents and circumstances, which have no manner of foundation in truth, when they design to do mischief are comprehended under the appellation of gunners; but when they endeavour only to surprise and entertain, they are distinguished by the name of gunsters. Gunners therefore are the pest of society; but the gunsters often the diversion. The gunner is destructive, and hated; the gunster innocent, and laughed at. The first is prejudicial to others, the other only to himself.

This being premised, I must in the next place subdivide the gunner into several branches: all or the chief of which are I think as follow:

First, the Bombardier.
Secondly, the Miner.
Thirdly, the Squib.
Fourthly, the Serpent.

And first, of the first. The bombardier tosses his balls

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sometimes into the midst of a city, with a design to fill all around him with terror and combustion. He has been sometimes known to drop a bomb in a Senate-house, and to scatter a panic over a nation. But his chief aim is at several eminent stations, which he looks upon as the fairest marks, and uses all his skill to do execution upon those who possess them. Every man so situated, let his merit be never so great, is sure to undergo a bombardment. It is further observed, that the only way to be out of danger from the bursting of a bomb, is to lie prostrate on the ground; a posture too abject for generous spirits.

Secondly, the Miner.

As the bombardier levels his mischief at nations and cities, the miner busies himself in ruining and overturning private houses and particular persons. He often acts as a spy, in discovering the secret avenues and unguarded accesses of families, where, after he has made his proper discoveries and dispositions, he sets sudden fire to his train, that blows up families, scatters friends, separates lovers, disperses kindred, and shakes a whole neighbourhood.

It is to be noted, that several females are great proficients in this way of engineering. The marks by which they are to be known, are a wonderful solicitude for the reputation of their friends, and a more than ordinary concern for the good of their neighbours. There is also in them something so very like religion as may deceive the vulgar; but if you look upon it very nearly, you see on it such a cast of censoriousness, as discovers it to be nothing but hypocrisy. Cleomilla is a great instance of a female miner; but as my design is to expose only the incorrigible, let her be silent for the future, and I shall be so too.

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Thirdly, the Squib.

The squibs are those who in the common phrase of the world are called libellers, lampooners, and pamphleteers. Their fireworks are made up in paper; and it is observed, that they mix abundance of charcoal in their powder, that they may be sure to blacken where they cannot singe. These are observed to give a consternation and disturbance only to weak minds; which, according to the proverb, are always more afraid than hurt.

Fourthly, Serpents.

The serpents are a petty kind of gunners, more pernicious than any of the rest. They make use of a sort of white powder, that goes off without any violent crack, but gives a gentle sound, much like that of a whisper; and is more destructive in all parts of life than any of the materials made use of by any of the fraternity.

Come we now to the Gunsters.

This race of engineers deals altogether in wind-guns,[1] which, by recoiling often, knock down those who discharge them, without hurting anybody else; and according to the various compressions of the air, make such strange squeaks, cracks, pops, and bounces, as it is

[1] In the *Postman* for August 19, 1702, the person mentioned in Dr. Burnet's Travels from Basel, in Switzerland, advertises his arrival, and his having brought several sorts of wind-guns and horse-pistols, made for the late K. William, to be shown at the price of sixpence apiece; but he hopes the nobility will be induced to give more, as he has some curiosities besides, not mentioned.

"There is in Basel a gunsmith that maketh wind-guns, and he showed me one, that as it received at once air for ten shot, so it had this peculiar to it, which he pretends is his own invention, that he can discharge all the air that can be parcelled out in ten shot at once, to give a home blow. I confess those are terrible instruments, and it seems the interest of mankind to forbid them quite." (Burnet's "Letters," &c., 1687, page 236, quoted by Nichols.)

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impossible to hear without laughing. It is observable, however, that there is a disposition in a gunster to become a gunner; and though their proper instruments are only loaded with wind, they often, out of wantonness, fire a bomb, or spring a mine, out of their natural inclination to engineering; by which means they do mischief when they don't design it, and have their bones broken when they don't deserve it.

This sort of engineers are the most unaccountable race of men in the world: some of them have received above a hundred wounds, and yet have not a scar in their bodies; some have debauched multitudes of women who have died maids. You may be with them from morning till night, and the next day they shall tell you a thousand adventures that happened when you were with them, which you know nothing of. They have a quality of having been present at everything they hear related; and never heard a man commended who was not their intimate acquaintance, if not their kinsman.

I hope these notes may serve as a rough draught for a new establishment of engineers, which I shall hereafter fill up with proper persons, according to my own observations on their conduct, having already had one recommended to me for the general of my artillery. But that, and all the other posts, I intend to keep open, till I can inform myself of the candidates, having resolved in this case to depend no more upon their friend's word than I would upon their own.

From my own Apartment, October 31.[1]

I was this morning awakened by a sudden shake of the house; and as soon as I had got a little out of my consternation, I felt another, which was followed by two

[1] This article is by Addison.

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or three repetitions of the same convulsion. I got up as fast as possible, girt on my rapier, and snatched up my hat, when my landlady came up to me, and told me, that the gentlewoman of the next house begged me to step thither; for that a lodger she had taken in was run mad, and she desired my advice; as indeed everybody in the whole lane does upon important occasions. I am not like some artists, saucy because I can be beneficial, but went immediately. Our neighbour told us, she had the day before let her second floor to a very genteel youngish man, who told her, he kept extraordinary good hours, and was generally at home most part of the morning and evening at study; but that this morning he had for an hour together made this extravagant noise which we then heard. I went upstairs with my hand upon the hilt of my rapier, and approached this new lodger's door. I looked in at the key-hole, and there I saw a well-made man look with great attention on a book, and on a sudden, jump into the air so high, that his head almost touched the ceiling. He came down safe on his right foot, and again flew up, alighting on his left; then looked again at his book, and holding out his right leg, put it into such a quivering motion, that I thought he would have shaken it off. He used the left after the same manner, when on a sudden, to my great surprise, he stooped himself incredibly low, and turned gently on his toes. After this circular motion, he continued bent in that humble posture for some time, looking on his book. After this, he recovered himself with a sudden spring, and flew round the room in all the violence and disorder imaginable, till he made a full pause for want of breath. In this interim my woman asked what I thought: I whispered, that I thought this learned person an enthusiast, who possibly

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had his first education in the peripatetic way, which was a sect of philosophers who always studied when walking. But observing him much out of breath, I thought it the best time to master him if he were disordered, and knocked at his door. I was surprised to find him open it, and say with great civility and good mien, that he hoped he had not disturbed us. I believed him in a lucid interval, and desired he would please to let me see his book. He did so, smiling. I could not make anything of it, and therefore asked in what language it was written. He said, it was one he studied with great application; but it was his profession to teach it, and could not communicate his knowledge without a consideration. I answered, that I hoped he would hereafter keep his thoughts to himself; for his meditation this morning had cost me three coffee-dishes and a clean pipe. He seemed concerned at that, and told me, he was a dancing-master, and had been reading a dance or two before he went out, which had been written by one who taught at an academy in France.[1] He observed me at a stand, and went on to inform me, that now articulate motions, as well as sounds, were expressed by proper characters, and that there is nothing so common as to communicate a dance by a letter. I besought him hereafter to meditate in a ground room, for that otherwise it would be impossible for an artist of any other kind to live near him; and that I was sure, several of his

[1] Thoinet Arbeau, a dancing-master at Paris, who was the inventor of the art of writing dances in characters, called orchesography. Music, about the year 1709, was generally printed in most countries, as well as in England, on letterpress types. Engravings on copperplates were used almost eighty years before in Italy, and the music of many single songs was engraved here about the year 1700, by one Thomas Cross. (See Hawkins's "History of Music," 1776, ii. 132–133, v. 107.)

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thoughts this morning would have shaken my spectacles off my nose, had I been myself at study.

I then took my leave of this virtuoso, and returned to my chamber, meditating on the various occupations of rational creatures.

No. 89.

[STEELE.

From *Tuesday, Nov.* 1, to *Thursday, Nov.* 3, 1709.

Rura mihi placeant, riguique in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem sylvasque inglorius.
VIRG., Georg. ii. 485.

Grecian Coffee-house, Nov. 2.

I have received this short epistle from an unknown hand:[1]

"SIR,

"I have no more to trouble you with, than to desire you would in your next help me to some answer to the enclosed concerning yourself. In the meantime I congratulate you upon the increase of your fame, which you see has extended itself beyond the bills of mortality.

"'SIR,

"'That the country is barren of news, has been the excuse time out of mind for dropping a correspondence with our friends in London; as if it were impossible out of a coffee-house to write an agreeable letter. I am too ingenuous to endeavour at the covering of my negligence with so common an excuse. Doubtless, amongst friends bred as we have been, to the knowledge

[1] See No. 112.

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of books as well as men, a letter dated from a garden, a grotto, a fountain, a wood, a meadow, or the banks of a river, may be more entertaining than one from Tom's,[1] Will's, White's, or St. James's. I promise therefore to be frequent for the future in my rural dates to you: but for fear you should, from what I have said, be induced to believe I shun the commerce of men, I must inform you, that there is a fresh topic of discourse lately risen amongst the ingenious in our part of the world, and is become the more fashionable for the ladies giving into it. This we owe to Isaac Bickerstaff, who is very much censured by some, and as much justified by others. Some criticise his style, his humour, and his matter; others admire the whole man: some pretend, from the informations of their friends in town, to decipher the author; and others confess they are lost in their guesses. For my part, I must own myself a professed admirer of the paper, and desire you to send me a complete set, together with your thoughts of the squire and his lucubrations.'"

There is no pleasure like that of receiving praise from the praiseworthy; and I own it a very solid happiness, that these my lucubrations are approved by a person of so fine a taste as the author of this letter, who is capable of enjoying the world in the simplicity of its natural beauties. This pastoral letter, if I may so call it, must be written by a man who carries his entertainment wherever he goes, and is undoubtedly one of those happy

[1] Tom's Coffee-house, in Russell Street, opposite Button's, was named after the landlord, Captain Thomas West. Macky ("A Journey through England," 1722, i. 172) says, "After the play the best company generally go to Tom's and Will's Coffee-houses, near adjoining, where there is playing at piquet, and the best of conversation till midnight. Here you will see blue and green ribbons and stars sitting familiarly."

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men who appear far otherwise to the vulgar. I daresay, he is not envied by the vicious, the vain, the frolic, and the loud; but is continually blessed with that strong and serious delight which flows from a well-taught and liberal mind. With great respect to country sports, I may say, this gentleman could pass his time agreeably if there were not a hare or a fox in his county. That calm and elegant satisfaction which the vulgar call melancholy, is the true and proper delight of men of knowledge and virtue. What we take for diversion, which is a kind of forgetting ourselves, is but a mean way of entertainment, in comparison of that which is considering, knowing, and enjoying ourselves. The pleasures of ordinary people are in their passions; but the seat of this delight is in the reason and understanding. Such a frame of mind raises that sweet enthusiasm which warms the imagination at the sight of every work of nature, and turns all around you into picture and landscape. I shall be ever proud of advices from this gentleman; for I profess writing news from the learned as well as the busy world.

As for my labours, which he is pleased to inquire after, if they can but wear one impertinence out of human life, destroy a single vice, or give a morning's cheerfulness to an honest mind; in short, if the world can be but one virtue the better, or in any degree less vicious, or receive from them the smallest addition to their innocent diversions, I shall not think my pains, or indeed my life, to have been spent in vain.

Thus far as to my studies. It will be expected I should in the next place give some account of my life. I shall therefore, for the satisfaction of the present age, and the benefit of posterity, present the world with the following abridgment of it.

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It is remarkable, that I was bred by hand, and ate nothing but milk till I was a twelvemonth old; from which time, to the eighth year of my age, I was observed to delight in pudding and potatoes; and indeed I retain a benevolence for that sort of food to this day. I do not remember that I distinguished myself in anything at those years, but by my great skill at taw, for which I was so barbarously used, that it has ever since given me an aversion to gaming. In my twelfth year, I suffered very much for two or three false concords. At fifteen, I was sent to the university, and stayed there for some time; but a drum passing by (being a lover of music), I listed myself for a soldier.[1] As years came on, I began to examine things, and grew discontented at the times. This made me quit the sword, and take to the study of the occult sciences, in which I was so wrapped up, that Oliver Cromwell had been buried, and taken up again, five years before I heard he was dead. This gave me first the reputation of a conjurer, which has been of great disadvantage to me ever since, and kept me out of all public employments. The greater part of my later years has been divided between Dick's Coffee-house, the Trumpet in Sheer Lane, and my own lodgings.

From my own Apartment, Nov. 2.

The evil of unseasonable visits has been complained of to me with much vehemence by persons of both sexes; and I am desired to consider this very important circumstance, that men may know how to regulate their conduct in an affair which concerns no less than life itself. For to a rational creature, it is almost the same cruelty to attack his life, by robbing him of so many moments of his time, or so many drops of his blood. The author of

[1] Here and elsewhere Steele describes his own life.

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the following letter has a just delicacy on this point, and has put it into a very good light.

"Mr. BICKERSTAFF, *Oct.* 29.

I am very much afflicted with the gravel, which makes me sick and peevish. I desire to know of you, if it be reasonable that any of my acquaintance should take advantage over me at this time, and afflict me with long visits, because they are idle, and I am confined. Pray, sir, reform the town in this matter. Men never consider whether the sick person be disposed for company, but make their visits to humour themselves. You may talk upon this topic, so as to oblige all persons afflicted with chronic distempers, among which I reckon visits. Don't think me a sour man, for I love conversation and my friends; but I think one's most intimate friend may be too familiar, and that there are such things as unseasonable wit and painful mirth."

It is with some so hard a thing to employ their time, that it is a great good fortune when they have a friend indisposed, that they may be punctual in perplexing him, when he is recovered enough to be in that state which cannot be called sickness or health; when he is too well to deny company, and too ill to receive them. It is no uncommon case, if a man is of any figure or power in the world, to be congratulated into a relapse.

Will's Coffee-house, Nov. 2.

I was very well pleased this evening to hear a gentleman express a very becoming indignation against a practice which I myself have been very much offended at. "There is nothing," said he, "more ridiculous than for an actor to insert words of his own in the part he is to act, so that it is impossible to see the poet for the player: you will

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have Pinkethman and Bullock helping out Beaumont and Fletcher. It puts me in mind," continued he, "of a collection of antique statues which I once saw in a gentleman's possession, who employed a neighbouring stone-cutter to add noses, ears, arms, or legs, to the maimed works of Phidias or Praxiteles. You may be sure this addition disfigured the statues much more than time had. I remember a Venus that, by the nose he had given her, looked like Mother Shipton; and a Mercury with a pair of legs that seemed very much swelled with a dropsy."

I thought the gentleman's observations very proper; and he told me, I had improved his thought, in mentioning on this occasion those wise commentators who had filled up the hemistichs of Virgil;[1] particularly that notable poet, who, to make the "Æneid" more perfect, carried on the story to Lavinia's wedding.[2] If the proper officer will not condescend to take notice of these absurdities, I shall myself, as a censor of the people, animadvert upon such proceedings.

No. 90.

[STEELE.

From *Thursday, Nov.* 3, to *Saturday, Nov.* 5, 1709.

——Amoto quæramus seria ludo.—HOR., 1 Sat. i. 27.

Will's Coffee-house, Nov. 4.

The passion of love happened to be the subject of discourse between two or three of us at the table of the poets this evening; and among other observations,

[1] This was done by Joannes des Peyrareda, a gentleman of Aquitaine.

[2] Mapheus Vegius, of Lodi (1407–1458), added a thirteenth book to the "Æneid," with an account of the marriage of Æneas and Lavinia.

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it was remarked, that the same sentiment on this passion had run through all languages and nations. Menmius, who has a very good taste, fell into a little sort of dissertation on this occasion. "It is," said he, "remarkable, that no passion has been treated by all who have touched upon it with the same bent of design but this. The poets, the moralists, the painters, in all their descriptions, allegories, and pictures, have represented it as a soft torment, a bitter sweet, a pleasing pain, or an agreeable distress, and have only expressed the same thought in a different manner. The[1] joining of pleasure and pain together in such devices, seems to me the only pointed thought I ever read which is natural; and it must have proceeded from its being the universal sense and experience of mankind, that they have all spoken of it in the same manner. I have in my own reading remarked a hundred and three epigrams, fifty odes, and ninety-one sentences tending to this sole purpose. It is certain, there is no other passion which does produce such contrary effects in so great a degree: but this may be said for love, that if you strike it out of the soul, life would be insipid, and our being but half animated. Human nature would sink into deadness and lethargy, if not quickened with some active principle; and as for all others, whether ambition, envy, or avarice, which are apt to possess the mind in the absence of this passion, it must be allowed that they have greater pains, without the compensation of such exquisite pleasures as those we find in love. The great skill is to heighten the satisfactions, and deaden the sorrows of it, which has been the end of many of my labours, and shall continue to be so for the service of the world in general, and in particular of the fair sex who are always the best or the worst part

[1] The remainder of this article from Will's is by Addison.

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of it. It is pity that a passion which has in it a capacity of making life happy, should not be cultivated to the utmost advantage. Reason, prudence, and good-nature, rightly applied, can thoroughly accomplish this great end, provided they have always a real and constant love to work upon. But this subject I shall treat more at large in the history of my married sister; and in the mean-time, shall conclude my reflection on the pains and pleasures which attend this passion with one of the finest allegories which I think I have ever read. It is invented by the divine Plato, and to show the opinion he himself had of it, ascribed by him to his admired Socrates, whom he represents as discoursing with his friends, and giving the history of love in the following manner:

"At the birth of Beauty," says he, "there was a great feast made, and many guests invited: among the rest was the god Plenty, who was the son of the goddess Prudence, and inherited many of his mother's virtues. After a full entertainment, he retired into the garden of Jupiter, which was hung with a great variety of ambrosial fruits, and seems to have been a very proper retreat for such a guest. In the meantime an unhappy female, called Poverty, having heard of this great feast, repaired to it in hopes of finding relief. The first place she lights upon was Jupiter's garden, which generally stands open to people of all conditions. Poverty enters, and by chance finds the god Plenty asleep in it. She was immediately fired with his charms, laid herself down by his side, and managed matters so well that she conceived a child by him. The world was very much in suspense upon the occasion, and could not imagine to themselves what would be the nature of an infant that was to have its original from two such parents. At the last, the child appears; and who should it be but Love. This infant

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grew up, and proved in all his behaviour what he really was, a compound of opposite beings. As he is the son of Plenty (who was the offspring of Prudence), he is subtle, intriguing, full of stratagems and devices; as the son of Poverty, he is fawning, begging, serenading, delighting to lie at a threshold or beneath a window. By the father, he is audacious, full of hopes, conscious of merit, and therefore quick of resentment: by the mother, he is doubtful, timorous, mean-spirited, fearful of offending, and abject in submissions. In the same hour you may see him transported with raptures, talking of immortal pleasures, and appearing satisfied as a god; and immediately after, as the mortal mother prevails in his composition, you behold him pining, languishing, despairing, dying."

I have been always wonderfully delighted with fables, allegories, and the like inventions, which the politest and the best instructors of mankind have always made use of: they take off from the severity of instruction, and enforce it at the same time that they conceal it. The supposing Love to be conceived immediately after the birth of Beauty, the parentage of Plenty, and the inconsistency of this passion with itself so naturally derived to it, are great master-strokes in this fable; and if they fell into good hands, might furnish out a more pleasing canto than any in Spenser.

From my own Apartment, Nov. 4.

I came home this evening in a very pensive mood; and to divert me, took up a volume of Shakespeare, where I chanced to cast my eye upon a part in the tragedy of "Richard the Third," which filled my mind with a very agreeable horror. It was the scene in which that bold

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but wicked prince is represented as sleeping in his tent the night before the battle in which he fell. The poet takes that occasion to set before him in a vision a terrible assembly of apparitions, the ghosts of all those innocent persons whom he is said to have murdered. Prince Edward, Henry VI., the Duke of Clarence, Rivers, Gray, and Vaughan, Lord Hastings, the two young princes, sons to Edward IV., his own wife, and the Duke of Buckingham rise up in their blood before him, beginning their speeches with that dreadful salutation, "Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow;" and concluding with that dismal sentence, "Despair and die." This inspires the tyrant with a dream of his past guilt, and of the approaching vengeance. He anticipates the fatal day of Bosworth, fancies himself dismounted, weltering in his own blood; and in the agonies of despair (before he is thoroughly awake), starts up with the following speech:

Give me another horse—Bind up my wounds!
Have mercy, Jesu—Soft, I did but dream.
O coward Conscience! How dost thou afflict me?
The lights burn blue! Is it not dead midnight?
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh;
What do I fear? Myself! &c.[1]

A scene written with so great strength of imagination indisposed me from further reading, and threw me into a deep contemplation. I began to reflect upon the different ends of good and bad kings; and as this was the birthday of our late renowned monarch,[2] I could not forbear thinking on the departure of that excellent prince, whose life was crowned with glory, and his death with peace. I let my mind go so far into this thought, as to imagine to myself, what might have been the

[1] "King Richard the Third," Act v. sc. 3.
[2] William III.

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vision of his departing slumbers. He might have seen confederate kings applauding him in different languages, slaves that had been bound in fetters lifting up their hands and blessing him, and the persecuted in their several forms of worship imploring comfort on his last moments. The reflection upon this excellent prince's mortality had been a very melancholy entertainment to me, had I not been relieved by the consideration of the glorious reign which succeeds it.

We now see as great a virtue as ever was on the British throne, surrounded with all the beauty of success. Our nation may not only boast of a long series of great, regular, and well-laid designs, but also of triumphs and victories; while we have the happiness to see our sovereign exercise that true policy which tends to make a kingdom great and happy, and at the same time enjoy the good and glorious effect of it.

No. 91. [STEELE.

From *Saturday, Nov.* 5, to *Tuesday, Nov.* 8, 1709.

From my own Apartment, Nov. 7.

I was very much surprised this evening with a visit from one of the top toasts of the town, who came privately in a chair, and bolted into my room, while I was reading a chapter of Agrippa upon the occult sciences; but as she entered with all the air and bloom that nature ever bestowed on woman, I threw down the conjurer, and met the charmer. I had no sooner placed her at my right hand by the fire, but she opened to me the reason of her visit. "Mr. Bickerstaff," said the fine creature, "I have been your correspondent some

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time, though I never saw you before; I have writ by the name of Maria.[1] You have told me you were too far gone in life to think of love; therefore I am answered as to the passion I spoke of, and," continued she, smiling, "I will not stay till you grow young again (as you men never fail to do in your dotage), but am come to consult you about disposing of myself to another. My person you see; my fortune is very considerable; but I am at present under much perplexity how to act in a great conjuncture. I have two lovers, Crassus and Lorio. Crassus is prodigiously rich, but has no one distinguishing quality; though at the same time he is not remarkable on the defective side. Lorio has travelled, is well bred, pleasant in discourse, discreet in his conduct, agreeable in his person; and with all this, he has a competency of fortune without superfluity. When I consider Lorio, my mind is filled with an idea of the great satisfactions of a pleasant conversation. When I think of Crassus, my equipage, numerous servants, gay liveries, and various dresses are opposed to the charms of his rival. In a word, when I cast my eyes upon Lorio, I forget and despise fortune; when I behold Crassus, I think only of pleasing my vanity, and enjoying an uncontrolled expense in all the pleasures of life, except love." She paused here. "Madam," said I, "I am confident you have not stated your case with sincerity, and that there is some secret pang which you have concealed from me: for I see by your aspect the generosity of your mind; and that open ingenuous air lets me know, that you have too great a sense of the generous passion of love, to prefer the ostentation of life in the arms of Crassus, to the entertainments and conveniences of it in the company of your beloved

[1] See No. 83.

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Lorio; for so he is indeed, madam. You speak his name with a different accent from the rest of your discourse: the idea his image raises in you, gives new life to your features, and new grace to your speech. Nay, blush not, madam, there is no dishonour in loving a man of merit: I assure you, I am grieved at this dallying with yourself, when you put another in competition with him, for no other reason but superior wealth." "To tell you then," said she, "the bottom of my heart, there's Clotilda lies by, and plants herself in the way of Crassus, and I am confident will snap him, if I refuse him. I cannot bear to think that she will shine above me. When our coaches meet, to see her chariot hung behind with four footmen, and mine with but two: hers, powdered, gay, and saucy, kept only for show; mine, a couple of careful rogues that are good for something: I own, I cannot bear that Clotilda should be in all the pride and wantonness of wealth, and I only in the ease and affluence of it." Here I interrupted: "Well, madam, now I see your whole affliction: you could be happy, but that you fear another would be happier; or rather, you could be solidly happy, but that another is to be happy in appearance. This is an evil which you must get over, or never know happiness. We will put the case, madam, that you married Crassus, and she Lorio." She answered, "Speak not of it—I could tear her eyes out at the mention of it." "Well, then, I pronounce Lorio to be the man: but I must tell you, that what we call settling in the world, is in a kind leaving it; and you must at once resolve to keep your thoughts of happiness within the reach of your fortune, and not measure it by comparison with others. But indeed, madam, when I behold that beauteous form of yours, and consider the generality of your sex, as to

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their disposal of themselves in marriage, or their parents doing it for them without their own approbation, I cannot but look upon all such matches as the most impudent prostitutions. Do but observe when you are at a play, the familiar wenches that sit laughing among the men. These appear detestable to you in the boxes: each of them would give up her person for a guinea; and some of you would take the worst there for life for twenty thousand. If so, how do you differ but in price? As to the circumstance of marriage, I take that to be hardly an alteration of the case; for wedlock is but a more solemn prostitution where there is not a union of minds. You would hardly believe it, but there have been designs even upon me. A neighbour in this very lane, who knows I have, by leading a very wary life, laid up a little money, had a great mind to marry me to his daughter. I was frequently invited to their table. The girl was always very pleasant and agreeable. After dinner, Miss Molly would be sure to fill my pipe for me, and put more sugar than ordinary into my coffee; for she was sure I was good-natured. If I chanced to hem, the mother would applaud my vigour; and has often said on that occasion, 'I wonder, Mr. Bickerstaff, you don't marry; I am sure you would have children.' Things went so far that my mistress presented me with a wrought nightcap and a laced band of her own working. I began to think of it in earnest; but one day, having an occasion to ride to Islington, as two or three people were lifting me upon my pad, I spied her at a convenient distance laughing at her lover, with a parcel of romps of her acquaintance: one of them, who I suppose had the same design upon me, told me she said, 'Do you see how briskly my old gentleman mounts?' This made me cut off my

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amour, and to reflect with myself, that no married life could be so unhappy, as where the wife proposes no other advantage from her husband, than that of making herself fine, and keeping her out of the dirt."

My fair client burst out a-laughing at the account I gave her of my escape, and went away seemingly convinced of the reasonableness of my discourse to her.

As soon as she was gone, my maid brought up the following epistle, which by the style and the description she gave of the person, I suppose was left by Nick Doubt. "Harkee," said he, "girl, tell old Basket-hilt, I would have him answer it by the first opportunity." What he says is this:

"ISAAC,

"You seem a very honest fellow; therefore pray tell me, did not you write that letter in praise of the squire and his lucubrations yourself?" &c.[1]

The greatest plague of coxcombs is, that they often break upon you with an impertinent piece of good sense, as this jackanapes has hit me in a right place enough. I must confess, I am as likely to play such a trick as another; but that letter he speaks of was really genuine. When I first set up, I thought it fair enough to let myself know from all parts that my works were wonderfully inquired for, and were become the diversion,

[1] In No. 58 of the *Female Tatler* Thomas Baker insinuated that Steele wrote the letter in No. 89 of the *Tatler* himself.

The following advertisement is subjoined to *The General Postscript*, No. 19 (Wednesday, November 9, 1709):

"Nick Doubt desires the public to take notice, that he did not bring that letter to Basket-hilt's maid, that begins, 'Isaac, you seem a very honest fellow;' and he's a double jackanapes that thinks he'd disturb the squire's 'lucubrations' with any such impertinent messages."

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as well as instruction, of all the choice spirits in every county of Great Britain. I do not doubt but the more intelligent of my readers found it, before this jackanapes (I can call him no better) took upon him to observe upon my style and my basket-hilt. A very pleasant gentleman of my acquaintance told me one day a story of this kind of falsehood and vanity in an author. Mævius showed him a paper of verses, which he said he had received that morning by the penny post from an unknown hand. My friend admired them extremely. "Sir," said he, "this must come from a man that is eminent: you see fire, life, and spirit run through the whole, and at the same time a correctness, which shows he is used to writing. Pray, Sir, read them over again." He begins again, title and all: "To Mævius on his incomparable poems." The second reading was performed with much more vehemence and action than the former; after which my friend fell into downright raptures. "Why, they are truly sublime! There is energy in this line! description in that! Why, it is the thing itself! This is perfect picture!" Mævius could bear no more; "but, faith," says he, "Ned, to tell you the plain truth, I writ them myself."

There goes just such another story of the same paternal tenderness in Bavius, an ingenious contemporary of mine, who had written several comedies, which were rejected by the players. This my friend Bavius took for envy, and therefore prevailed upon a gentleman to go with him to the play-house, and gave him a new play of his, desiring he would personate the author, and read it, to baffle the spite of the actors. The friend consented, and to reading they went. They had not gone over three similes before Roscius the player made the acting author stop, and desired to know, what he meant by such a rapture? and

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how it came to pass, that in this condition of the lover, instead of acting according to his circumstances, he spent his time in considering what his present state was like? "That is very true," says the mock-author, "I believe we had as good strike these lines out." "By your leave," says Mævius, "you shall not spoil your play, you are too modest; those very lines, for aught I know, are as good as any in your play, and they shall stand." Well, they go on, and the particle "and" stood unfortunately at the end of a verse, and was made to rhyme to the word "stand." This Roscius excepted against. The new poet gave up that too, and said, he would not dispute for a monosyllable— "For a monosyllable!" says the real author; "I can assure you, a monosyllable may be of as great force as a word of ten syllables. I tell you, sir, 'and' is the connection of the matter in that place; without that word, you may put all that follows into any other play as well as this. Besides, if you leave it out, it will look as if you had put it in only for the sake of the rhyme." Roscius persisted, assuring the gentleman, that it was impossible to speak it but the "and" must be lost; so it might as well be blotted out. Bavius snatched his play out of their hands, said they were both blockheads, and went off; repeating a couplet, because he would not make his exit irregularly. A witty man of these days compared this true and feigned poet to the contending mothers before Solomon: the true one was easily discovered from the pretender, by refusing to see his offspring dissected.

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No. 92.

[STEELE.

From *Tuesday, Nov.* 8, to *Thursday, Nov.* 10, 1709.

Falsus honor juvat, et mendax infamia terret
Quem nisi mendosum et mendacem ?
HOR., 1 Ep. xvi. 40.

White's Chocolate-house, Nov. 9.

I know no manner of speaking so offensive as that of giving praise, and closing it with an exception; which proceeds (where men do not do it to introduce malice, and make calumny more effectual) from the common error of considering man as a perfect creature. But if we rightly examine things, we shall find, that there is a sort of economy in Providence, that one shall excel where another is defective, in order to make men more useful to each other, and mix them in society. This man having this talent, and that man another, is as necessary in conversation, as one professing one trade, and another another, is beneficial in commerce. The happiest climate does not produce all things; and it was so ordered, that one part of the earth should want the product of another, for uniting mankind in a general correspondence and good understanding. It is therefore want of good sense as well as good nature, to say, Simplicius has a better judgment, but not so much wit, as Latius; for that these have not each other's capacities, is no more a diminution to either than if you should say, Simplicius is not Latius, or Latius not Simplicius. The heathen world had so little notion that perfection was to be expected amongst men, that among them any one quality or endowment in an heroic degree made a god. Hercules had strength; but it was never objected to him that he wanted wit. Apollo presided over wit, and it was never asked whether

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he had strength. We hear no exceptions against the beauty of Minerva, or the wisdom of Venus. These wise heathens were glad to immortalise any one serviceable gift, and overlook all imperfections in the person who had it; but with us it is far otherwise, for we reject many eminent virtues, if they are accompanied with one apparent weakness. The reflecting after this manner, made me account for the strange delight men take in reading lampoons and scandal, with which the age abounds, and of which I receive frequent complaints. Upon mature consideration, I find it is principally for this reason that the worst of mankind, the libellers, receive so much encouragement in the world. The low race of men take a secret pleasure in finding an eminent character levelled to their condition by a report of its defects, and keep themselves in countenance, though they are excelled in a thousand virtues, if they believe they have in common with a great person any one fault. The libeller falls in with this humour, and gratifies this baseness of temper, which is naturally an enemy to extraordinary merit. It is from this that libel and satire are promiscuously joined together in the notions of the vulgar, though the satirist and libeller differ as much as the magistrate and the murderer. In the consideration of human life, the satirist never falls upon persons who are not glaringly faulty, and the libeller on none but who are conspicuously commendable. Were I to expose any vice in a good or great man, it should certainly be by correcting it in some one where that crime was the most distinguishing part of the character; as pages are chastised for the admonition of princes.[1] When it is performed otherwise, the vicious

[1] The royal children were at one time punished by proxy. Burnet ("History of his Own Time," 1823, i. 102) gives an account of a whipping boy to King Charles I. (See also the *Spectator*, No. 313; and Hawkins's "History of Music," iii. 252.)

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are kept in credit by placing men of merit in the same accusation. But all the pasquils,[1] lampoons, and libels we meet with nowadays, are a sort of playing with the four-and-twenty letters, and throwing them into names and characters, without sense, truth, or wit. In this case, I am in great perplexity to know whom they mean, and should be in distress for those they abuse, if I did not see their judgment and ingenuity in those they commend. This is the true way of examining a libel; and when men consider, that no one man living thinks the better of their heroes and patrons for the panegyric given them, none can think themselves lessened by their invective. The hero or patron in a libel is but a scavenger to carry off the dirt, and by that very employment is the filthiest creature in the street. Dedications and panegyrics are frequently ridiculous, let them be addressed where they will; but at the front, or in the body of a libel, to commend a man, is saying to the persons applauded, "My Lord, or Sir, I have pulled down all men that the rest of the world think great and honourable, and here is a clear stage; you may as you please be valiant or wise; you may choose to be on the military or civil list; for there is no one brave who commands, or just who has power: you may rule the world now it is empty, which exploded you when it was full: I have knocked out the brains of all whom mankind thought good for anything; and I doubt not but you will reward that invention which found out the only expedient to make your Lordship, or your Worship, of any consideration."

Had I the honour to be in a libel, and had escaped the approbation of the author, I should look upon it exactly in this manner. But though it is a thing thus perfectly indifferent, who is exalted or debased in such

[1] Pasquinades.

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performances, yet it is not so with relation to the authors of them; therefore I shall, for the good of my country, hereafter take upon me to punish these wretches. What is already passed, may die away according to its nature, and continue in its present oblivion; but for the future, I shall take notice of such enemies to honour and virtue, and preserve them to immortal infamy. Their names shall give fresh offence many ages hence, and be detested a thousand years after the commission of their crime. It shall not avail, that these children of infamy publish their works under feigned names, or under none at all; for I am so perfectly well acquainted with the styles of all my contemporaries, that I shall not fail of doing them justice, with their proper names, and at their full length. Let therefore these miscreants enjoy their present act of oblivion, and take care how they offend hereafter. But to avert our eyes from such objects, it is methinks but requisite to settle our opinion in the case of praise and blame; and I believe, the only true way to cure that sensibility of reproach, which is a common weakness with the most virtuous men, is to fix their regard firmly upon only what is strictly true, in relation to their advantage, as well as diminution. For if I am pleased with commendation which I do not deserve, I shall from the same temper be concerned at scandal I do not deserve. But he that can think of false applause with as much contempt as false detraction, will certainly be prepared for all adventures, and will become all occasions. Undeserved praise can please only those who want merit, and undeserved reproach frighten only those who want sincerity.[1] I have thought of this with so much attention, that I fancy there can be no other method in nature found for the cure of that delicacy

[1] See Horace's lines prefixed to this paper.

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which gives good men pain under calumny, but placing satisfaction nowhere but in a just sense of their own integrity, without regard to the opinion of others. If we have not such a foundation as this, there is no help against scandal, but being in obscurity, which to noble minds is not being at all. The truth of it is, this love of praise dwells most in great and heroic spirits; and those who best deserve it have generally the most exquisite relish of it. Methinks I see the renowned Alexander, after a painful and laborious march, amidst the heats of a parched soil and a burning climate, sitting over the head of a fountain, and after a draught of water, pronounce that memorable saying, "O Athenians! how much do I suffer that you may speak well of me?" The Athenians were at that time the learned of the world, and their libels against Alexander were written as he was a professed enemy of their state: but how monstrous would such invectives have appeared in Macedonians?

As love of reputation is a darling passion in great men, so the defence of them in this particular is the business of every man of honour and honesty. We should run on such an occasion (as if a public building was on fire) to their relief; and all who spread or publish such detestable pieces as traduce their merit, should be used like incendiaries. It is the common cause of our country, to support the reputation of those who preserve it against invaders; and every man is attacked in the person of that neighbour who deserves well of him

From my own Apartment, Nov. 9.

The chat I had to-day at White's about fame and scandal, put me in mind of a person who has often written to me unregarded, and has a very moderate am-

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bition in this particular. His name it seems is Charles Lillie, and he recommends himself to my observation as one that sold snuff next door to the Fountain Tavern, in the Strand, and was burnt out when he began to have a reputation in his way.

"Mr. BICKERSTAFF,

"I suppose, through a hurry of business, you have either forgotten me, or lost my last of this nature; which was, to beg the favour of being advantageously exposed in your paper, chiefly for the reputation of snuff. Be pleased to pardon this trouble, from,

"Sir,

"Your very humble Servant,

"C. L.

"I am a perfumer, at the corner of Beauford Buildings, in the Strand."

This same Charles leaves it to me to say what I will of him, and I am not a little pleased with the ingenuous manner of his address. Taking snuff is what I have declared against; but as his Holiness the Pope allows whoring for the taxes raised by the ladies of pleasure, so I, to repair the loss of an unhappy trader, indulge all persons in that custom who buy of Charles. There is something so particular in the request of the man, that I shall send for him before me, and believe I shall find he has a genius for baubles: if so, I shall, for aught I know, at his shop, give licensed canes to those who are really lame, and tubes to those who are unfeignedly short-sighted; and forbid all others to vend the same.

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No. 93.

[STEELE and ADDISON.

From *Thursday, Nov.* 10, to *Saturday, Nov.* 12, 1709.

Will's Coffee-house, Nov. 11.

The French humour of writing epistles, and publishing their fulsome compliments to each other, is a thing I frequently complain of in this place. It is, methinks, from the prevalence of this silly custom that there is so little instruction in the conversation of our distant friends; for which reason, during the whole course of my life, I have desired my acquaintance, when they write to me, rather to say something which should make me wish myself with them, than make me compliments that they wished themselves with me. By this means, I have by me a collection of letters from most parts of the world, which are as naturally of the growth of the place as any herb, tree, or plant of the soil. This I take to be the proper use of an epistolary commerce. To desire to know how Damon goes on with his courtship to Silvia, or how the wine tastes at the Old Devil, are threadbare subjects, and cold treats, which our absent friends might have given us without going out of town for them. A friend of mine who went to travel, used me far otherwise; for he gave me a prospect of the place, or an account of the people, from every country through which he passed. Among others which I was looking over this evening, I am not a little delighted with this which follows:[1]

[1] This letter is by Addison.

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"DEAR SIR,

"I believe this is the first letter that was ever sent you from the middle region, where I am at this present writing. Not to keep you in suspense, it comes to you from the top of the highest mountain in Switzerland, where I am now shivering among the eternal frosts and snows. I can scarce forbear dating it in December, though they call it the first of August at the bottom of the mountain. I assure you, I can hardly keep my ink from freezing in the middle of the dog-days. I am here entertained with the prettiest variety of snow prospects that you can imagine, and have several pits of it before me that are very near as old as the mountain itself; for in this country it is as lasting as marble. I am now upon a spot of it which they tell me fell about the reign of Charlemagne or King Pepin. The inhabitants of the country are as great curiosities as the country itself: they generally hire themselves out in their youth, and if they are musket-proof till about fifty, they bring home the money they have got, and the limbs they have left, to pass the rest of their time among their native mountains. One of the gentlemen of the place, who is come off with the loss of an eye only, told me by way of boast, that there were now seven wooden legs in his family; and that for these four generations, there had not been one in his line that carried a whole body with him to the grave. I believe you will think the style of this letter a little extraordinary; but the 'Rehearsal' will tell you, that people in clouds must not be confined to speak sense;[1] and I hope we that are above them may

[1] "*Smith.* Well; but methinks the sense of this song is not very plain.

"*Bayes.* Plain! Why, did you ever hear any people in clouds

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claim the same privilege. Wherever I am, I shall always be,

"Sir,

"Your most obedient,

"Most humble Servant."

I think they ought, in those parts where the materials are so easy to work, and at the same time so durable, when any one of their heroes comes home from the wars, to erect his statue in snow upon the mountains, there to remain from generation to generation. A gentleman who is apt to expatiate upon any hint, took this occasion to deliver his opinion upon our ordinary method of sending young gentlemen to travel for their education. "It is certain," said he, "if gentlemen travel at an age proper for them, during the course of their voyages, their accounts to their friends, and after their return, their discourses and conversations, will have in them something above what we can meet with from those who have not had those advantages. At the same time it is to be observed, that every temper and genius is not qualified for this way of improvement. Men may change their climate, but they cannot their nature. A man that goes out a fool, cannot ride or sail himself into common-sense. Therefore let me but walk over London Bridge with a young man, and I'll tell you infallibly whether going over the Rialto at Venice will make him wiser. It is not to be imagined how many I have saved in my time from banishment, by letting their parents know they were good for nothing. But this is to be done with

speak plain? They must be all for flight of fancy at its full range, without the least check or control upon it. When once you tie up spirits and people in clouds to speak plainly you spoil all." (Duke of Buckingham's "Rehearsal," act v. sc. 1.)

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much tenderness. There is my cousin Harry has a son, who is the dullest mortal that was ever born into our house. He had got his trunk and his books all packed up to be transported into foreign parts, for no reason but because the boy never talked; and his father said he wanted to know the world. I could not say to a fond parent, that the boy was dull; but looked grave, and told him, the youth was very thoughtful, and I feared he might have some doubts about religion, with which it was not proper to go into Roman Catholic countries. He is accordingly kept here till he declares himself upon some points, which I am sure he will never think of. By this means, I have prevented the dishonour of having a fool of our house laughed at in all parts of Europe. He is now with his father upon his own estate, and he has sent to me to get him a wife, which I shall do with all convenient speed; but it shall be such a one, whose good nature shall hide his faults, and good sense supply them. The truth of it is, that race is of the true British kind: they are of our country only; it hurts them to transplant them, and they are destroyed if you pretend to improve them. Men of this solid make are not to be hurried up and down the world, for (if I may so speak) they are naturally at their wit's end; and it is an impertinent part to disturb their repose, that they may give you only a history of their bodily occurrences, which is all they are capable of observing. Harry had an elder brother who was tried in this way. I remember, all he could talk of at his return, was, that he had like to have been drowned at such a place, he fell out of a chaise at another, he had a better stomach when he moved northward than when he turned his course to the parts in the south, and so forth. It is therefore very much to be considered, what sense a person has of things

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when he is setting out; and if he then knows none of his friends and acquaintance but by their clothes and faces, it is my humble opinion that he stay at home. His parents should take care to marry him, and see what they can get out of him that way; for there is a certain sort of men who are no otherwise to be regarded, but as they descend from men of consequence, and may beget valuable successors. And if we consider, that men are to be esteemed only as they are useful, while a stupid wretch is at the head of a great family, we may say, the race is suspended, as properly as when it is all gone, we say, it is extinct.

From my own Apartment, Nov. 11.[1]

I had several hints and advertisements from unknown hands, that some, who are enemies to my labours, design to demand the fashionable way of satisfaction for the disturbance my lucubrations have given them. I confess, as things now stand, I don't know how to deny such inviters, and am preparing myself accordingly: I have bought pumps and foils, and am every morning practising in my chamber. My neighbour, the dancing-master, has demanded of me, why I take this liberty, since I would not allow it him?[2] But I answered, his was an act of an indifferent nature, and mine of necessity. My late treatises against duels have so far disobliged the fraternity of the noble science of defence, that I can get none of them to show me as much as one pass. I am therefore obliged to learn by book, and have accordingly several volumes, wherein all the postures are exactly delineated. I must confess, I am shy of letting people see me at this exercise, because of my flannel waistcoat, and my spectacles, which I am forced

[1] This article is by Addison.

[2] See No. 88.

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to fix on, the better to observe the posture of the enemy. I have upon my chamber walls, drawn at full length, the figures of all sorts of men, from eight feet to three feet two inches. Within this height I take it, that all the fighting men of Great Britain are comprehended. But as I push, I make allowances for my being of a lank and spare body, and have chalked out in every figure my own dimensions; for I scorn to rob any man of his life by taking advantage of his breadth: therefore I press purely in a line down from his nose, and take no more of him to assault than he has of me: for to speak impartially, if a lean fellow wounds a fat one in any part to the right or left, whether it be in carte or in tierce, beyond the dimensions of the said lean fellow's own breadth, I take it to be murder, and such a murder as is below a gentleman to commit. As I am spare, I am also very tall, and behave myself with relation to that advantage with the same punctilio; and I am ready to stoop or stand, according to the stature of my adversary. I must confess, I have had great success this morning, and have hit every figure round the room in a mortal part, without receiving the least hurt, except a little scratch by falling on my face, in pushing at one at the lower end of my chamber; but I recovered so quick, and jumped so nimbly into my guard, that if he had been alive he could not have hurt me. It is confessed, I have written against duels with some warmth; but in all my discourses, I have not ever said, that I knew how a gentleman could avoid a duel if he were provoked to it; and since that custom is now become a law, I know nothing but the legislative power, with new animadversions upon it, can put us in a capacity of denying challenges, though we are afterwards hanged for it. But no more of this at present. As things stand, I

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shall put up no more affronts; and I shall be so far from taking ill words, that I will not take ill looks. I therefore warn all young hot fellows, not to look hereafter more terrible than their neighbours; for if they stare at me with their hats cocked higher than other people, I won't bear it. Nay, I give warning to all people in general to look kindly at me; for I'll bear no frowns, even from ladies; and if any woman pretends to look scornfully at me, I shall demand satisfaction of the next of kin of the masculine gender.

No. 94.

[STEELE.

From *Saturday*, *Nov.* 12, to *Tuesday*, *Nov.* 15, 1709.

Si non errasset, fecerat illa minus.—MART., Epig. i. 21.

Will's Coffee-house, *Nov.* 14.

That which we call gallantry to women seems to be the heroic virtue of private persons; and there never breathed one man, who did not, in that part of his days wherein he was recommending himself to his mistress, do something beyond his ordinary course of life. As this has a very great effect even upon the most slow and common men; so, upon such as it finds qualified with virtue and merit, it shines out in proportionable degrees of excellence: it gives new grace to the most eminent accomplishments; and he who of himself has either wit, wisdom, or valour, exerts each of these noble endowments when he becomes a lover, with a certain beauty of action above what was ever observed in him before; and all who are without any one of these qualities, are to be looked upon as the

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rabble of mankind. I was talking after this manner in a corner of this place with an old acquaintance, who, taking me by the hand, said, "Mr. Bickerstaff, your discourse recalls to my mind a story, which I have longed to tell you ever since I read that article wherein you desire your friends to give you accounts of obscure merit." The story I had of him is literally true, and well known to be so in the country wherein the circumstances were transacted. He acquainted me with the names of the persons concerned, which I shall change into feigned ones, there being a respect due to their families, that are still in being, as well as that the names themselves would not be so familiar to an English ear. The adventure really happened in Denmark; and if I can remember all the circumstances, I doubt not but it will be as moving to my readers as it was to me.

Clarinda and Chloe, two very fine women, were bred up as sisters in the family of Romeo, who was the father of Chloe, and the guardian of Clarinda. Philander, a young gentleman of a good person and charming conversation, being a friend of old Romeo's, frequented his house, and by that means was much in conversation with the young ladies, though still in the presence of the father and the guardian. The ladies both entertained a secret passion for him, and could see well enough, notwithstanding the delight which he really took in Romeo's conversation, that there was something more in his heart which made him so assiduous a visitant. Each of them thought herself the happy woman; but the person beloved was Chloe. It happened that both of them were at a play on a carnival evening, when it is the fashion there (as well as in most countries of Europe) both for men and women to appear in masks and disguises. It was on that memorable night in the year

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1679, when the play-house, by some unhappy accident, was set on fire.[1] Philander, in the first hurry of the disaster, immediately ran where his treasure was, burst open the door of the box, snatched the lady up in his arms, and with unspeakable resolution and good fortune carried her off safe. He was no sooner out of the crowd, but he set her down; and grasping her in his arms, with all the raptures of a deserving lover, "How happy am I," says he, "in an opportunity to tell you I love you more than all things, and of showing you the sincerity of my passion at the very first declaration of it." "My dear, dear Philander," says the lady, pulling off her mask, "this is not a time for art; you are much dearer to me than the life you have preserved: and the joy of my present deliverance does not transport me so much as the passion which occasioned it." Who can tell the grief, the astonishment, the terror, that appeared in the face of Philander, when he saw the person he spoke to was Clarinda. After a short pause, "Madam," says he, with the looks of a dead man, "we are both mistaken;" and immediately flew away, without hearing the distressed Clarinda, who had just strength enough to cry out, "Cruel Philander! why did you not leave me in the theatre?" Crowds of people immediately gathered about her, and after having brought her to herself, conveyed her to the house of the good old unhappy Romeo. Philander was now pressing against a whole tide of people at the doors of the theatre, and striving to enter with more earnestness than any there endeavoured to get out. He did it at last, and with much difficulty forced his way to the box where his beloved Chloe stood, expecting her fate amidst this scene of terror and dis-

[1] At this fire, on April 29, 1679, about two hundred persons were killed.

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traction. She revived at the sight of Philander, who fell about her neck with a tenderness not to be expressed; and amidst a thousand sobs and sighs, told her his love, and his dreadful mistake. The stage was now in flames, and the whole house full of smoke; the entrance was quite barred up with heaps of people, who had fallen upon one another as they endeavoured to get out; swords were drawn, shrieks heard on all sides; and, in short, no possibility of an escape for Philander himself, had he been capable of making it without his Chloe. But his mind was above such a thought, and wholly employed in weeping, condoling, and comforting. He catches her in his arms. The fire surrounds them, while—I cannot go on.

Were I an infidel, misfortunes like this would convince me, that there must be an hereafter: for who can believe that so much virtue could meet with so great distress without a following reward. As for my part, I am so old-fashioned as firmly to believe that all who perish in such generous enterprises are relieved from the further exercise of life; and Providence, which sees their virtue consummate and manifest, takes them to an immediate reward, in a being more suitable to the grandeur of their spirits. What else can wipe away our tears, when we contemplate such undeserved, such irreparable distresses? It was a sublime thought in some of the heathens of old:

> ——*Quæ gratia currûm*
> *Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes*
> *Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repôstos.*[1]

That is in other words, the same employments and inclinations which were the entertainment of virtuous men upon earth, make up their happiness in Elysium.

[1] "Æneid," vi. 653.

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From my own Apartment, Nov. 14.

When I came home this evening, I found a present from Mr. Charles Lillie, the perfumer at the corner of Beauford Buildings, with a letter of thanks for the mention I made of him.[1] He tells me, several of my gentle readers have obliged me in buying at his shop upon my recommendation. I have inquired into the man's capacity, and find him an adept in his way. He has several helps to discourse besides snuff (which is the best Barcelona), and sells an orange-flower water, which seems to me to have in it the right spirit of brains; and I am informed, he extracts it according to the manner used in Gresham College.[2] I recommend it to the handkerchiefs of all young pleaders: it cures or supplies all pauses and hesitations in speech, and creates a general alacrity of the spirit. When it is used as a gargle, it gives volubility to the tongue, and never fails of that necessary step towards pleasing others, making a man pleased with himself. I have taken security of him, that he shall not raise the price of any of his commodities for these or any other occult qualities in them; but he is to sell them at the same price which you give at the common perfumers. Mr. Lillie has brought further security, that he will not sell the boxes made for politicians to lovers; nor on the contrary, those proper for lovers to men of speculation: at this time, to avoid confusion, the best orangery for beaus, and right musty for politicians.

My almanac is to be published on the 22nd; and from that instant, all lovers, in raptures or epistles, are to forbear the comparison of their mistresses' eyes to stars, I having made use of that simile in my dedication for the last time it shall ever pass, and on the properest occasion

[1] See No. 92. [2] Where the Royal Society then met.

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that it was ever employed. All ladies are hereby desired to take notice, that they never receive that simile in payment for any smiles they shall bestow for the future.

On Saturday night last, a gentlewoman's husband strayed from the play-house in the Haymarket. If the lady who was seen to take him up, will restore him, she shall be asked no questions, he being of no use but to the owner.

No. 95.

From *Tuesday, Nov.* 15, to *Thursday, Nov.* 17, 1709.

> Interea dulces pendent circum oscula nati;
> Casta pudicitiam servat domus.
>
> VIRG., Georg. ii. 523.

From my own Apartment, Nov. 16.

There are several persons who have many pleasures and entertainments in their possession which they do not enjoy. It is therefore a kind and good office to acquaint them with their own happiness, and turn their attention to such instances of their good fortune which they are apt to overlook. Persons in the married state often want such a monitor, and pine away their days, by looking upon the same condition in anguish and murmur which carries with it in the opinion of others a complication of all the pleasures of life, and a retreat from its inquietudes. I am led into this thought by a visit I made an old friend who was formerly my school-fellow. He came to town last week with his family for the winter, and yesterday morning sent me word his wife expected me to dinner. I am as it were at home at that house, and every member of it knows me for their well-wisher.

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I cannot indeed express the pleasure it is, to be met by the children with so much joy as I am when I go thither: the boys and girls strive who shall come first, when they think it is I that am knocking at the door; and that child which loses the race to me, runs back again to tell the father it is Mr. Bickerstaff. This day I was led in by a pretty girl, that we all thought must have forgot me; for the family has been out of town these two years. Her knowing me again was a mighty subject with us, and took up our discourse at the first entrance. After which they began to rally me upon a thousand little stories they heard in the country about my marriage to one of my neighbour's daughters: upon which the gentleman my friend said, "Nay, if Mr. Bickerstaff marries a child of any of his old companions, I hope mine shall have the preference; there's Mrs. Mary is now sixteen, and would make him as fine a widow as the best of them: but I know him too well; he is so enamoured with the very memory of those who flourished in our youth, that he will not so much as look upon the modern beauties. I remember, old gentleman, how often you went home in a day to refresh your countenance and dress, when Teraminta reigned in your heart. As we came up in the coach, I repeated to my wife some of your verses on her." With such reflections on little passages which happened long ago, we passed our time during a cheerful and elegant meal. After dinner, his lady left the room, as did also the children. As soon as we were alone, he took me by the hand; "Well, my good friend," says he, "I am heartily glad to see thee; I was afraid you would never have seen all the company that dined with you to-day again. Do not you think the good woman of the house a little altered, since you followed her from the play-house, to find out who she was, for me? I per-

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ceived a tear fall down his cheek as he spoke, which moved me not a little. But to turn the discourse, said I, "She is not indeed quite that creature she was when she returned me the letter I carried from you; and told me, she hoped, as I was a gentleman, I would be employed no more to trouble her who had never offended me, but would be so much the gentleman's friend as to dissuade him from a pursuit which he could never succeed in. You may remember, I thought her in earnest, and you were forced to employ your cousin Will, who made his sister get acquainted with her for you. You cannot expect her to be for ever fifteen." "Fifteen?" replied my good friend: "ah! you little understand, you that have lived a bachelor, how great, how exquisite a pleasure there is in being really beloved! It is impossible that the most beauteous face in nature should raise in me such pleasing ideas as when I look upon that excellent woman. That fading in her countenance is chiefly caused by her watching with me in my fever. This was followed by a fit of sickness, which had like to have carried her off last winter. I tell you sincerely, I have so many obligations to her, that I cannot with any sort of moderation think of her present state of health. But as to what you say of fifteen, she gives me every day pleasures beyond what I ever knew in the possession of her beauty when I was in the vigour of youth. Every moment of her life brings me fresh instances of her complacency to my inclinations, and her prudence in regard to my fortune. Her face is to me much more beautiful than when I first saw it; there is no decay in any feature which I cannot trace from the very instant it was occasioned by some anxious concern for my welfare and interests. Thus at the same time, methinks, the love I conceived towards her for what she was, is heightened by my gratitude for what she is. The

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love of a wife is as much above the idle passion commonly called by that name, as the loud laughter of buffoons is inferior to the elegant mirth of gentlemen. Oh! she is an inestimable jewel. In her examination of her household affairs, she shows a certain fearfulness to find a fault, which makes her servants obey her like children; and the meanest we have, has an ingenuous shame for an offence, not always to be seen in children in other families. I speak freely to you, my old friend; ever since her sickness, things that gave me the quickest joy before, turn now to a certain anxiety. As the children play in the next room, I know the poor things by their steps, and am considering what they must do, should they lose their mother in their tender years. The pleasure I used to take in telling my boy stories of the battles, and asking my girl questions about the disposal of her baby,[1] and the gossiping of it, is turned into inward reflection and melancholy." He would have gone on in this tender way, when the good lady entered, and with an inexpressible sweetness in her countenance told us, she had been searching her closet for something very good to treat such an old friend as I was. Her husband's eyes sparkled with pleasure at the cheerfulness of her countenance; and I saw all his fears vanish in an instant. The lady

[1] Her doll. *Cf.* "Wentworth Papers," p. 451, where Lady Anne Wentworth, aged eight, writing to her father of a younger sister, says, "Lady Hariote desires you to bring her a baby." The best dolls were called "Bartholomew babies," says Professor Henry Morley ("Memoirs of Bartholomew Fair," 1859, p. 333).

A passage in Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia" (Book III.) aptly illustrates this use of the word "baby": "We see young babes think babies of wonderful excellency, and yet the babies are but babies." From the private account-book of Isabella, Duchess of Grafton, who married, as her second husband, Sir T. Hanmer, it appears that in 1710 the Duchess gave £2, 3s. for a "baby" ("Correspondence of Sir T. Hanmer, Bart.," 1838, pp. 236 *seq.*).

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observing something in our looks which showed we had been more serious than ordinary, and seeing her husband receive her with great concern under a forced cheerfulness, immediately guessed at what we had been talking of; and applying herself to me, said, with a smile, "Mr. Bickerstaff, don't believe a word of what he tells you. I shall still live to have you for my second, as I have often promised you, unless he takes more care of himself than he has done since his coming to town. You must know, he tells me, that he finds London is a much more healthy place than the country; for he sees several of his old acquaintance and school-fellows are here, young fellows with fair[1] full-bottomed periwigs. I could scarce keep him this morning from going out open-breasted."[2] My friend, who is always extremely delighted with her agreeable humour, made her sit down with us. She did it with that easiness which is peculiar to women of sense; and to keep up the good humour she had brought in with her, turned her raillery upon me. "Mr. Bickerstaff, you remember you followed me one night from the play-house; supposing you should carry me thither to-morrow night, and lead me into the front box." This put us into a long field of discourse about the beauties, who were mothers to the present, and shone in the boxes twenty years ago. I told her, I was glad she had transferred so many of her charms, and I

[1] Elderly men wore black, brown, or grizzly wigs.

[2] See the letter from Isaac Bickerstaff in No. 246, and No. 151. In Lillie's "Letters sent to the *Tatler* and *Spectator*," i. 210–211, there is a letter dated Jan. 21, 1712, referring to "the unaccountable custom that for some time has prevailed among our fashionable gentlemen, of coming abroad in this cold, unseasonable weather with their breasts and bodies almost quite naked, by which means they have procured such terrible coughs." The object here was to display the shirt; old men followed the fashion in the hope of seeming young.

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did not question but her eldest daughter was within half a year of being a toast.[1] We were pleasing ourselves with this fantastical preferment of the young lady, when on a sudden we were alarmed with the noise of a drum, and immediately entered my little godson to give me a point of war.[2] His mother, between laughing and chiding, would have put him out of the room; but I would not part with him so.[3] I found, upon conversation with him, though he was a little noisy in his mirth, that the child had excellent parts, and was a great master of all the learning on the other side eight years old. I perceived him a very great historian in Æsop's fables; but he frankly declared to me his mind, that he did not delight in that learning, because he did not believe they were true; for which reason, I found he had very much turned his studies, for about a twelvemonth past, into the lives and adventures of Don Bellianis of Greece, Guy of Warwick, the Seven Champions, and other historians

[1] See No. 24, and Sheridan's "School for Scandal," act iii. sc. 3 :

"Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass,
I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass!"

[2] A strain of martial music. "Turning your books to greaves, your ink to blood, your pens to lances; and your tongue divine to a loud trumpet, and a point of war" ("2 Henry IV.," act iv. sc. 1).

The term was still current in Steele's day, as appears from the following extract, quoted by Mr. Dobson from Mackinnon's "History of the Coldstream Guards," ii. 332 : "1717.—A party of drummers of the Guards were committed to the Marshalsea for beating a point of war before the Earl of Wexford's house on his acquittal of charges brought against him."

[3] "The children then reappear to complete a domestic interior which, at a time when wit had no higher employment than to laugh at the affections and moralities of home, could have arisen only to a fancy as pure as the heart that prompted it was loving and true" (Forster, "Historical and Biographical Essays," ii. : Steele).

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of that age. I could not but observe the satisfaction the father took in the forwardness of his son; and that these diversions might turn to some profit, I found the boy had made remarks, which might be of service to him during the course of his whole life. He would tell you the mismanagements of John Hickathrift,[1] find fault with the passionate temper in Bevis of Southampton, and loved St. George for being the champion of England; and by this means, had his thoughts insensibly moulded into the notions of discretion, virtue, and honour. I was extolling his accomplishments, when the mother told me, that the little girl who led me in this morning was in her way a better scholar than he. "Betty," says she, "deals chiefly in fairies and sprites; and sometimes in a winter night, will terrify the maids with her accounts, till they are afraid to go up to bed."

I sat with them till it was very late, sometimes in merry, sometimes in serious discourse, with this particular pleasure, which gives the only true relish to all conversation, a sense that every one of us liked each other. I went home, considering the different conditions of a married life and that of a bachelor; and I must confess, it struck me with a secret concern, to reflect, that whenever I go off, I shall leave no traces behind me. In this pensive mood I returned to my family; that is to say, to my maid, my dog and my cat, who only can be the better or worse for what happens to me.

[1] Generally styled "Thomas." But Sterne also calls him "Jack" in "Tristram Shandy," vol. i. chap. xiv. His tomb is still shown in Tilney churchyard, Norfolk. [Dobson.]

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No. 96. [ADDISON.[1]

From *Thursday, Nov.* 17, to *Saturday, Nov.* 19, 1709.

Is demum mihi vivere atque frui animâ videtur, qui aliquo negotio intentus, præclari facinoris, aut artis bonæ famam quærit.—SALLUST, Bel. Cat. 2.

From my own Apartment, Nov. 17.

It has cost me very much care and thought to marshal and fix the people under their proper denominations, and to range them according to their respective characters. These my endeavours have been received with unexpected success in one kind, but neglected in another; for though I have many readers, I have but few converts. This must certainly proceed from a false opinion, that what I write is designed rather to amuse and entertain than convince and instruct. I entered upon my essays with a declaration, that I should consider mankind in quite another manner than they had hitherto been represented to the ordinary world; and asserted, that none but a useful life should be with me any life at all. But lest this doctrine should have made this small progress towards the conviction of mankind because it may appear to the unlearned light and whimsical, I must take leave to unfold the wisdom and antiquity of my first proposition in these my essays, to wit, that every worthless man is a dead man. This notion is as old as Pythagoras, in whose school it was a point of discipline, that if among the ἀκουστικοί, or probationers, there were any who grew weary

[1] Nichols ascribes this paper to Addison, upon the evidence of MS. notes of Christopher Byron, who assisted Zachary Grey in his edition of "Hudibras." This is probably right, but the paper is not included in Tickell's edition of Addison's works.

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of studying to be useful, and returned to an idle life, the rest were to regard them as dead; and upon their departing, to perform their obsequies, and raise them tombs, with inscriptions, to warn others of the like mortality, and quicken them to resolutions of refining their souls above that wretched state. It is upon a like supposition that young ladies at this very time in Roman Catholic countries are received into some nunneries with their coffins, and with the pomp of a formal funeral, to signify, that henceforth they are to be of no further use, and consequently dead. Nor was Pythagoras himself the first author of this symbol, with whom, and with the Hebrews, it was generally received. Much more might be offered in illustration of this doctrine from sacred authority, which I recommend to my reader's own reflection; who will easily recollect, from places which I do not think fit to quote here, the forcible manner of applying the words dead and living to men as they are good or bad.

I have therefore composed the following scheme of existence for the benefit both of the living and the dead, though chiefly for the latter, whom I must desire to read it with all possible attention. In the number of the dead, I comprehend all persons of what title or dignity soever, who bestow most of their time in eating and drinking, to support that imaginary existence of theirs, which they call life; or in dressing and adorning those shadows and apparitions which are looked upon by the vulgar as real men and women. In short, whoever resides in the world without having any business in it, and passes away an age without ever thinking on the errand for which he was sent hither, is to me a dead man to all intents and purposes; and I desire that he may be so reputed. The living are only those that are some way or other laudably

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employed in the improvement of their own minds, or for the advantage of others; and even among these, I shall only reckon into their lives that part of their time which has been spent in the manner above mentioned. By these means, I am afraid, we shall find the longest lives not to consist of many months, and the greatest part of the earth to be quite unpeopled. According to this system we may observe, that some men are born at twenty years of age, some at thirty, some at three-score, and some not above an hour before they die; nay, we may observe multitudes that die without ever being born, as well as many dead persons that fill up the bulk of mankind, and make a better figure in the eyes of the ignorant than those who are alive and in their proper and full state of health. However, since there may be many good subjects, that pay their taxes, and live peaceably in their habitations, who are not yet born, or have departed this life several years since, my design is to encourage both to join themselves as soon as possible to the number of the living: for as I invite the former to break forth into being, and become good for something; so I allow the latter a state of resuscitation; which I chiefly mention for the sake of a person who has lately published an advertisement, with several scurrilous terms in it, that do by no means become a dead man to give. It is my departed friend John Partridge, who concludes the advertisement of his next year's almanac[1] with the following note:

[1] The "Partridge's Almanac" for 1710 was brought out by the Stationers' Company, and not by Partridge. The following advertisement appeared in No. 105 of the *Tatler*: "There having of late in several newspapers been an advertisement of an almanac called *Merlinus Liberatus*, pretended to be made by J. Partridge, but in truth was patched together by Benjamin Harris, famous for practices of this nature, this notice is given, to prevent persons from being imposed

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"Whereas it has been industriously given out by Bickerstaff, Esq., and others, to prevent the sale of this year's almanac, that John Partridge is dead: this may inform all his loving countrymen, that he is still living, in health, and they are knaves that reported it otherwise.

"J. P."

From my own Apartment, Nov. 18.

When an engineer finds his guns have not had their intended effect, he changes his batteries. I am forced at present to take this method; and instead of continuing to write against the singularity some are guilty of in their habit and behaviour, I shall henceforward desire them to persevere in it; and not only so, but shall take it as a favour of all the coxcombs in the town, if they will set marks upon themselves, and by

upon; for there will not be any almanac published by J. Partridge for the year 1710, the injunction granted by the Lord High Chancellor against printing the same being still in force; and if any person shall deal in any counterfeit almanacs, they will be proceeded against."

As Partridge is often mentioned in the *Tatler* (see Nos. 1, 7, 11, 56, 59, 67, 99, 216, 228, 240), it may be well to give some particulars of him in addition to what is stated in the Introduction. Partridge was born at East Sheen in 1644, and was apprenticed to a shoemaker; but he studied assiduously, and, giving up his trade, began to publish astrological books in 1678. His almanac, *Merlinus Liberatus*, appeared first in 1680, and in 1682 he described himself as sworn physician to Charles II. Afterwards he went to Leyden, and claimed to have received the degree of M.D. During the closing years of the century he had controversies with other almanac makers, and advertised quack medicines. When Swift attacked him in 1708 he was rightly regarded as being at the head of his profession. For a time he was silenced; no almanac appeared from 1710 to 1713; but his *Merlinus Redivivus* was issued in 1714, with an attack upon Swift. Partridge died at Mortlake in 1715, and a monument to his memory was erected in the churchyard. His will shows that he left property amounting to over £2000. It is said that his real name was Hewson.

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some particular in their dress, show to what class they belong. It would be very obliging in all such persons, who feel in themselves that they are not sound of understanding, to give the world notice of it, and spare mankind the pains of finding them out. A cane upon the fifth button[1] shall from henceforth be the type of a Dapper;[2] red-heeled shoes, and a hat hung upon one side of the head, shall signify a Smart;[3] a good periwig made into a twist, with a brisk cock, shall speak a mettled fellow; and an upper lip covered with snuff, denotes a coffee-house statesman. But as it is required that all coxcombs hang out their signs, it is on the other hand expected, that men of real merit should avoid anything particular in their dress, gait, or behaviour. For, as we old men delight in proverbs, I cannot forbear bringing out one on this occasion, that "good wine needs no bush."[4] I must not leave this subject without reflecting on several persons I have lately met with, who at a distance seem very terrible; but upon a stricter inquiry into their looks and features, appeared as meek and harmless as any of my own neighbours. These are country gentlemen, who of late years have taken up a humour of coming to town in red coats, whom an arch wag of my acquaintance used to describe very well, by calling them sheep in wolves' clothing. I have often wondered, that honest gentlemen, who are good neighbours, and live quietly in their own possessions, should take it in their heads to frighten the town after this unreasonable manner. I shall think myself obliged, if they persist in so unnatural a dress (notwithstanding

[1] See No. 26. [2] See No. 85. [3] See No. 26.

[4] An ivy-bush often formed the sign of a tavern. Sometimes the word was applied to the tavern itself, *e.g.* "Twenty to one you will find him at the bush."

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any posts they may have in the militia), to give away their red coats to any of the soldiery who shall think fit to strip them, provided the said soldiers can make it appear, that they belong to a regiment where there is a deficiency in the clothing.

About two days ago I was walking in the Park, and accidentally met a rural squire, clothed in all the types above mentioned, with a carriage and behaviour made entirely out of his own head. He was of a bulk and stature larger than ordinary, had a red coat, flung open to show a gay calamanco[1] waistcoat: his periwig fell in a very considerable bush upon each shoulder: his arms naturally swung at an unreasonable distance from his sides; which, with the advantage of a cane, that he brandished in a great variety of irregular motions, made it unsafe for any one to walk within several yards of him. In this manner he took up the whole Mall, his spectators moving on each side of it, whilst he cocked up his hat, and marched directly for Westminster. I cannot tell who this gentleman is, but for my comfort may say, with the lover in Terence, who lost sight of a fine young lady, "Wherever thou art, thou canst not be long concealed."

St. James's Coffee-house, Nov. 18.

By letters from Paris of the 16th we are informed, that the French King, the princes of the blood, and the Elector of Bavaria had lately killed fifty-five pheasants.

Whereas several have industriously spread abroad, that I am in partnership with Charles Lillie, the perfumer

[1] See No. 85.

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at the corner of Beauford Buildings; I must say with my friend Partridge, that they are knaves who reported it. However, since the said Charles has promised that all his customers shall be mine, I must desire all mine to be his; and dare answer for him, that if you ask in my name for snuff, Hungary or orange-water, you shall have the best the town affords at the cheapest rate.

No. 97.

[ADDISON.

From *Saturday, Nov.* 19, to *Tuesday, Nov.* 22, 1709.

Illud maxime rarum genus est eorum, qui aut excellente ingenii magnitudine, aut præclara eruditione atque doctrina, aut utraque re ornati, spatium deliberandi habuerunt, quem potissimum vitæ cursum sequi vellent.—CICERO, De Offic. I. xxxiii. 119.

From my own Apartment, Nov. 21.

Having swept away prodigious multitudes in my last paper, and brought a great destruction upon my own species, I must endeavour in this to raise fresh recruits, and, if possible, to supply the places of the unborn and the deceased. It is said of Xerxes, that when he stood upon a hill, and saw the whole country round him covered with his army, he burst out in tears, to think that not one of that multitude would be alive a hundred years after. For my part, when I take a survey of this populous city, I can scarce forbear weeping, to see how few of its inhabitants are now living. It was with this thought that I drew up my last bill of mortality, and endeavoured to set out in it the great number of persons who have perished by a distemper (commonly known by the name of Idleness) which has

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long raged in the world, and destroys more in every great town than the plague has done at Dantzic.[1] To repair the mischief it has done, and stock the world with a better race of mortals, I have more hopes of bringing to life those that are young, than of reviving those that are old. For which reason, I shall here set down that noble allegory which was written by an old author called Prodicus, but recommended and embellished by Socrates.[2] It is the description of Virtue and Pleasure making their court to Hercules under the appearances of two beautiful women.

When Hercules, says the divine moralist, was in that part of his youth in which it was natural for him to consider what course of life he ought to pursue, he one day retired into a desert, where the silence and solitude of the place very much favoured his meditations. As he was musing on his present condition, and very much perplexed in himself on the state of life he should choose, he saw two women of a larger stature than ordinary approaching towards him. One of them had a very noble air and graceful deportment; her beauty was natural and easy, her person clean and unspotted, her eyes cast towards the ground with an agreeable reserve, her motion and behaviour full of modesty, and her raiment as white as snow. The other had a great deal of health and floridness in her countenance, which she had helped with an artificial white and red, and endeavoured to appear more graceful than ordinary in her mien, by a mixture of affectation in all her gestures. She had a wonderful confidence and assurance in her looks, and all the variety of colours in her dress that she thought were the most proper to show her complexion to an advantage.

[1] In 1709 the plague carried off over 40,000 persons in Dantzic.
[2] See Xenophon, "Mem.," Book II. chap. i. 21.

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She cast her eyes upon herself, then turned them on those that were present, to see how they liked her, and often looked on the figure she made in her own shadow. Upon her nearer approach to Hercules, she stepped before the other lady (who came forward with a regular composed carriage), and running up to him, accosted him after the following manner:

"My dear Hercules," says she, "I find you are very much divided in your own thoughts upon the way of life that you ought to choose: be my friend, and follow me; I'll lead you into the possession of pleasure, and out of the reach of pain, and remove you from all the noise and disquietude of business. The affairs of either war or peace shall have no power to disturb you. Your whole employment shall be to make your life easy, and to entertain every sense with its proper gratification. Sumptuous tables, beds of roses, clouds of perfumes, concerts of music, crowds of beauties, are all in a readiness to receive you. Come along with me into this region of delights, this world of pleasure, and bid farewell for ever to care, to pain, to business."

Hercules hearing the lady talk after this manner, desired to know her name; to which she answered, "My friends, and those who are well acquainted with me, call me Happiness; but my enemies, and those who would injure my reputation, have given me the name of Pleasure."

By this time the other lady was come up, who addressed herself to the young hero in a very different manner.

"Hercules," says she, "I offer myself to you, because I know you are descended from the gods, and give proofs of that descent by your love to virtue, and application to the studies proper for your age. This makes me hope you will gain both for yourself and me

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an immortal reputation. But before I invite you into my society and friendship, I will be open and sincere with you, and must lay down this as an established truth, that there is nothing truly valuable which can be purchased without pains and labour.[1] The gods have set a price upon every real and noble pleasure. If you would gain the favour of the Deity, you must be at the pains of worshipping him; if the friendship of good men, you must study to oblige them; if you would be honoured by your country, you must take care to serve it. In short, if you would be eminent in war or peace, you must become master of all the qualifications that can make you so. These are the only terms and conditions upon which I can propose happiness." The goddess of Pleasure here broke in upon her discourse: "You see," said she, "Hercules, by her own confession, the way to her pleasures is long and difficult, whereas that which I propose is short and easy." "Alas!" said the other lady, whose visage glowed with a passion made up of scorn and pity, "what are the pleasures you propose? To eat before you are hungry, drink before you are athirst, sleep before you are tired, to gratify appetites before they are raised, and raise such appetites as Nature never planted. You never heard the most delicious music, which is the praise of one's self; nor saw the most beautiful object, which is the work of one's own hands. Your votaries pass away their youth in a dream of mistaken pleasures, while they are hoarding up anguish, torment, and remorse, for old age.

"As for me, I am the friend of gods and of good men, an agreeable companion to the artisan, a household guardian to the fathers of families, a patron and protector of servants, an associate in all true and generous

[1] *Cf.* Hesiod, "Works and Days," 289.

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friendships. The banquets of my votaries are never costly, but always delicious; for none eat or drink at them who are not invited by hunger and thirst. Their slumbers are sound, and their wakings cheerful. My young men have the pleasure of hearing themselves praised by those who are in years, and those who are in years of being honoured by those who are young. In a word, my followers are favoured by the gods, beloved by their acquaintance, esteemed by their country, and (after the close of their labours) honoured by posterity."

We know by the life of this memorable hero, to which of these two ladies he gave up his heart; and I believe, every one who reads this will do him the justice to approve his choice.

I very much admire the speeches of these ladies, as containing in them the chief arguments for a life of virtue or a life of pleasure that could enter into the thoughts of a heathen; but am particularly pleased with the different figures he gives the two goddesses. Our modern authors have represented Pleasure or Vice with an alluring face, but ending in snakes and monsters: here she appears in all the charms of beauty, though they are all false and borrowed; and by that means, composes a vision entirely natural and pleasing.

I have translated this allegory for the benefit of the youth of Great Britain; and particularly of those who are still in the deplorable state of non-existence, and whom I most earnestly entreat to come into the world. Let my embryos show the least inclination to any single virtue, and I shall allow it to be a struggling towards birth. I don't expect of them, that, like the hero in the foregoing story, they should go about as soon as they are born, with a club in their hands, and a lion's skin on their shoulders, to root out monsters, and destroy tyrants; but

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as the finest author of all antiquity has said upon this very occasion, though a man has not the abilities to distinguish himself in the most shining parts of a great character, he has certainly the capacity of being just, faithful, modest, and temperate.

No. 98. [STEELE.

From *Tuesday, Nov.* 22, to *Thursday, Nov.* 24, 1709.

From my own Apartment, Nov. 23.

I read the following letter, which was left for me this evening, with very much concern for the lady's condition who sent it, who expresses the state of her mind with great frankness, as all people ought who talk to their physicians.

"Mr. BICKERSTAFF,

"Though you are stricken in years, and have had great experience in the world, I believe you will say, there are not frequently such difficult occasions to act in with decency as those wherein I am entangled. I am a woman in love, and that you will allow to be the most unhappy of all circumstances in human life: Nature has formed us with a strong reluctance against owning such a passion, and custom has made it criminal in us to make advances. A gentleman, whom I will call Fabio, has the entire possession of my heart. I am so intimately acquainted with him, that he makes no scruple of communicating to me an ardent affection he has for Cleora, a friend of mine, who also makes me her confidante. Most part of my life I am in company with the one or the other, and am always entertained with his passion, or her triumph.

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Cleora is one of those ladies, who think they are virtuous, if they are not guilty; and without any delicacy of choice, resolves to take the best offer which shall be made to her. With this prospect she puts off declaring herself in favour of Fabio, till she sees what lovers will fall into her snares, which she lays in all public places with all the art of gesture and glances. This resolution she has herself told me. Though I love him better than life, I would not gain him by betraying Cleora, or committing such a trespass against modesty as letting him know myself that I love him. You are an astrologer, what shall I do?

"DIANA DOUBTFUL."

This lady has said very justly, that the condition of a woman in love is of all others the most miserable. Poor Diana! how must she be racked with jealousy when Fabio talks of Cleora? how with indignation when Cleora makes a property of Fabio? A female lover is in the condition of a ghost, that wanders about its beloved treasure, without power to speak until it is spoken to. I desire Diana to continue in this circumstance; for I see an eye of comfort in her case, and will take all proper measures to extricate her out of this unhappy game of cross purposes. Since Cleora is upon the catch with her charms, and has no particular regard for Fabio, I shall place a couple of special fellows in her way, who shall both address to her, and have each a better estate than Fabio. They are both already taken with her, and are preparing for being of her retinue the ensuing winter. To women of this worldly turn, as I apprehend Cleora to be, we must reckon backward in our computation of merit; and when a fair lady thinks only of making her spouse a convenient domestic, the notion of worth and value is altered, and the lover is the more acceptable the less he is considerable. The two

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I shall throw in the way of Cleora, are Orson Thickett and Mr. Walter Wisdom. Orson is a huntsman, whose father's death, and some difficulties about legacies, brought out of the woods to town last November. He was at that time one of those country savages who despise the softness they meet in town and court, and professedly show their strength and roughness in every motion and gesture, in scorn of our bowing and cringing. He was at his first appearance very remarkable for that piece of good breeding peculiar to natural Britons, to wit, defiance. He showed every one he met he was as good a man as he. But in the midst of all his fierceness, he would sometimes attend the discourse of a man of sense, and look at the charms of a beauty with his eyes and mouth open. He was in this posture when, in the beginning of last December, he was shot by Cleora from a side-box.[1] From that moment he softened into humanity, forgot his dogs and horses, and now moves and speaks with civility and address. Wat Wisdom, by the death of an elder brother, came to a great estate, when he had proceeded just far enough in his studies to be very impertinent, and at the years when the law gives him possession of his fortune, and his own constitution is too warm for the management of it. Orson is learning to fence and dance, to please and fight for his mistress; and Walter preparing fine horses, and a jingling chariot, to enchant her. All persons concerned will appear at the next opera, where will begin the wild-goose chase; and I doubt, Fabio will see himself so overlooked for Orson or Walter, as to turn his eyes on the modest passion and becoming languor in the countenance of Diana; it being my design to supply with the art of love all those who preserve the sincere passion of it.

[1] See No. 50.

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Will's Coffee-house, Nov. 23.

An ingenious and worthy gentleman, my ancient friend,[1] fell into discourse with me this evening upon the force and efficacy which the writings of good poets have on the minds of their intelligent readers, and recommended to me his sense of the matter, thrown together in the following manner, which he desired me to communicate to the youth of Great Britain in my essays; which I choose to do in his own words.

"I have always been of opinion," says he, "that virtue sinks deepest into the heart of man when it comes recommended by the powerful charms of poetry. The most active principle in our mind is the imagination: to it a good poet makes his court perpetually, and by this faculty takes care to gain it first. Our passions and inclinations come over next; and our reason surrenders itself with pleasure in the end. Thus the whole soul is insensibly betrayed into morality, by bribing the fancy with beautiful and agreeable images of those very things that in the books of the philosophers appear austere, and have at the best but a kind of forbidden aspect. In a word, the poets do, as it were, strew the rough paths of virtue so full of flowers, that we are not sensible of the uneasiness of them, and imagine ourselves in the midst of pleasures, and the most bewitching allurements, at the time we are making a progress in the severest duties of life.

"All then agree, that licentious poems do of all writings soonest corrupt the heart: and why should we not be as universally persuaded, that the grave and serious performances of such as write in the most engaging manner, by a kind of divine impulse, must be the most effectual

[1] Perhaps Dr. Thomas Walker, head schoolmaster at the Charter House, where Steele and Addison were scholars. In the *Spectator*, No. 488, Dr. Walker is alluded to as "the ingenious T. W."

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persuasives to goodness? If therefore I were blessed with a son, in order to the forming of his manners (which is making him truly my son) I should be continually putting into his hand some fine poet. The graceful sentences and the manly sentiments so frequently to be met with in every great and sublime writer, are, in my judgment, the most ornamental and valuable furniture that can be for a young gentleman's head; methinks they show like so much rich embroidery upon the brain. Let me add to this, that humanity and tenderness (without which there can be no true greatness in the mind) are inspired by the Muses in such pathetical language, that all we find in prose authors towards the raising and improving of these passions, is in comparison but cold, or lukewarm at the best. There is besides a certain elevation of soul, a sedate magnanimity, and a noble turn of virtue, that distinguishes the hero from the plain, honest man, to which verse can only raise us. The bold metaphors and sounding numbers, peculiar to the poets, rouse up all our sleeping faculties, and alarm the whole powers of the soul, much like that excellent trumpeter mentioned by Virgil:

'——*Quo non præstantior alter*
Ære ciere viros, Martemque accendere cantu.'[1]

"I fell into this train of thinking this evening, upon reading a passage in a masque written by Milton, where two brothers are introduced seeking after their sister, whom they had lost in a dark night and thick wood. One of the brothers is apprehensive lest the wandering virgin should be overpowered with fears through the darkness and loneliness of the time and place. This

[1] "Æneid," vi. 164.

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gives the other occasion to make the following reflections, which, as I read them, made me forget my age, and renewed in me the warm desires after virtue, so natural to uncorrupted youth.

'I do not think my sister so to seek,
Or so unprincipled in virtue's book,
And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,
As that the single want of light and noise
(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)
Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
And put them into misbecoming plight.
Virtue could see to do what Virtue would,
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retirèd solitude:
Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impaired.
He that has light within his own clear breast,
May sit i' th' centre, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.'"[1]

No. 99. [STEELE.

From *Thursday, Nov.* 24, to *Saturday, Nov.* 26, 1709.

Spirat tragicum satis et feliciter audet.—HOR., 2 Ep. i. 166.

Will's Coffee-house, Nov. 25.

I have been this evening recollecting what passages (since I could first think) have left the strongest impressions upon my mind; and after strict inquiry, I am convinced, that the impulses I have received from

[1] "Comus," 366.

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theatrical representations, have had a greater effect than otherwise would have been wrought in me by the little occurrences of my private life. My old friends, Hart[1] and Mohun,[2] the one by his natural and proper force, the other by his great skill and art, never failed to send me home full of such ideas as affected my behaviour, and made me insensibly more courteous and humane to my friends and acquaintance. It is not the business of a good play to make every man a hero; but it certainly gives him a livelier sense of virtue and merit than he had when he entered the theatre. This rational pleasure (as I always call it) has for many years been very little tasted; but I am glad to find, that the true spirit of it is reviving again amongst us, by a due regard to what is presented, and by supporting only one play-house.[3] It

[1] Charles Hart, who died in 1683, was the creator of several important parts in plays by Wycherley, Dryden, and Lee. Hart and Mohun were the principal members of Killigrew's company. Hart was the grandson of Shakespeare's sister Joan, and Cibber mentions specially the fame of his representation of Othello. See No. 138.

[2] Michael Mohun, like Hart, fought on the side of Charles in the Civil War, and began his life as an actor by performing women's parts. He generally played second to Hart. Gildon ("Comparison between Two Stages," 1702) says that plays were so well acted by Hart and Mohun that the audience would not be distracted to see the best dancing in Europe.

[3] The thirteen years' monopoly at Drury Lane came to an end in 1695, when Betterton opened a new theatre at Lincoln's Inn Fields. In 1705, Betterton's company moved to the new theatre in the Haymarket; but the drama did not succeed at Vanbrugh's house, and in 1706 the Haymarket was let to M'Swiney. In 1708, through the instrumentality of Colonel Brett, the actors were again reunited at Drury Lane, and the Haymarket Theatre was devoted to Italian operas. But Rich soon quarrelled with his company, some of whom entered into negotiations with M'Swiney. In June 1709, Drury Lane Theatre was closed by an order from the Lord Chamberlain, and after certain structural alterations at the Haymarket, plays were acted successfully at that house. For a time there was thus again

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has been within the observation of the youngest amongst us, that while there were two houses, they did not outvie each other by such representations as tended to the instruction and ornament of life, but by introducing mimical dances and fulsome buffooneries. For when an excellent tragedy was to be acted in one house, the ladder-dancer[1] carried the whole town to the other: and indeed such an evil as this must be the natural consequence of two theatres, as certainly as that there are more who can see than can think. Every one is judge of the danger of the fellow on the ladder, and his activity in coming down safe; but very few are judges of the distress of a hero in a play, or of his manner of behaviour in those circumstances. Thus, to please the people, two houses must entertain them with what they can understand, and not with things which are designed to improve their understanding: and the readiest way to gain good audiences, must be to offer such things as are most relished by the crowd; that is to say, immodest action, empty show, or impertinent activity. In short, two houses cannot hope to subsist, but by means which are contradictory to the very institution of a theatre in a well-governed kingdom.

I have ever had this sense of the thing, and for that

only one theatre open, until William Collier, M.P., a lawyer, got for himself the licence refused to Rich, and entered into forcible possession.

[1] In the "Touchstone," 1728, attributed to James Ralph, we are told that rope-dancing was then still in great esteem with the generality of people, though it had for some years been held in contempt in the refined neighbourhood of St. James's. See Prologue to Steele's "Funeral":

> "Old Shakespeare's days could not thus far advance;
> But what's his buskin to our ladder-dance?
> In the mid region a silk youth to stand,
> With that unwieldy engine at command."

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reason have rejoiced that my ancient coeval friend of Drury Lane,[1] though he had sold off most of his movables, still kept possession of his palace, and trembled for him, when he had lately like to have been taken by a stratagem. There have for many ages been a certain learned sort of unlearned men in this nation called attorneys, who have taken upon them to solve all difficulties by increasing them, and are called upon to the assistance of all who are lazy, or weak of understanding. The insolence of a ruler of this place made him resign the possession of it to the management of my abovementioned friend Divito. Divito was too modest to know when to resign it, till he had the opinion and sentence of the law for his removal. Both these in length of time were obtained against him: but as the great Archimedes defended Syracuse with so powerful engines, that if he threw a rope or piece of wood over the wall, the enemy fled; so Divito had wounded all adversaries with so much skill, that men feared even to be in the right against him. For this reason, the lawful ruler sets up an attorney to expel an attorney, and chose a name dreadful to the stage,[2] who only seemed able to beat Divito out of his entrenchments.

[1] Christopher Rich, who was forcibly expelled by Collier, by the aid of a hired rabble. According to an affidavit of Collier's, dated January 8, 1710, "On or about the 22nd of November, it being a day of public rejoicing, he ordered a bonfire to be made before the play-house door, and gave the actors money to drink your Majesty's health . . . and that he came that evening to the play-house and showed the players Sir John Stanley's letter, and told them they might act as soon as they pleased, for that he had the Queen's leave to employ them. Upon which the players themselves and some soldiers got into the play-house, and the next day performed a play, but not the play that was given out, for Rich had carried away the clothes."

[2] Because it recalled the name of Jeremy Collier, who began his attack on the immorality of the stage in 1698.

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On the 22nd instant, a night of public rejoicing, the enemies of Divito made a largess to the people of faggots, tubs, and other combustible matter, which was erected into a bonfire before the palace. Plentiful cans were at the same time distributed among the dependencies of that principality; and the artful rival of Divito observing them prepared for enterprise, presented the lawful owner of the neighbouring edifice, and showed his deputation under him. War immediately ensued upon the peaceful empire of wit and the Muses; the Goths and Vandals sacking Rome did not threaten a more barbarous devastation of arts and sciences. But when they had forced their entrance, the experienced Divito had detached all his subjects, and evacuated all his stores. The neighbouring inhabitants report, that the refuse of Divito's followers marched off the night before disguised in magnificence; door-keepers came out clad like cardinals, and scene-drawers like heathen gods. Divito himself was wrapped up in one of his black clouds, and left to the enemy nothing but an empty stage, full of trap-doors, known only to himself and his adherents.

From my own Apartment, Nov. 25.

I have already taken great pains to inspire notions of honour and virtue into the people of this kingdom, and used all gentle methods imaginable, to bring those who are dead in idleness, folly, and pleasure, into life, by applying themselves to learning, wisdom, and industry. But since fair means are ineffectual, I must proceed to extremities, and shall give my good friends the Company of Upholders full power to bury all such dead as they meet with, who are within my former descriptions of deceased persons. In the meantime the following remonstrance of that corporation I take to be very just:

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From our Office near the Haymarket, Nov. 23.

"WORTHY SIR,

"Upon reading your *Tatler* of Saturday last,[1] by which we received the agreeable news of so many deaths, we immediately ordered in a considerable quantity of blacks; and our servants have wrought night and day ever since, to furnish out the necessaries for these deceased. But so it is, Sir, that of this vast number of dead bodies, that go putrefying up and down the streets, not one of them has come to us to be buried. Though we should be loth to be any hindrance to our good friends the physicians, yet we cannot but take notice, what infection her Majesty's subjects are liable to from the horrible stench of so many corpses. Sir, we will not detain you; our case in short is this: here are we embarked, in this undertaking for the public good: now if people shall be suffered to go on unburied at this rate, there's an end of the usefullest manufactures and handicrafts of the kingdom: for where will be your sextons, coffin-makers, and plumbers? What will become of your embalmers, epitaph-mongers, and chief mourners? We are loth to drive this matter any further, though we tremble at the consequences of it: for if it shall be left to every dead man's discretion not to be buried till he sees his time, no man can say where that will end; but thus much we will take upon us to affirm, that such a toleration will be intolerable.

"What would make us easy in this matter, is no more but that your Worship would be pleased to issue out your orders to ditto dead to repair forthwith to our office, in order to their interment, where constant attendance shall be given to treat with all persons according to their

[1] No. 96.

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quality, and the poor to be buried for nothing; and for the convenience of such persons as are willing enough to be dead, but that they are afraid their friends and relations should know it, we have a back door into Warwick Street, from whence they may be interred with all secrecy imaginable, and without loss of time, or hindrance of business. But in case of obstinacy (for we would gladly make a thorough riddance), we desire a further power from your Worship, to take up such deceased as shall not have complied with your first orders, wherever we meet them; and if after that there shall be complaints of any persons so offending, let them lie at our doors.—We are,

"Your Worship's till death,
"THE MASTER AND COMPANY OF UPHOLDERS.

"*P.S.*—We are ready to give in our printed proposals at large; and if your Worship approves of our undertaking, we desire the following advertisement may be inserted in your next paper:

"Whereas a commission of interment has been awarded against Dr. John Partridge,[1] philomath, professor of physic and astrology; and whereas the said Partridge hath not surrendered himself, nor shown cause to the contrary, these are to certify, that the Company of Upholders will proceed to bury him from Cordwainers' Hall, on Tuesday the 29th instant, where any six of his surviving friends, who still believe him to be alive, are desired to come prepared to hold up the pall.

"*Note.*—We shall light away at six in the evening, there being to be a sermon."

[1] See No. 96.

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No. 100. [Addison.

From *Saturday*, *Nov.* 26, to *Tuesday*, *Nov.* 29, 1709.

Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna.—Virg., Eclog. iv. 6.

Sheer Lane, *Nov.* 28.

I was last week taking a solitary walk in the garden of Lincoln's Inn (a favour that is indulged me by several of the benchers who are my intimate friends, and grown old with me in this neighbourhood), when, according to the nature of men in years who have made but little progress in the advancement of their fortune or their fame, I was repining at the sudden rise of many persons who are my juniors, and indeed at the unequal distribution of wealth, honour, and all other blessings of life. I was lost in this thought when the night came upon me, and drew my mind into a far more agreeable contemplation. The heaven above me appeared in all its glories, and presented me with such a hemisphere of stars, as made the most agreeable prospect imaginable to one who delights in the study of nature. It happened to be a freezing night, which had purified the whole body of air into such a bright transparent æther, as made every constellation visible; and at the same time gave such a particular glowing to the stars, that I thought it the richest sky I had ever seen. I could not behold a scene so wonderfully adorned and lighted up (if I may be allowed that expression) without suitable meditations on the Author of such illustrious and amazing objects. For on these occasions, philosophy suggests motives to religion, and religion adds pleasures to philosophy. As soon as I had recovered my usual temper and serenity of soul, I

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retired to my lodgings with the satisfaction of having passed away a few hours in the proper employments of a reasonable creature, and promising myself that my slumbers would be sweet. I no sooner fell into them, but I dreamed a dream, or saw a vision (for I know not which to call it), that seemed to rise out of my evening meditation, and had something in it so solemn and serious that I cannot forbear communicating it; though I must confess, the wildness of imagination (which in a dream is always loose and irregular) discovers itself too much in several parts of it. Methoughts I saw the same azure sky diversified with the same glorious luminaries which had entertained me a little before I fell asleep. I was looking very attentively on that sign in the heavens which is called by the name of the Balance, when on a sudden there appeared in it an extraordinary light, as if the sun should rise at midnight. By its increasing in breadth and lustre, I soon found that it approached towards the earth; and at length could discern something like a shadow hovering in the midst of a great glory, which in a little time after I distinctly perceived to be the figure of a woman. I fancied at first it might have been the angel or intelligence that guided the constellation from which it descended; but upon a nearer view, I saw about her all the emblems with which the goddess of Justice is usually described. Her countenance was unspeakably awful and majestic, but exquisitely beautiful to those whose eyes were strong enough to behold it; her smiles transported with rapture, her frowns terrified to despair. She held in her hand a mirror, endowed with the same qualities as that which the painters put into the hand of Truth. There streamed from it a light, which distinguished itself from all the splendours that surrounded her, more than a flash of lightning shines in the midst of daylight. As she moved

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it in her hand, it brightened the heavens, the air, or the earth. When she had descended so low as to be seen and heard by mortals, to make the pomp of her appearance more supportable, she threw darkness and clouds about her, that tempered the light into a thousand beautiful shades and colours, and multiplied that lustre, which was before too strong and dazzling, into a variety of milder glories.

In the meantime the world was in an alarm, and all the inhabitants of it gathered together upon a spacious plain; so that I seemed to have the whole species before my eyes. A voice was heard from the clouds, declaring the intention of this visit, which was, to restore and appropriate to every one living what was his due. The fear and hope, joy and sorrow, which appeared in that great assembly after this solemn declaration, are not to be expressed. The first edict was then pronounced, that all titles and claims to riches and estates, or to any part of them, should be immediately vested in the rightful owner. Upon this, the inhabitants of the earth held up the instruments of their tenure, whether in parchment, paper, wax, or any other form of conveyance; and as the goddess moved the mirror of truth which she held in her hand, so that the light which flowed from it fell upon the multitude, they examined the several instruments by the beams of it. The rays of this mirror had a particular quality of setting fire to all forgery and falsehood. The blaze of papers, the melting of seals, and crackling of parchments made a very odd scene. The fire very often ran through two or three lines only, and then stopped. Though I could not but observe, that the flame chiefly broke out among the interlineations and codicils, the light of the mirror, as it was turned up and down, pierced into all the dark corners and recesses of

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the universe, and by that means detected many writings and records which had been hidden or buried by time, chance, or design. This occasioned a wonderful revolution among the people. At the same time, the spoils of extortion, fraud, and robbery, with all the fruits of bribery and corruption, were thrown together into a prodigious pile, that almost reached to the clouds, and was called "the Mount of Restitution"; to which all injured persons were invited to receive what belonged to them.

One might see crowds of people in tattered garments come up, and change clothes with others that were dressed with lace and embroidery. Several who were plumbs, or very near it, became men of moderate fortunes; and many others, who were overgrown in wealth and possessions, had no more left than what they usually spent. What moved my concern most, was, to see a certain street[1] of the greatest credit in Europe from one end to the other become bankrupt.

The next command was, for the whole body of mankind to separate themselves into their proper families; which was no sooner done, but an edict was issued out, requiring all children to repair to their true and natural fathers. This put a great part of the assembly in motion; for as the mirror was moved over them, it inspired every one with such a natural instinct, as directed them to their real parents. It was a very melancholy spectacle to see the fathers of very large families become childless, and bachelors undone by a charge of sons and daughters. You might see a presumptive heir of a great estate ask blessing of his coachman, and a celebrated toast paying her duty to a *valet de chambre*. Many under vows of celibacy

[1] Lombard Street.

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appeared surrounded with a numerous issue. This change of parentage would have caused great lamentation, but that the calamity was pretty common, and that generally those who lost their children, had the satisfaction of seeing them put into the hands of their dearest friends. Men were no sooner settled in their right to their possessions and their progeny, but there was a third order proclaimed, that all the posts of dignity and honour in the universe should be conferred on persons of the greatest merit, abilities, and perfection. The handsome, the strong, and the wealthy immediately pressed forward; but not being able to bear the splendour of the mirror which played upon their faces, they immediately fell back among the crowd: but as the goddess tried the multitude by her glass, as the eagle does its young ones by the lustre of the sun, it was remarkable, that every one turned away his face from it who had not distinguished himself either by virtue, knowledge, or capacity in business, either military or civil. This select assembly was drawn up in the centre of a prodigious multitude, which was diffused on all sides, and stood observing them, as idle people use to gather about a regiment that are exercising their arms. They were drawn up in three bodies: in the first were the men of virtue; in the second, men of knowledge; and in the third, the men of business. It was impossible to look at the first column without a secret veneration, their aspects were so sweetened with humanity, raised with contemplation, emboldened with resolution, and adorned with the most agreeable airs, which are those that proceed from secret habits of virtue. I could not but take notice, that there were many faces among them which were unknown, not only to the multitude, but even to several of their own body.

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In the second column, consisting of the men of knowledge, there had been great disputes before they fell into the ranks, which they did not do at last without the positive command of the goddess who presided over the assembly. She had so ordered it, that men of the greatest genius and strongest sense were placed at the head of the column: behind these, were such as had formed their minds very much on the thoughts and writings of others. In the rear of the column were men who had more wit than sense, or more learning than understanding. All living authors of any value were ranged in one of these classes; but I must confess, I was very much surprised to see a great body of editors, critics, commentators, and grammarians meet with so very ill a reception. They had formed themselves into a body, and with a great deal of arrogance demanded the first station in the column of knowledge; but the goddess, instead of complying with their request, clapped them all into liveries, and bade them know themselves for no other but lackeys of the learned.

The third column were men of business, and consisting of persons in military and civil capacities. The former marched out from the rest, and placed themselves in the front; at which the other shook their heads at them, but did not think fit to dispute the post with them. I could not but make several observations upon this last column of people; but I have certain private reasons why I do not think fit to communicate them to the public. In order to fill up all the posts of honour, dignity, and profit, there was a draught made out of each column of men who were masters of all three qualifications in some degree, and were preferred to stations of the first rank. The second draught was made out of such as were possessed of any two of the qualifications, who were disposed of in stations of a second dignity. Those who were left,

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and were endowed only with one of them, had their suitable posts. When this was over, there remained many places of trust and profit unfilled, for which there were fresh draughts made out of the surrounding multitude who had any appearance of these excellences, or were recommended by those who possessed them in reality.

All were surprised to see so many new faces in the most eminent dignities; and for my own part, I was very well pleased to see that all my friends either kept their present posts, or were advanced to higher.

Having filled my paper with those particulars of my vision which concern the male part of mankind, I must reserve for another occasion the sequel of it, which relates to the fair sex.[1]

No. 101.

[Steele, and Addison.[2]

From *Tuesday, Nov.* 29, to *Thursday, Dec.* 1, 1709.

——Postquam fregit subsellia versu,
Esurit, intactam Paridi nisi vendit Agaven.
Juv., Sat. vii. 86.

From my own Apartment, Nov. 30.

The progress of my intended account of what happened when Justice visited mortals, is at present interrupted by the observation and sense of an injustice against which there is no remedy, even in a kingdom more happy in the care taken of the liberty and property of the subject than any other nation upon earth. This iniquity is committed by a most impregnable set of

[1] See No. 102.

[2] "Sir Richard Steele joined in this paper" (Tickell).

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mortals, men who are rogues within the law; and in the very commission of what they are guilty of, professedly own, that they forbear no injury but from the terror of being punished for it. These miscreants are a set of wretches we authors call pirates, who print any book, poem, or sermon, as soon as it appears in the world, in a smaller volume, and sell it (as all other thieves do stolen goods) at a cheaper rate.[1] I was in my rage calling them rascals, plunderers, robbers, highwaymen. But they acknowledge all that, and are pleased with those, as well as any other titles; nay, will print them themselves to turn the penny. I am extremely at a loss how to act against such open enemies, who have not shame enough to be touched with our reproaches, and are as well defended against what we can say as what we can do. Railing therefore we must turn into

[1] This paper seems to have been occasioned by a pirated edition of the *Tatler* which came out just at this time. The following advertisement concerning it, was subjoined to the next paper in the original edition of the *Tatler* in folio, and often repeated in the subsequent numbers:

"Whereas I am informed, that there is a spurious and very incorrect edition of these papers printed in a small volume; these are to give notice, that there is in the press, and will speedily be published, a very neat edition, fitted for the pocket, on extraordinary good paper, a new brevier letter, like the Elzevir editions, and adorned with several cuts by the best artists. To which is added a preface, index, and many notes, for the better explanation of these lucubrations, by the author, who has revised, amended, and made many additions to the whole. *N.B.*—Notice shall be given in this paper, when I conclude my first volume." (No. 102, Advertisement.)

This spurious edition was sold by Hills. It was thus advertised in the *Post Boy*, by A. Boyer, 1st to 3rd December 1709: "This day is published one hundred *Tatlers*, by Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., on a fine paper, in a neat pocket volume. Price, bound, 4s., which is less than half the price of a set in folio. Sold by H. Hills, in Black-friars, near the Water-side."

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complaint, which I cannot forbear making, when I consider that all the labours of my long life may be disappointed by the first man that pleases to rob me. I had flattered myself, that my stock of learning was worth £150 per annum, which would very handsomely maintain me and my little family, who are so happy or so wise as to want only necessaries. Before men had come up to this bare-faced impudence, it was an estate to have a competency of understanding. An ingenious droll, who is since dead (and indeed it is well for him he is so, for he must have starved had he lived to this day), used to give me an account of his good husbandry in the management of his learning. He was a general dealer, and had his "Amusements" as well comical as serious. The merry rogue said, when he wanted a dinner he wrote a paragraph of table-talk, and his bookseller upon sight paid the reckoning. He was a very good judge of what would please the people, and could aptly hit both the genius of his readers and the season of the year in his writings. His brain, which was his estate, had as regular and different produce as other men's land. From the beginning of November till the opening of the campaign, he wrote pamphlets and letters to members of Parliament, or friends in the country; but sometimes he would relieve his ordinary readers with a murder, and lived comfortably a week or two upon strange and lamentable accidents. A little before the armies took the field, his way was to open your attention with a prodigy; and a monster well written, was two guineas the lowest price. This prepared his readers for his great and bloody news from Flanders in June and July. Poor Tom![1] he is gone. But I observed, he always looked

[1] Tom Brown (died 1704), whose works were published in four volumes in 1707. His "Amusements Serious and Comical" appeared in 1700.

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well after a battle, and was apparently fatter in a fighting year. Had this honest careless fellow lived till now, famine had stared him in the face, and interrupted his merriment, as it must be a solid affliction to all those whose pen is their portion. As for my part, I do not speak wholly for my own sake on this point; for palmistry and astrology will bring me in greater gains than these my papers; so that I am only in the condition of a lawyer who leaves the bar for chamber practice. However, I may be allowed to speak in the cause of learning itself, and lament, that a liberal education is the only one which a polite nation makes unprofitable.[1] All mechanic artisans are allowed to reap the fruit of their invention and ingenuity without invasion; but he that has separated himself from the rest of mankind, and studied the wonders of the creation, the government of his passions, and the revolutions of the world, and has an ambition to communicate the effect of half his life spent in such noble inquiries, has no property in what he is willing to produce, but is exposed to robbery and want, with this melancholy and just reflection, that he is

[1] "As on a former occasion [No. 114] we saw Addison, when the grief of his friend seemed to break his utterance, with a calm composure taking up his theme simply to moderate its pain; so in this paper, to which also both contribute, and of which the exquisite opening humour closes abruptly in generous indignation, we may see each, according to his different nature, moved by an intolerable wrong. Of the maltreatment of authors in regard to copyright, both are speaking, and high above the irresistible laugh which Addison would raise against a law that makes only rogues and pirates prosperous, rings out the clear and manly claim of Steele to be allowed to speak in the cause of learning itself, and to lament that a liberal education should be the only one which a polite nation makes unprofitable, and that the only man who cannot get protection from his country should be he that best deserves it." (Forster, "Historical and Biographical Essays," 1858 : Steele.)

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the only man who is not protected by his country, at the same time that he best deserves it. According to the ordinary rules of computation, the greater the adventure is, the greater ought to be the profit of those who succeed in it; and by this measure, none have pretence of turning their labours to greater advantage than persons brought up to letters. A learned education, passing through great schools and universities, is very expensive, and consumes a moderate fortune, before it is gone through in its proper forms. The purchase of an handsome commission or employment, which would give a man a good figure in another kind of life, is to be made at a much cheaper rate. Now, if we consider this expensive voyage which is undertaken in the search of knowledge, and how few there are who take in any considerable merchandise, how less frequent it is to be able to turn what men have gained into profit? How hard is it, that the very small number who are distinguished with abilities to know how to vend their wares, and have the good fortune to bring them into port, should suffer being plundered by privateers under the very cannon that should protect them? The most eminent and useful author of the age we live in, after having laid out a princely revenue in works of charity and beneficence, as became the greatness of his mind, and the sanctity of his character, would have left the person in the world who was the dearest to him in a narrow condition, had not the sale of his immortal writings brought her in a very considerable dowry; though it was impossible for it to be equal to their value. Every one will know that I here mean the works of the late Archbishop of Canterbury,[1] the copy of which was sold for £2500.

[1] John Tillotson married Elizabeth French, daughter of Dr. Peter French, canon of Christ Church, Oxford, and niece of Oliver Cromwell. On his death in 1694, Tillotson left nothing to his family but

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I do not speak with relation to any party; but it has happened, and may often so happen, that men of great learning and virtue cannot qualify themselves for being employed in business, or receiving preferments. In this case, you cut them off from all support if you take from them the benefit that may arise from their writings. For my own part, I have brought myself to consider things in so unprejudiced a manner, that I esteem more a man who can live by the products of his understanding, than one who does it by the favour of great men.

The zeal of an author has transported me thus far, though I think myself as much concerned in the capacity of a reader. If this practice goes on, we must never expect to see again a beautiful edition of a book in Great Britain.

We have already seen the Memoirs of Sir William Temple[1] published in the same character and volume with the history of Tom Thumb, and the works of our greatest poets shrunk into penny books and garlands. For my own part, I expect to see my lucubrations printed on browner paper[2] than they are at present; and, if the humour continues, must be forced to retrench my expensive way of living, and not smoke above two pipes a day.

Mr. Charles Lillie, perfumer at the corner of Beauford Buildings, has informed me, that I am obliged to several of my customers for coming to his shop upon my recommendation; and has also given me further assurances of his upright dealing with all who shall be so kind

the copyright of his posthumous sermons; but William III. gave the widow an annuity of £400 in 1695, and added £200 more in 1698.

[1] A third edition of Temple's "Memoirs of what passed in Christendom from 1672 to 1679" appeared in 1709.

[2] The paper on which the original numbers of the *Tatler* were printed is called "tobacco paper" in No. 160. It was very brown.

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as to make use of my name to him. I acknowledge this favour, and have, for the service of my friends who frequent his shop, used the force of magical powers to add value to his wares. By my knowledge in the secret operations of nature, I have made his powders, perfumed and plain, have the same effect as love-powder to all who are too much enamoured to do more than dress at their mistresses. His amber orange-flower, musk, and civet-violet, put only into a handkerchief, shall have the same effect towards an honourable lover's wishes as if he had been wrapped in his mother's smock. Wash-balls perfumed, camphored, and plain, shall restore complexions to that degree, that a country fox-hunter who uses them shall in a week's time look with a courtly and affable paleness, without using the bagnio or cupping. *N.B.*—Mr. Lillie has snuffs, Barcelona, Seville, musty, plain, and Spanish, which may be taken by a young beginner without danger of sneezing.

Sheer Lane, Nov. 30.

Whereas several walking-dead persons arrived within the bills of mortality, before and since the 15th instant, having been informed of my warrant [1] given to the Company of Upholders, and being terrified thereat (it not having been advertised that privilege or protection would be allowed), have resolved forthwith to retire to their several and respective abodes in the country, hoping thereby to elude any commission of interment that may issue out against them; and being informed of such their fallacious designs, I do hereby give notice, as well for the good of the public as for the great veneration I have for the before-mentioned useful society, that a process is gone out against them, and that, in case of contempt,

[1] See No. 96.

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they may be found or heard of at most coffee-houses in and about Westminster.

I must desire my readers to help me out from time to time in the correction of these my essays; for as a shaking hand does not always write legibly, the press sometimes prints one word for another; and when my paper is to be revised, I am perhaps so busy in observing the spots of the moon, that I have not time to find out the *errata* that are crept into my lucubrations.

No. 102. [Addison.

From *Thursday, Dec.* 1, to *Saturday, Dec.* 3, 1709.

From my own Apartment, Dec. 3.

A Continuation of the Vision.[1]

The male world were dismissed by the goddess of Justice, and disappeared, when on a sudden the whole plain was covered with women. So charming a multitude filled my heart with unspeakable pleasure; and as the celestial light of the mirror shone upon their faces, several of them seemed rather persons that descended in the train of the goddess, than such who were brought before her to their trial. The clack of tongues, and confusion of voices, in this new assembly, was so very great, that the goddess was forced to command silence several times, and with some severity before she could make them attentive to her edicts. They were all sensible that the most important affair among womankind was then to be settled, which every one knows to be the point of place. This had raised innumerable

[1] See No. 100.

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disputes among them, and put the whole sex into a tumult. Every one produced her claim, and pleaded her pretensions. Birth, beauty, wit, or wealth, were words that rung in my ears from all parts of the plain. Some boasted of the merit of their husbands; others of their own power in governing them. Some pleaded their unspotted virginity; others their numerous issue. Some valued themselves as they were the mothers, and others as they were the daughters, of considerable persons. There was not a single accomplishment unmentioned or unpractised. The whole congregation was full of singing, dancing, tossing, ogling, squeaking, smiling, sighing, fanning, frowning, and all those irresistible arts which women put in practice to captivate the hearts of reasonable creatures. The goddess, to end this dispute, caused it to be proclaimed, that every one should take place according as she was more or less beautiful. This declaration gave great satisfaction to the whole assembly, which immediately bridled up, and appeared in all its beauties. Such as believed themselves graceful in their motion, found an occasion of falling back, advancing forward, or making a false step, that they might show their persons in the most becoming air. Such as had fine necks and bosoms, were wonderfully curious to look over the heads of the multitude, and observe the most distant parts of the assembly. Several clapped their hands on their foreheads, as helping their sight to look upon the glories that surrounded the goddess, but in reality to show fine hands and arms. The ladies were yet better pleased, when they heard, that in the decision of this great controversy, each of them should be her own judge, and take her place according to her own opinion of herself, when she consulted her looking-glass.

The goddess then let down the mirror of truth in a

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golden chain, which appeared larger in proportion as it descended and approached nearer to the eyes of the beholders. It was the particular property of this looking-glass to banish all false appearances, and show people what they are. The whole woman was represented, without regard to the usual external features, which were made entirely conformable to their real characters. In short, the most accomplished (taking in the whole circle of female perfections) were the most beautiful; and the most defective, the most deformed. The goddess so varied the motion of the glass, and placed it in so many different lights, that each had an opportunity of seeing herself in it.

It is impossible to describe the rage, the pleasure, or astonishment, that appeared in each face upon its representation in the mirror: multitudes started at their own form, and would have broken the glass if they could have reached it. Many saw their blooming features wither as they looked upon them, and their self-admiration turned into a loathing and abhorrence. The lady who was thought so agreeable in her anger, and was so often celebrated for a woman of fire and spirit, was frightened at her own image, and fancied she saw a fury in the glass. The interested mistress beheld a harpy, and the subtle jilt a sphinx. I was very much troubled in my own heart to see such a destruction of fine faces; but at the same time had the pleasure of seeing several improved, which I had before looked upon as the greatest masterpieces of nature. I observed, that some few were so humble as to be surprised at their own charms; and that many a one who had lived in the retirement and severity of a vestal, shone forth in all the graces and attractions of a siren. I was ravished at the sight of a particular image in the mirror, which I think the most beautiful object that my eyes ever beheld. There was something more than human in her countenance: her eyes were so

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full of light, that they seemed to beautify everything they looked upon. Her face was enlivened with such a florid bloom, as did not so properly seem the mark of health as of immortality. Her shape, her stature, and her mien were such as distinguished her even there where the whole fair sex was assembled.

I was impatient to see the lady represented by so divine an image, whom I found to be the person that stood at my right hand, and in the same point of view with myself. This was a little old woman, who in her prime had been about five feet high, though at present shrunk to about three-quarters of that measure; her natural aspect was puckered up with wrinkles, and her head covered with grey hairs. I had observed all along an innocent cheerfulness in her face, which was now heightened into rapture as she beheld herself in the glass. It was an odd circumstance in my dream (but I cannot forbear relating it): I conceived so great an inclination towards her, that I had thoughts of discoursing her upon the point of marriage, when on a sudden she was carried from me; for the word was now given, that all who were pleased with their own images, should separate, and place themselves at the head of their sex.

This detachment was afterwards divided into three bodies, consisting of maids, wives, and widows; the wives being placed in the middle, with the maids on the right, and widows on the left; though it was with difficulty that these two last bodies were hindered from falling into the centre. This separation of those who liked their real selves not having lessened the number of the main body so considerably as it might have been wished, the goddess, after having drawn up her mirror, thought fit to make new distinctions among those who did not like the figure which they saw in it. She made several wholesome edicts, which have slipped out of my mind;

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but there were two which dwelt upon me, as being very extraordinary in their kind, and executed with great severity. Their design was to make an example of two extremes in the female world: of those who are very severe on the conduct of others, and of those who are very regardless of their own. The first sentence, therefore, the goddess pronounced, was, that all females addicted to censoriousness and detraction should lose the use of speech; a punishment which would be the most grievous to the offender, and (what should be the end of all punishments) effectual for rooting out the crime. Upon this edict, which was as soon executed as published, the noise of the assembly very considerably abated. It was a melancholy spectacle, to see so many who had the reputation of rigid virtue struck dumb. A lady who stood by me, and saw my concern, told me, she wondered I could be concerned for such a pack of— I found, by the shaking of her head, she was going to give me their characters; but by her saying no more, I perceived she had lost the command of her tongue. This calamity fell very heavy upon that part of women who are distinguished by the name of prudes, a courtly word for female hypocrites, who have a short way to being virtuous, by showing that others are vicious. The second sentence was then pronounced against the loose part of the sex, that all should immediately be pregnant who in any part of their lives had run the hazard of it. This produced a very goodly appearance, and revealed so many misconducts, that made those who were lately struck dumb, repine more than ever at their want of utterance; though, at the same time (as afflictions seldom come single), many of the mutes were also seized with this new calamity. The ladies were now in such a condition, that they would have wanted room, had not the plain been large enough to let them divide their ground, and extend their lines on

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all sides. It was a sensible affliction to me to see such a multitude of fair ones either dumb or big-bellied. But I was something more at ease when I found that they agreed upon several regulations to cover such misfortunes: among others, that it should be an established maxim in all nations, that a woman's first child might come into the world within six months after her acquaintance with her husband; and that grief might retard the birth of her last till fourteen months after his decease.

This vision lasted till my usual hour of waking, which I did with some surprise, to find myself alone, after having been engaged almost a whole night in so prodigious a multitude. I could not but reflect with wonder at the partiality and extravagance of my vision; which according to my thoughts, has not done justice to the sex. If virtue in men is more venerable, it is in women more lovely; which Milton has very finely expressed in his "Paradise Lost," where Adam, speaking of Eve, after having asserted his own pre-eminence, as being first in creation and internal faculties, breaks out into the following rapture:

——"*Yet when I approach*
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,
And in herself complete, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills, or do, or say,
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best.
All higher knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded. Wisdom, in discourse with her,
Loses, discountenanced, and like Folly shows.
Authority and Reason on her wait,
As one intended first, not after made
Occasionally: and to consummate all
Greatness of mind and nobleness, their seat
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic placed."[1]

[1] "Paradise Lost," viii. 546.

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No. 103.

[Addison and Steele.[1]

From *Saturday*, *Dec.* 3, to *Tuesday*, *Dec.* 6, 1709.

——Hæ nugæ seria ducent
In mala derisum semel exceptumque sinistre.
Hor., Ars Poet., 45.

From my own Apartment, Dec. 5.

There is nothing gives a man greater satisfaction than the sense of having despatched a great deal of business, especially when it turns to the public emolument. I have much pleasure of this kind upon my spirits at present, occasioned by the fatigue of affairs which I went through last Saturday. It is some time since I set apart that day for examining the pretensions of several who had applied to me for canes, perspective-glasses, snuff-boxes, orange-flower waters, and the like ornaments of life. In order to adjust this matter, I had before directed Charles Lillie of Beauford Buildings to prepare a great bundle of blank licences in the following words:

"You are hereby required to permit the bearer of this cane to pass and repass through the streets and suburbs of London, or any place within ten miles of it, without let or molestation; provided that he does not walk with it under his arm, brandish it in the air, or hang it on a button: in which case it shall be forfeited; and I hereby declare it forfeited to any one who shall think it safe to take it from him.

"Isaac Bickerstaff."

[1] "Written by Addison and Steele jointly" (Tickell).

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The same form, differing only in the provisos, will serve for a perspective, snuff-box, or perfumed handkerchief. I had placed myself in my elbow-chair at the upper end of my great parlour, having ordered Charles Lillie to take his place upon a joint-stool with a writing-desk before him. John Morphew[1] also took his station at the door; I having, for his good and faithful services, appointed him my chamber-keeper upon court-days. He let me know, that there were a great number attending without. Upon which, I ordered him to give notice, that I did not intend to sit upon snuff-boxes that day; but that those who appeared for canes might enter. The first presented me with the following petition, which I ordered Mr. Lillie to read:

"To ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esq., Censor of Great Britain.

"*The humble Petition of Simon Trippit:*

"Sheweth—That your petitioner having been bred up to a cane from his youth, it is now become as necessary to him as any other of his limbs.

"That a great part of his behaviour depending upon it, he should be reduced to the utmost necessities if he should lose the use of it.

"That the knocking of it upon his shoe, leaning one leg upon it, or whistling with it on his mouth, are such great reliefs to him in conversation, that he does not know how to be good company without it.

"That he is at present engaged in an amour, and must despair of success, if it be taken from him.

"Your petitioner therefore hopes, that (the premises tenderly considered) your Worship will not deprive him of so useful and so necessary a support.

"And your petitioner shall ever, &c."

[1] The publisher of the original issue of the *Tatler*.

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Upon the hearing of his case, I was touched with some compassion, and the more so when upon observing him nearer I found he was a prig. I bade him produce his cane in court, which he had left at the door. He did so, and I finding it to be very curiously clouded, with a transparent amber head, and a blue ribbon to hang upon his wrist,[1] I immediately ordered my clerk Lillie to lay it up, and deliver out to him a plain joint headed with walnut; and then, in order to wean him from it by degrees, permitted him to wear it three days in a week, and to abate proportionably till he found himself able to go alone.

The second who appeared, came limping into the court: and setting forth in his petition many pretences for the use of a cane, I caused them to be examined one by one; but finding him in different stories, and confronting him with several witnesses who had seen him walk upright, I ordered Mr. Lillie to take in his cane, and rejected his petition as frivolous.

A third made his entry with great difficulty, leaning upon a slight stick, and in danger of falling every step he took. I saw the weakness of his hams; and hearing that he had married a young wife about a fortnight before, I bade him leave his cane, and gave him a new pair of crutches, with which he went off in great vigour and alacrity. This gentleman was succeeded by another, who seemed very much pleased while his petition was reading, in which he had represented, that he was extremely afflicted with the gout, and set his foot upon the ground with the caution and dignity which accompany that distemper. I suspected him for an impostor, and having ordered him to be searched, I

[1] See No. 26.

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committed him into the hands of Dr. Thomas Smith,[1] in King Street (my own corn-cutter), who attended in an outward room, and wrought so speedy a cure upon him, that I thought fit to send him also away without his cane.

While I was thus dispensing justice, I heard a noise in my outward room; and inquiring what was the occasion of it, my door-keeper told me, that they had taken up one in the very fact as he was passing by my door. They immediately brought in a lively fresh-coloured young man, who made great resistance with hand and

[1] "In King Street, Westminster, liveth Thomas Smith, who, by experience and ingenuity, has learnt the art of taking out and curing all manner of corns, without pain or drawing blood. He likewise takes out all manner of nails which cause any disaster, trouble, or pain, which no man in England can do the like. He can, on several occasions, help persons afflicted, as killing the scurvy in the gums; though they be eaten away never so much, he can raise them up again. He cures the toothache in half-an hour, let the pain be never so great, and cleanses and preserves the teeth. He can, with God's assistance, perform the same in a little time. I wear a silver badge, with three verses, the first in English, the second in Dutch, the third in French, with the States of Holland's crownet on the top, which was given me as a present by the States-General of Holland, for the many cures, &c. My name on the badge underwritten, Thomas Smith, who will not fail, God willing, to make out every particular in this bill, &c., &c.

"The famousest ware in England, which never fails to cure the toothache in half-an-hour, price 1s. the bottle. Likewise a powder for cleansing the teeth, which makes them as ivory, without wearing them, and without prejudice to the gums, 1s. the box. Also two sorts of water for curing the scurvy in the gums; though they are eaten away to the bottom, it will heal them, and cause them to grow as firm as ever; very safe, without mercury, or any unwholesome spirit. To avoid counterfeits, they are only sold at his own house, &c.; price of each bottle half a crown, or more, according to the bigness, with directions." Smith seems in the course of the week to have made his appearance, at fixed times, in every coffee-house then in London. (Harl. MSS., 5931.) See No. 187.

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foot, but did not offer to make use of his cane, which hung upon his fifth button. Upon examination, I found him to be an Oxford scholar, who was just entered at the Temple. He at first disputed the jurisdiction of the court; but being driven out of his little law and logic, he told me very pertly, that he looked upon such a perpendicular creature as man to make a very imperfect figure without a cane in his hand. "It is well known," says he, "we ought, according to the natural situation of our bodies, to walk upon our hands and feet; and that the wisdom of the ancients had described man to be an animal of four legs in the morning, two at noon, and three at night; by which they intimated, that a cane might very properly become part of us in some period of life." Upon which I asked him, whether he wore it at his breast to have it in readiness when that period should arrive? My young lawyer immediately told me, he had a property in it, and a right to hang it where he pleased, and to make use of it as he thought fit, provided that he did not break the peace with it: and further said, that he never took it off his button, unless it were to lift it up at a coachman, hold it over the head of a drawer, point out the circumstances of a story, or for other services of the like nature, that are all within the laws of the land. I did not care for discouraging a young man who, I saw, would come to good; and because his heart was set upon his new purchase, I only ordered him to wear it about his neck, instead of hanging it upon his button, and so dismissed him. There were several appeared in court whose pretensions I found to be very good, and therefore gave them their licences upon paying their fees; as many others had their licences renewed who required more time for recovery of their lameness than I had before allowed them.

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Having despatched this set of my petitioners, there came in a well-dressed man, with a glass tube in one hand, and his petition in the other. Upon his entering the room, he threw back the right side of his wig, put forward his right leg, and advancing the glass to his right eye, aimed it directly at me. In the meanwhile, to make my observations also, I put on my spectacles; in which posture we surveyed each other for some time. Upon the removal of our glasses, I desired him to read his petition, which he did very promptly and easily; though at the same time it set forth, that he could see nothing distinctly, and was within very few degrees of being utterly blind; concluding with a prayer, that he might be permitted to strengthen and extend his sight by a glass. In answer to this I told him, he might sometimes extend it to his own destruction. "As you are now," said I, "you are out of the reach of beauty; the shafts of the finest eyes lose their force before they can come at you; you can't distinguish a toast from an orange-wench; you can see a whole circle of beauty without any interruption from an impertinent face to discompose you. In short, what are snares for others—" My petitioner would hear no more, but told me very seriously, "Mr. Bickerstaff, you quite mistake your man; it is the joy, the pleasure, the employment of my life, to frequent public assemblies, and gaze upon the fair." In a word, I found his use of a glass was occasioned by no other infirmity but his vanity, and was not so much designed to make him see, as to make him be seen and distinguished by others. I therefore refused him a licence for a perspective, but allowed him a pair of spectacles, with full permission to use them in any public assembly as he should think fit. He was followed by so very few of this order of men, that I have

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reason to hope this sort of cheats are almost at an end.

The orange-flower men appeared next with petitions, perfumed so strongly with musk, that I was almost overcome with the scent; and for my own sake was obliged forthwith to license their handkerchiefs, especially when I found they had sweetened them at Charles Lillie's, and that some of their persons would not be altogether inoffensive without them. John Morphew, whom I have made the general of my dead men, acquainted me, that the petitioners were all of that order, and could produce certificates to prove it if I required it. I was so well pleased with this way of their embalming themselves, that I commanded the above-said Morphew to give it in orders to his whole army, that every one who did not surrender himself up to be disposed of by the Upholders should use the same method to keep himself sweet during his present state of putrefaction.

I finished my session with great content of mind, reflecting upon the good I had done; for however slightly men may regard these particularities and little follies in dress and behaviour, they lead to greater evils. The bearing to be laughed at for such singularities, teach us insensibly an impertinent fortitude, and enable us to bear public censure for things which more substantially deserve it. By this means they open a gate to folly, and oftentimes renden a man so ridiculous as to discredit his virtues and capacities, and unqualify them from doing any good in the world. Besides, the giving into uncommon habits of this nature is a want of that humble deference which is due to mankind, and (what is worst of all) the certain indication of some secret flaw in the mind of the person that commits them. When I was a young man, I remember a gentleman of great integrity

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and worth was very remarkable for wearing a broad belt, and a hanger instead of a fashionable sword, though in all other points a very well-bred man. I suspected him at first sight to have something wrong in him, but was not able for a long while to discover any collateral proofs of it. I watched him narrowly for six-and-thirty years, when at last, to the surprise of everybody but myself, who had long expected to see the folly break out, he married his own cook-maid.

No. 104. [STEELE.

From *Tuesday, Dec.* 6, to *Thursday, Dec.* 8, 1709.

——Garrit aniles
Ex re fabellas—— HOR., 2 Sat. vi. 77.

From my own Apartment, Dec. 7.

My brother Tranquillus being gone out of town for some days, my sister Jenny sent me word she would come and dine with me, and therefore desired me to have no other company. I took care accordingly, and was not a little pleased to see her enter the room with a decent and matron-like behaviour, which I thought very much became her. I saw she had a great deal to say to me, and easily discovered in her eyes, and the air of her countenance, that she had abundance of satisfaction in her heart, which she longed to communicate. However, I was resolved to let her break into her discourse her own way, and reduced her to a thousand little devices and intimations to bring me to the mention of her husband. But finding I was resolved not to name him, she began of her own accord. "My husband," said she, "gives his humble service to you;" to which I only answered, "I

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hope he is well," and without waiting for a reply, fell into other subjects. She at last was out of all patience, and said (with a smile and manner that I thought had more beauty and spirit than I had ever observed before in her), "I did not think, brother, you had been so ill-natured. You have seen, ever since I came in, that I had a mind to talk of my husband, and you won't be so kind as to give me an occasion." "I did not know," said I, "but it might be a disagreeable subject to you. You do not take me for so old-fashioned a fellow as to think of entertaining a young lady with the discourse of her husband. I know, nothing is more acceptable than to speak of one who is to be so; but to speak of one who is so! Indeed, Jenny, I am a better bred man than you think me." She showed a little dislike at my raillery; and by her bridling up, I perceived she expected to be treated hereafter not as Jenny Distaff, but Mrs. Tranquillus. I was very well pleased with this change in her humour; and upon talking with her on several subjects, I could not but fancy that I saw a great deal of her husband's way and manner in her remarks, her phrases, the tone of her voice, and the very air of her countenance. This gave me an unspeakable satisfaction, not only because I had found her a husband, from whom she could learn many things that were laudable, but also because I looked upon her imitation of him as an infallible sign that she entirely loved him. This is an observation that I never knew fail, though I do not remember that any other has made it. The natural shyness of her sex hindered her from telling me the greatness of her own passion; but I easily collected it, from the representation she gave me of his. "I have everything," says she, "in Tranquillus that I can wish for; and enjoy in him (what indeed you have told me were to be met with in a good husband) the fondness

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of a lover, the tenderness of a parent, and the intimacy of a friend." It transported me to see her eyes swimming in tears of affection when she spoke. "And is there not, dear sister," said I, "more pleasure in the possession of such a man than in all the little impertinences of balls, assemblies, and equipage, which it cost me so much pains to make you contemn?" She answered, smiling, "Tranquillus has made me a sincere convert in a few weeks, though I am afraid you could not have done it in your whole life. To tell you truly, I have only one fear hanging upon me, which is apt to give me trouble in the midst of all my satisfactions: I am afraid, you must know, that I shall not always make the same amiable appearance in his eye that I do at present. You know, brother Bickerstaff, that you have the reputation of a conjurer; and if you have any one secret in your art to make your sister always beautiful, I should be happier than if I were mistress of all the worlds you have shown me in a starry night." "Jenny," said I, "without having recourse to magic, I shall give you one plain rule, that will not fail of making you always amiable to a man who has so great a passion for you, and is of so equal and reasonable a temper as Tranquillus. Endeavour to please, and you must please; be always in the same disposition as you are when you ask for this secret, and, you may take my word, you will never want it. An inviolable fidelity, good humour, and complacency of temper outlive all the charms of a fine face, and make the decays of it invisible."

We discoursed very long upon this head, which was equally agreeable to us both; for I must confess (as I tenderly love her), I take as much pleasure in giving her instructions for her welfare as she herself does in receiving them. I proceeded therefore to inculcate these

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sentiments, by relating a very particular passage that happened within my own knowledge.

There were several of us making merry at a friend's house in a country village, when the sexton of the parish church entered the room in a sort of surprise, and told us, that as he was digging a grave in the chancel, a little blow of his pick-axe opened a decayed coffin, in which there were several written papers. Our curiosity was immediately raised, so that we went to the place where the sexton had been at work, and found a great concourse of people about the grave. Among the rest, there was an old woman, who told us, the person buried there was a lady, whose name I do not think fit to mention, though there is nothing in the story but what tends very much to her honour.[1] This lady lived several years an exemplary pattern of conjugal love, and dying soon after her husband, who every way answered her character in virtue and affection, made it her death-bed request, that all the letters which she had received from him, both before and after her marriage, should be buried in the coffin with her. These I found upon examination were the papers before us. Several of them had suffered so much by time, that I could only pick out a few words; as, "My soul!" "Lilies!" "Roses!" "Dearest angel!" and the like. One of them (which was legible throughout) ran thus:

"MADAM,

"If you would know the greatness of my love, consider that of your own beauty. That blooming countenance, that snowy bosom, that graceful person,

[1] We are told that a son of Sir Thomas Chicheley, one of King William's admirals, said that this lady was his mother, and that the letters were genuine. There is a mezzotint of Mrs. Sarah

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return every moment to my imagination: the brightness of your eyes hath hindered me from closing mine since I last saw you. You may still add to your beauties by a smile. A frown will make me the most wretched of men, as I am the most passionate of lovers."

It filled the whole company with a deep melancholy, to compare the description of the letter with the person that occasioned it, who was now reduced to a few crumbling bones, and a little mouldering heap of earth. With much ado I deciphered another letter, which begun with "My dear, dear wife." This gave me a curiosity to see how the style of one written in marriage differed from one written in courtship. To my surprise, I found the fondness rather augmented than lessened, though the panegyric turned upon a different accomplishment. The words were as follow:

"Before this short absence from you, I did not know that I loved you so much as I really do; though at the same time, I thought I loved you as much as possible. I am under great apprehensions, lest you should have any uneasiness whilst I am defrauded of my share in it, and can't think of tasting any pleasures that you don't partake with me. Pray, my dear, be careful of your health, if for no other reason because you know I could not outlive you. It is natural in absence to make professions of an inviolable constancy; but towards so much merit, it is scarce a virtue, especially when it is but a bare return to that of which you have

Chicheley, by Smith, from a painting by Kneller. Sir Thomas Chicheley (1618–1694) was Master-general of the Ordnance; the admiral was Sir John Chicheley, who died in 1691, leaving a son John.

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given me such continued proofs ever since our first acquaintance.

"I am, &c."

It happened that the daughter of these two excellent persons was by when I was reading this letter. At the sight of the coffin, in which was the body of her mother, near that of her father, she melted into a flood of tears. As I had heard a great character of her virtue, and observed in her this instance of filial piety, I could not resist my natural inclination of giving advice to young people, and therefore addressed myself to her: "Young lady," said I, "you see how short is the possession of that beauty in which Nature has been so liberal to you. You find the melancholy sight before you, is a contradiction to the first letter that you heard on that subject; whereas you may observe, the second letter, which celebrates your mother's constancy, is itself, being found in this place, an argument of it. But, Madam, I ought to caution you, not to think the bodies that lie before you, your father and your mother. Know their constancy is rewarded by a nobler union than by this mingling of their ashes, in a state where there is no danger or possibility of a second separation."

No. 105. [STEELE.

From *Thursday, Dec.* 8, to *Saturday, Dec.* 10, 1709.

Sheer Lane, Dec. 9.

As soon as my midnight studies are finished, I take but a very short repose, and am again up at an exercise of another kind; that is to say, my fencing. Thus my life passes away in a restless pursuit of fame,

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and a preparation to defend myself against such as attack it. This anxiety on the point of reputation is the peculiar distress of fine spirits, and makes them liable to a thousand inquietudes, from which men of grosser understandings are exempt; so that nothing is more common than to see one part of mankind live at perfect ease under such circumstances as would make another part of them entirely miserable.

This may serve for a preface to the history of poor Will Rosin, the fiddler of Wapping,[1] who is a man as much made for happiness, and a quiet life, as any one breathing; but has been lately entangled in so many intricate and unreasonable distresses, as would have made him (had he been a man of too nice honour) the most wretched of all mortals. I came to the knowledge of his affairs by mere accident. Several of the narrow end of our lane having made an appointment to visit some friends beyond St. Katherine's,[2] where there was to be a merry meeting, they would needs take with them the old gentleman, as they are pleased to call me. I, who value my company by their good-will, which naturally has the same effect as good-breeding, was not too stately, or too wise, to accept of the invitation. Our design was to be spectators of a sea-ball; to which I readily consented, provided I might be *incognito*, being naturally pleased with the survey of human life in all its degrees and cir-

[1] Sir John Hawkins ("History of Music," iv. 379) gives an account of the music-houses at Wapping, Shadwell, &c. Steele lived at Poplar at one time, and may then have made Rosin's acquaintance. See No. 23 of the *Medley*, where Steele tells a story of a ball at a music-house in Wapping, attended by colliers and sailors.

[2] St. Katherine's-by-the-Tower stood close to the Thames; it was pulled down in 1825, when St. Katherine's Dock was constructed. The precinct or liberty of St. Katherine extended from the Tower to Ratcliff.

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cumstances. In order to this merriment, Will Rosin (who is the Corelli[1] of the Wapping side, as Tom Scrape is the Bononcini[2] of Redriffe) was immediately sent for; but to our utter disappointment, poor Will was under an arrest, and desired the assistance of all his kind masters and mistresses, or he must go to gaol. The whole company received his message with great humanity, and very generously threw in their halfpence apiece in a great dish, which purchased his redemption out of the hands of the bailiffs. During the negotiation for his enlargement, I had an opportunity of acquainting myself with his history.

Mr. William Rosin, of the parish of St. Katherine, is somewhat stricken in years, and married to a young widow, who has very much the ascendant over him: this degenerate age being so perverted in all things, that even in the state of matrimony the young pretend to govern their elders. The musician is extremely fond of her; but is often obliged to lay by his fiddle to hear louder notes of hers, when she is pleased to be angry with him: for you are to know, Will is not of consequence enough to enjoy her conversation but when she chides him, or makes use of him to carry on her amours. For she is a woman of stratagem; and even in that part of the world where one would expect but very little gallantry, by the force of natural genius, she can be sullen, sick, out of humour, splenetic, want new clothes, and more money, as well as if she had been bred in Cheapside or Cornhill. She was lately under a secret discontent upon account of a lover she was like to lose

[1] Archangelo Corelli, the famous violinist and composer, died at Rome in 1713.

[2] Giovanni Bononcini, the youngest son of the musician Giovanni Maria Bononcini, was for some time a rival of Handel. The opera of "Camilla" was composed when he was eighteen.

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by his marriage: for her gallant, Mr. Ezekiel Boniface, had been twice asked in church, in order to be joined in matrimony with Mrs. Winifred Dimple, spinster, of the same parish. Hereupon Mrs. Rosin was far gone in that distemper which well-governed husbands know by the description of, "I am I know not how;" and Will soon understood, that it was his part to inquire into the occasion of her melancholy, or suffer as the cause of it himself. After much importunity, all he could get out of her, was, that she was the most unhappy and the most wicked of all women, and had no friend in the world to tell her grief to. Upon this, Will doubled his importunities; but she said that she should break her poor heart, if he did not take a solemn oath upon a Book, that he would not be angry; and that he would expose the person who had wronged her to all the world, for the ease of her mind, which was no way else to be quieted. The fiddler was so melted, that he immediately kissed her, and afterwards the Book. When his oath was taken, she began to lament herself, and revealed to him, that (miserable woman as she was) she had been false to his bed. Will was glad to hear it was no worse; but before he could reply, "Nay," said she, "I will make you all the atonement I can, and take shame upon me by proclaiming it to all the world, which is the only thing that can remove my present terrors of mind." This was indeed too true; for her design was to prevent Mr. Boniface's marriage, which was all she apprehended. Will was thoroughly angry, and began to curse and swear, the ordinary expressions of passion in persons of his condition. Upon which his wife—"Ah William! how well you mind the oath you have taken, and the distress of your poor wife, who can keep nothing from you; I hope you won't be such a perjured wretch

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as to forswear yourself." The fiddler answered, that his oath obliged him only not to be angry at what was past; "but I find you intend to make me laughed at all over Wapping." "No, no," replied Mrs. Rosin, "I see well enough what you would be at, you poor-spirited cuckold—you are afraid to expose Boniface, who has abused your poor wife, and would fain persuade me still to suffer the stings of conscience; but I assure you, sirrah, I won't go to the devil for you." Poor Will was not made for contention, and beseeching her to be pacified, desired she would consult the good of her soul her own way, for he would not say her nay in anything.

Mrs. Rosin was so very loud and public in her invectives against Boniface, that the parents of his mistress forbade the banns, and his match was prevented, which was the whole design of this deep stratagem. The father of Boniface brought his action of defamation, arrested the fiddler, and recovered damages. This was the distress from which he was relieved by the company; and the good husband's air, history, and jollity, upon his enlargement, gave occasion to very much mirth; especially when Will, finding he had friends to stand by him, proclaimed himself a cuckold by way of insult over the family of the Bonifaces. Here is a man of tranquillity without reading Seneca! What work had such an incident made among persons of distinction? The brothers and kindred of each side must have been drawn out, and hereditary hatreds entailed on the families as long as their very names remained in the world. Who would believe that Herod, Othello, and Will Rosin were of the same species?

There are quite different sentiments which reign in the parlour and the kitchen; and it is by the point of honour, when justly regulated and inviolably observed, that some men are superior to others, as much as man-

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kind in general are to brutes. This puts me in mind of a passage in the admirable poem called the "Dispensary,"[1] where the nature of true honour is artfully described in an ironical dispraise of it:

But e'er we once engage in honour's cause,
First know what honour is, and whence it was.
Scorned by the base, 'tis courted by the brave,
The hero's tyrant, and the coward's slave.
Born in the noisy camp, it lives on air;
And both exists by hope and by despair.
Angry whene'er a moment's ease we gain,
And reconciled at our returns of pain.
It lives when in death's arms the hero lies;
But when his safety he consults, it dies.
Bigoted to this idol, we disclaim
Rest, health, and ease, for nothing but a name.

A very old fellow visited me to-day at my lodgings, and desired encouragement and recommendation from me for a new invention of knockers to doors, which he told me he had made, and professed to teach rustic servants the use of them. I desired him to show me an experiment of this invention; upon which he fixed one of his knockers to my parlour door. He then gave me a complete set of knocks, from the solitary rap of the dun and beggar to the thunderings of the saucy footman of quality, with several flourishes and rattlings never yet performed. He likewise played over some private notes, distinguishing the familiar friend or relation from the most modish visitor; and directing when the reserve candles are to be lighted. He has several other curiosities in this art. He waits only to receive my approbation of the main design. He is now ready to practise to such as shall apply themselves to him; but I have put off his public licence till next court day.

N.B.—He teaches underground.

[1] By Sir Samuel Garth, 1699.

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No. 106. [STEELE.

From *Saturday, Dec.* 10, to *Tuesday, Dec.* 13, 1709.

Invenies dissecti membra poetæ.
HOR., 1 Sat. iv. 62.[1]

Will's Coffee-house, Dec. 12.

I was this evening sitting at the side-table, and reading one of my own papers with great satisfaction, not knowing that I was observed by any in the room. I had not long enjoyed this secret pleasure of an author, when a gentleman, some of whose works I have been highly entertained with,[2] accosted me after the following manner: "Mr. Bickerstaff, you know I have for some years devoted myself wholly to the Muses, and perhaps you will be surprised when I tell you I am resolved to take up and apply myself to business: I shall therefore beg you will stand my friend, and recommend a customer to me for several goods that I have now upon my hands." I desired him to let me have a particular, and I would do my utmost to serve him. "I have first of all," says he, "the progress of an amour digested into sonnets, beginning with a poem to the unknown fair, and ending with an epithalamium. I have celebrated in it, her cruelty, her pity, her face, her shape, her wit, her good-humour, her dancing, her singing—" I could not forbear interrupting

[1] Horace's words are, "Invenias etiam disjecti membra poetæ."

[2] Perhaps Peter Anthony Motteux (1660–1718), dramatist and translator of Rabelais and "Don Quixote." In a letter in No. 288 of the *Spectator*, Motteux spoke of himself as "an author turned dealer," and described the goods in his warehouse in Leadenhall Street. In No. 552, Steele gave a glowing account of his friend's "spacious warehouses, filled and adorned with tea, china, and Indian wares."

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him: "This is a most accomplished lady," said I; "but has she really, with all these perfections, a fine voice?" "Pugh," says he, "you do not believe there is such a person in nature. This was only my employment in solitude last summer, when I had neither friends nor books to divert me." "I was going," says I, "to ask her name, but I find it is only an imaginary mistress." "That's true," replied my friend, "but her name is Flavia. I have," continued he, "in the second place, a collection of lampoons, calculated either for the Bath, Tunbridge, or any place where they drink waters, with blank spaces for the names of such person or persons as may be inserted in them on occasion. Thus much I have told only of what I have by me proceeding from love and malice. I have also at this time the sketch of an heroic poem upon the next peace:[1] several indeed of the verses are either too long or too short, it being a rough draught of my thoughts upon that subject." I thereupon told him, that as it was, it might probably pass for a very good Pindaric, and I believed I knew one who would be willing to deal with him for it upon that foot. "I must tell you also, I have made a dedication to it, which is about four sides close written, that may serve any one that is tall, and understands Latin. I have further, about fifty similes that were never yet applied, besides three-and-twenty descriptions of the sun rising, that might be of great use to an epic poet. These are my more bulky commodities: besides which, I have several smallwares that I would part with at easy rates; as, observations upon life, and moral sentences, reduced into several couplets, very proper to close up acts of plays, and may be easily introduced by two or three lines of prose, either in tragedy or comedy. If I could find a purchaser curious in Latin

[1] *Cf.* the account of Tom Spindle in No. 47.

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poetry, I could accommodate him with two dozen of epigrams, which, by reason of a few false quantities, should come for little or nothing."

I heard the gentleman with much attention, and asked him, whether he would break bulk, and sell his goods by retail, or designed they should all go in a lump? He told me, that he should be very loth to part them, unless it was to oblige a man of quality, or any person for whom I had a particular friendship. "My reason for asking," said I, "is, only because I know a young gentleman who intends to appear next spring in a new jingling chariot, with the figures of the nine Muses on each side of it; and I believe, would be glad to come into the world in verse." We could not go on in our treaty, by reason of two or three critics that joined us. They had been talking, it seems, of the two letters which were found in the coffin, and mentioned in one of my late lucubrations,[1] and came with a request to me, that I would communicate any others of them that were legible. One of the gentlemen was pleased to say, that it was a very proper instance of a widow's constancy; and said, he wished I had subjoined, as a foil to it, the following passage in "Hamlet." The young Prince was not yet acquainted with all the guilt of his mother, but turns his thoughts on her sudden forgetfulness of his father, and the indecency of her hasty marriage.

——That it should come to this!
But two months dead! Nay, not so much, not two!
So excellent a king! that was to this
Hyperion to a satyr! So loving to my mother,
That he permitted not the winds of heaven
To visit her face too roughly! Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,

[1] See No. 104.

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As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on. And yet, within a month!
Let me not think on't—Frailty, thy name is woman!
A little month! or ere those shoes were old,
With which she followed my poor father's body,
Like Niobe all tears; why she, even she—
O Heaven! a brute, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourned longer!—married with mine uncle,
My father's brother! But no more like my father
Than I to Hercules! Within a month!
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing of her gallèd eyes,
She married—O most wicked speed! to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to good!
But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue![1]

The several emotions of mind, and breaks of passion, in this speech, are admirable. He has touched every circumstance that aggravated the fact, and seemed capable of hurrying the thoughts of a son into distraction. His father's tenderness for his mother, expressed in so delicate a particular; his mother's fondness for his father, no less exquisitely described; the great and amiable figure of his dead parent drawn by a true filial piety; his disdain of so unworthy a successor to his bed; but above all, the shortness of the time between his father's death and his mother's second marriage, brought together with so much disorder, make up as noble a part as any in that celebrated tragedy. The circumstance of time I never could enough admire. The widowhood had lasted two months—this is his first reflection: but as his indignation rises, he sinks to scarce two months: afterwards into a month; and at last, into a little month. But all this so naturally, that the reader accompanies him in the violence of his passion,

[1] "Hamlet," act i. sc. 2.

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and finds the time lessen insensibly, according to the different workings of his disdain. I have not mentioned the incest of her marriage, which is so obvious a provocation; but cannot forbear taking notice, that when his fury is at its height, he cries, "Frailty, thy name is woman!" as railing at the sex in general, rather than giving himself leave to think his mother worse than others.—*Desiderantur multa.*

Whereas Mr. Jeffery Groggram has surrendered himself by his letter bearing date December 7, and has sent an acknowledgment that he is dead, praying an order to the Company of Upholders for interment at such a reasonable rate as may not impoverish his heirs: the said Groggram having been dead ever since he was born, and added nothing to his small patrimony, Mr. Bickerstaff has taken the premises into consideration; and being sensible of the ingenuous and singular behaviour of this petitioner, pronounces the said Jeffery Groggram a live man, and will not suffer that he should bury himself out of modesty; but requires him to remain among the living, as an example to those obstinate dead men, who will neither labour for life, nor go to their grave.

N.B.—Mr. Groggram is the first person that has come in upon Mr. Bickerstaff's dead warrant.

Florinda demands by her letter of this day to be allowed to pass for a living woman, having danced the Derbyshire hornpipe in the presence of several friends on Saturday last.

Granted; provided she can bring proof, that she can make a pudding on the 24th instant.

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No. 107. [STEELE.

From *Tuesday, Dec.* 13, to *Thursday, Dec.* 15, 1709.

——Ah miser,
Quanta laborabas Charybdi
Digne puer meliore flammâ!
HOR., 1 Od. xxvii. 18.

Sheer Lane, Dec. 14.

About four this afternoon, which is the hour I usually put myself in readiness to receive company, there entered a gentleman who I believed at first came upon some ordinary question; but as he approached nearer to me, I saw in his countenance a deep sorrow, mixed with a certain ingenuous complacency that gave me a sudden good-will towards him. He stared, and betrayed an absence of thought as he was going to communicate his business to me. But at last, recovering himself, he said, with an air of great respect, "Sir, it would be an injury to your knowledge in the occult sciences, to tell you what is my distress; I dare say, you read it in my countenance: I therefore beg your advice to the most unhappy of all men." Much experience has made me particularly sagacious in the discovery of distempers, and I soon saw that his was love. I then turned to my commonplace book, and found his case under the word "coquette"; and reading over the catalogue which I have collected out of this great city of all under that character, I saw at the name of Cynthia his fit came upon him. I repeated the name thrice after a musing manner, and immediately perceived his pulse quicken two-thirds; when his eyes, instead of the wildness with which they appeared at his

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entrance, looked with all the gentleness imaginable upon me, not without tears. "O sir!" said he, "you know not the unworthy usage I have met with from the woman my soul dotes on. I could gaze at her to the end of my being; yet when I have done so, for some time past I have found her eyes fixed on another. She is now two-and-twenty, in the full tyranny of her charms, which she once acknowledged she rejoiced in, only as they made her choice of me, out of a crowd of admirers, the more obliging. But in the midst of this happiness, so it is, Mr. Bickerstaff, that young Quicksett, who is just come to town, without any other recommendation than that of being tolerably handsome, and excessively rich, has won her heart in so shameless a manner, that she dies for him. In a word, I would consult you, how to cure myself of this passion for an ungrateful woman, who triumphs in her falsehood, and can make no man happy, because her own satisfaction consists chiefly in being capable of giving distress. I know Quicksett is at present considerable with her for no other reason but that he can be without her, and feel no pain in the loss. Let me therefore desire you, sir, to fortify my reason against the levity of an inconstant, who ought only to be treated with neglect." All this time I was looking over my receipts, and asked him if he had any good winter boots. "Boots, sir!" said my patient. I went on: "You may easily reach Harwich in a day, so as to be there when the packet goes off." "Sir," said the lover, "I find you design me for travelling; but alas! I have no language; it will be the same thing to me as solitude, to be in a strange country. I have," continued he, sighing, "been many years in love with this creature, and have almost lost even my English, at least to speak such as anybody else does. I asked a tenant of ours, who came up to town the other day with rent,

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whether the flowery mead near my father's house in the country had any shepherd in it. I have called a cave a grotto these three years, and must keep ordinary company, and frequent busy people for some time, before I can recover my common words." I smiled at his raillery upon himself, though I well saw it came from a heavy heart. "You are," said I, "acquainted, to be sure, with some of the general officers; suppose you made a campaign?" "If I did," said he, "I should venture more than any man there, for I should be in danger of starving; my father is such an untoward old gentleman, that he would tell me he found it hard enough to pay his taxes towards the war, without making it more expensive by an allowance to me. With all this, he is as fond as he is rugged, and I am his only son."

I looked upon the young gentleman with much tenderness, and not like a physician, but a friend; for I talked to him so largely, that if I had parcelled my discourse into distinct prescriptions, I am confident I gave him two hundred pounds' worth of advice. He heard me with great attention, bowing, smiling, and showing all other instances of that natural good-breeding which ingenuous tempers pay to those who are elder and wiser than themselves. I entertained him to the following purpose. "I am sorry, sir, that your passion is of so long a date, for evils are much more curable in their beginnings; but at the same time must allow, that you are not to be blamed, since your youth and merit has been abused by one of the most charming, but the most unworthy, sort of women, the coquettes. A coquette is a chaste jilt, and differs only from a common one, as a soldier, who is perfect in exercise, does from one that is actually in service. This grief, like all other, is to be cured only by time; and although you are convinced this moment, as much as you will be

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ten years hence, that she ought to be scorned and neglected, you see you must not expect your remedy from the force of reason. The cure then is only in time, and the hastening of the cure only in the manner of employing that time. You have answered me as to travel and a campaign, so that we have only Great Britain to avoid her in. Be then yourself, and listen to the following rules, which only can be of use to you in this unaccountable distemper, wherein the patient is often averse even to his recovery. It has been of benefit to some to apply themselves to business; but as that may not lie in your way, go down to your estate, mind your fox-hounds, and venture the life you are weary of over every hedge and ditch in the country. These are wholesome remedies; but if you can have resolution enough, rather stay in town, and recover yourself even in the town where she inhabits. Take particular care to avoid all places where you may possibly meet her, and shun the sight of everything which may bring her to your remembrance; there is an infection in all that relates to her: you'll find, her house, her chariot, her domestics, and her very lap-dog, are so many instruments of torment. Tell me seriously, do you think you could bear the sight of her fan?" He shook his head at the question, and said, "Ah! Mr. Bickerstaff, you must have been a patient, or you could not have been so good a physician." "To tell you truly," said I, "about the thirtieth year of my age, I received a wound that has still left a scar in my mind, never to be quite worn out by time or philosophy.

"The means which I found the most effectual for my cure, were reflections upon the ill-usage I had received from the woman I loved, and the pleasure I saw her take in my sufferings.

"I considered the distress she brought upon me the

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greatest that could befall a human creature, at the same time that she did not inflict this upon one who was her enemy, one that had done her an injury, one that had wished her ill; but on the man who loved her more than any else loved her, and more than it was possible for him to love any other person.

"In the next place, I took pains to consider her in all her imperfections; and that I might be sure to hear of them constantly, kept company with those her female friends who were her dearest and most intimate acquaintance.

"Among her highest imperfections, I still dwelt upon her baseness of mind and ingratitude, that made her triumph in the pain and anguish of the man who loved her, and of one who in those days (without vanity be it spoken) was thought to deserve her love.

"To shorten my story, she was married to another, which would have distracted me had he proved a good husband; but to my great pleasure, he used her at first with coldness, and afterwards with contempt. I hear he still treats her very ill; and am informed, that she often says to her woman, 'This is a just revenge for my falsehood to my first love: what a wretch am I, that might have been married to the famous Mr. Bickerstaff.'."

My patient looked upon me with a kind of melancholy pleasure, and told me, he did not think it was possible for a man to live to the age I now am of, who in his thirtieth year had been tortured with that passion in its violence. "For my part," said he, "I can neither eat, drink, nor sleep in it; nor keep company with anybody, but two or three friends who are in the same condition."

"There," answered I, "you are to blame; for as you ought to avoid nothing more than keeping company

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with yourself, so you ought to be particularly cautious of keeping company with men like yourself. As long as you do this, you do but indulge your distemper.

"I must not dismiss you without further instructions. If possible, transfer your passion from the woman you are now in love with, to another; or if you cannot do that, change the passion itself into some other passion; that is, to speak more plainly, find out some other agreeable woman:[1] or if you can't do this, grow covetous, ambitious, litigious; turn your love of woman into that of profit, preferment, reputation; and for a time, give up yourself entirely to the pursuit.

"This is a method we sometimes take in physic, when we turn a desperate disease into one we can more easily cure."

He made little answer to all this, but crying out, "Ah, sir!" for his passion reduced his discourse to interjections.

"There is one thing added, which is present death to a man in your condition, and therefore to be avoided with the greatest care and caution: that is, in a word, to think of your mistress and rival together, whether walking, discoursing, dallying—" "The devil!" he cried out, "who can bear it?" To compose him, for I pitied him very much, "The time will come," said I, "when you shall not only bear it, but laugh at it. As a preparation to it, ride every morning an hour at least

[1] This passage was censured by Thomas Baker in No. 72 of the *Female Tatler* (December 21, 1707): "Wisdom, virtue, and laboriousness have always been inseparable from the famous Bickerstaff; but if the characters that have first recommended him to the public, and by which only he was known to the world, are no more to be found in those works that go under his name, the author is dead, and the papers are spurious," &c.

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with the wind full in your face. Upon your return, recollect the several precepts which I have now given you, and drink upon them a bottle of spa-water. Repeat this every day for a month successively, and let me see you at the end of it." He was taking his leave, with many thanks, and some appearance of consolation in his countenance, when I called him back to acquaint him, that I had private information of a design of the coquettes to buy up all the true spa-water in town; upon which he took his leave in haste, with a resolution to get all things ready for entering upon his regimen the next morning.

No. 108. [ADDISON.

From *Thursday, Dec.* 15, to *Saturday, Dec.* 17, 1709.

Pronaque cum spectent animalia cætera terram,
Os homini sublime dedit, cælumque tueri
Jussit.—— OVID, Met. i. 85.

Sheer Lane, Dec. 16.

It is not to be imagined, how great an effect well-disposed lights, with proper forms and orders in assemblies, have upon some tempers. I am sure I feel it in so extraordinary a manner, that I cannot in a day or two get out of my imagination any very beautiful or disagreeable impression which I receive on such occasions. For this reason I frequently look in at the play-house, in order to enlarge my thoughts, and warm my mind with some new ideas, that may be serviceable to me in my lucubrations. In this disposition I entered the theatre the other day, and placed myself in a corner of it, very convenient for seeing, without being myself observed.

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I found the audience hushed in a very deep attention, and did not question but some noble tragedy was just then in its crisis, or that an incident was to be unravelled which would determine the fate of a hero. While I was in this suspense, expecting every moment to see my old friend Mr. Betterton[1] appear in all the majesty of distress, to my unspeakable amazement, there came up a monster with a face between his feet; and as I was looking on, he raised himself on one leg in such a perpendicular posture, that the other grew in a direct line above his head.[2] It afterwards twisted itself into the motions and wreathings of several different animals, and after great variety of shapes and transformations, went off the stage in the figure of a human creature. The admiration, the applause, the satisfaction, of the audience, during this strange entertainment, is not to be expressed. I was very much out of countenance for my dear countrymen, and looked about with some apprehension for fear any foreigner should be present. Is it possible, thought I, that human nature can rejoice in its disgrace, and take pleasure in seeing its own figure turned to ridicule, and distorted into forms that raise horror and aversion? There is something disingenuous and immoral in the being able to bear such a sight. Men of elegant and noble minds are shocked at seeing the characters of persons who deserve esteem for their

[1] See No. 71.

[2] An advertisement in the Harl. MSS. (Bagford's Collection, 5961) describes the performances of a young posture-master from Exeter: "He makes his hip and shoulder bones meet together; stands on one leg, and extends the other in a direct line over his head, half a yard." It has been suggested that the posture-master alluded to by Addison was Joseph Clark, of whom there are various prints; but he died in 1690, and therefore cannot have been seen by Isaac Bickerstaff "the other day" in 1709.

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virtue, knowledge, or services to their country, placed in wrong lights, and by misrepresentation made the subject of buffoonery. Such a nice abhorrence is not indeed to be found among the vulgar; but methinks it is wonderful, that those who have nothing but the outward figure to distinguish them as men, should delight in seeing it abused, vilified, and disgraced.

I must confess, there is nothing that more pleases me in all that I read in books, or see among mankind, than such passages as represent human nature in its proper dignity. As man is a creature made up of different extremes, he has something in him very great and very mean: a skilful artist may draw an excellent picture of him in either of these views. The finest authors of antiquity have taken him on the more advantageous side. They cultivate the natural grandeur of the soul, raise in her a generous ambition, feed her with hopes of immortality and perfection, and do all they can to widen the partition between the virtuous and the vicious, by making the difference betwixt them as great as between gods and brutes. In short, it is impossible to read a page in Plato, Tully, and a thousand other ancient moralists, without being a greater and a better man for it. On the contrary, I could never read any of our modish French authors, or those of our own country who are the imitators and admirers of that trifling nation, without being for some time out of humour with myself, and at everything about me. Their business is to depreciate human nature, and consider it under its worst appearances. They give mean interpretations and base motives to the worthiest actions: they resolve virtue and vice into constitution. In short, they endeavour to make no distinction between man and man, or between the species of men and that of brutes. As an instance of this kind of

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authors, among many others, let any one examine the celebrated Rochefoucault, who is the great philosopher for administering of consolation to the idle, the envious, and worthless part of mankind.

I remember a young gentleman of moderate understanding, but great vivacity, who by dipping into many authors of this nature, had got a little smattering of knowledge, just enough to make an atheist or a free-thinker, but not a philosopher or a man of sense. With these accomplishments, he went to visit his father in the country, who was a plain, rough, honest man, and wise, though not learned. The son, who took all opportunities to show his learning, began to establish a new religion in the family, and to enlarge the narrowness of their country notions; in which he succeeded so well, that he had reduced the butler by his table-talk, and staggered his eldest sister. The old gentleman began to be alarmed at the schisms that arose among his children, but did not yet believe his son's doctrine to be so pernicious as it really was, till one day talking of his setting-dog, the son said, he did not question but Tray was as immortal as any one of the family; and in the heat of the argument told his father, that for his own part he expected to die like a dog. Upon which the old man, starting up in a very great passion, cried out, "Then, sirrah, you shall live like one;" and taking his cane in his hand, cudgelled him out of his system. This had so good an effect upon him, that he took up from that day, fell to reading good books, and is now a Bencher in the Middle Temple.

I do not mention this cudgelling part of the story with a design to engage the secular arm in matters of this nature; but certainly, if it ever exerts itself in affairs of opinion and speculation, it ought to do it on such shallow

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and despicable pretenders to knowledge, who endeavour to give man dark and uncomfortable prospects of his being, and destroy those principles which are the support, happiness, and glory of all public societies, as well as private persons.

I think it is one of Pythagoras's Golden Sayings, that a man should take care above all things to have a due respect for himself;[1] and it is certain, that this licentious sort of authors, who are for depreciating mankind, endeavour to disappoint and undo what the most refined spirits have been labouring to advance since the beginning of the world. The very design of dress, good-breeding, outward ornaments, and ceremony, were to lift up human nature, and set it off to advantage. Architecture, painting, and statuary were invented with the same design; as indeed every art and science contributes to the embellishment of life, and to the wearing off or throwing into shades the mean or low parts of our nature. Poetry carries on this great end more than all the rest, as may be seen in the following passage, taken out of Sir Francis Bacon's "Advancement of Learning,"[2] which gives a truer and better account of this art than all the volumes that were ever written upon it.

"Poetry, especially heroical, seems to be raised altogether from a noble foundation, which makes much for the dignity of man's nature. For seeing this sensible world is in dignity inferior to the soul of man, poesy seems to endow human nature with that which history denies, and to give satisfaction to the mind, with at least the shadow of things, where the substance cannot be had. For if the matter be thoroughly considered, a strong argument may be drawn from poesy, that a more stately greatness of things, a more perfect order, and a more

[1] "Golden Sayings," 12. [2] Second Book, iii. 4. 2.

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beautiful variety, delights the soul of man, than any way can be found in nature since the Fall. Wherefore seeing the acts and events, which are the subject of true history, are not of that amplitude as to content the mind of man; poesy is ready at hand to feign acts more heroical. Because true history reports the successes of business not proportionable to the merit of virtues and vices, poesy corrects it, and presents events and fortunes according to desert, and according to the law of Providence. Because true history, through the frequent satiety and similitude of things, works a distaste and misprision in the mind of man, poesy cheereth and refresheth the soul, chanting things rare and various, and full of vicissitudes. So as poesy serveth and conferreth to delectation, magnanimity, and morality; and therefore it may seem deservedly to have some participation of divineness, because it doth raise the mind, and exalt the spirit with high raptures, by proportioning the shows of things to the desires of the mind; and not submitting the mind to things, as reason and history do. And by these allurements and congruities, whereby it cherisheth the soul of man, joined also with consort of music, whereby it may more sweetly insinuate itself; it hath won such access, that it hath been in estimation even in rude times and barbarous nations, when other learning stood excluded."

But there is nothing which favours and falls in with this natural greatness and dignity of human nature so much as religion, which does not only promise the entire refinement of the mind, but the glorifying of the body, and the immortality of both.

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No. 109. [Steele.

From *Saturday, Dec.* 17, to *Tuesday, Dec.* 20, 1709.

Perditur hæc inter miseris lux.—Hor., 2 Sat. vi. 59.

Sheer Lane, Dec. 19.

There has not some years been such a tumult in our neighbourhood as this evening about six. At the lower end of the lane the word was given, that there was a great funeral coming by. The next moment came forward in a very hasty, instead of a solemn manner, a long train of lights, when at last a footman, in very high youth and health, with all his force, ran through the whole art of beating the door of the house next to me, and ended his rattle with the true finishing rap. This did not only bring one to the door at which he knocked, but to that of every one in the lane in an instant. Among the rest, my country maid took the alarm, and immediately running to me, told me, there was a fine, fine lady, who had three men with burial torches making way before her, carried by two men upon poles, with looking-glasses on each side of her, and one glass also before, she herself appearing the prettiest that ever was. The girl was going on in her story, when the lady was come to my door in her chair, having mistaken the house. As soon as she entered, I saw she was Mr. Isaac's[1] scholar by her speaking air, and the becoming stop she made when she began her apology. "You'll be surprised, sir," said she, "that I take this liberty, who am utterly a stranger to you: besides that it may be thought an indecorum that I visit a man." She made here a pretty hesitation, and held

[1] A dancing-master (see No. 34).

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her fan to her face. Then, as if recovering her resolution, she proceeded: "But I think you have said, that men of your age are of no sex; therefore I may be as free with you as one of my own." The lady did me the honour to consult me on some particular matters, which I am not at liberty to report. But before she took her leave, she produced a long list of names, which she looked upon to know whither she was to go next. I must confess, I could hardly forbear discovering to her immediately, that I secretly laughed at the fantastical regularity she observed in throwing away her time; but I seemed to indulge her in it, out of a curiosity to hear her own sense of her way of life. "Mr. Bickerstaff," said she, "you cannot imagine how much you are obliged to me in staying thus long with you, having so many visits to make; and indeed, if I had not hopes that a third part of those I am going to will be abroad, I should be unable to despatch them this evening." "Madam," said I, "are you in all this haste and perplexity, and only going to such as you have not a mind to see?" "Yes, sir," said she, "I have several now with whom I keep a constant correspondence, and return visit for visit punctually every week, and yet we have not seen each other since last November was twelvemonth."

She went on with a very good air, and, fixing her eyes on her list, told me, she was obliged to ride about three miles and a half before she arrived at her own house. I asked after what manner this list was taken, whether the persons wrote their names to her and desired that favour, or how she knew she was not cheated in her muster roll? "The method we take," says she, "is, that the porter or servant who comes to the door, writes down all the names who come to see us, and all such are entitled to a return of their visit." "But," said I,

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"madam, I presume those who are searching for each other, and know one another by messages, may be understood as candidates only for each other's favour; and that after so many howdees,[1] you proceed to visit or not, as you like the run of each other's reputation or fortune." "You understand it aright," said she, "and we become friends as soon as we are convinced that our dislike to each other may be of any consequence; for to tell you truly," said she "(for it is in vain to hide anything from a man of your penetration), general visits are not made out of good-will, but for fear of ill-will. Punctuality in this case is often a suspicious circumstance; and there is nothing so common as to have a lady say, 'I hope she has heard nothing of what I said of her, that she grows so great with me.' But indeed, my porter is so dull and negligent, that I fear he has not put down half the people I owe visits to." "Madam," said I, "methinks it should be very proper if your gentleman-usher or groom of the chamber were always to keep an account by way of debtor and creditor. I know a city lady who uses that method, which I think very laudable; for though you may possibly at the Court end of the town receive at the door, and light up better than within Temple Bar, yet I must do that justice to my friends the ladies within the walls to own, that they are much more exact in their correspondence. The lady I was going to mention as an example, has always the second apprentice out of the counting-house

[1] *Cf.* Swift, "Journal to Stella," May 10, 1712—"I have been returning the visits of those that sent howdees in my sickness;" and "Verses on his own Death," 1731 (quoted by Mr. Dobson):

"When daily howd'y's come of course,
And servants answer, 'Worse and worse!'"

Servants were frequently sent to make these polite inquiries; and Steele speaks of "the how-d'ye servants of our women" (*Spectator*, No. 143).

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for her own use on her visiting day, and he sets down very methodically all the visits which are made her. I remember very well, that on the first of January last, when she made up her account for the year 1708, it stood thus:

Mrs. Courtwood.	*Dr.*	*Per contra.*	*Cr.*
To seventeen hundred and four visits received . .	1704	By eleven hundred and nine paid	1109
		Due to balance	595
			1704

"This gentlewoman is a woman of great economy, and was not afraid to go to the bottom of her affairs; and therefore ordered her apprentice to give her credit for my Lady Easy's impertinent visits upon wrong days, and deduct only twelve per cent. He had orders also to subtract one and a half from the whole of such as she had denied herself to before she kept a day; and after taking those proper articles of credit on her side, she was in arrear but five hundred. She ordered her husband to buy in a couple of fresh coach-horses; and with no other loss than the death of two footmen, and a churchyard cough brought upon her coachman, she was clear in the world on the 10th of February last, and keeps so beforehand, that she pays everybody their own, and yet makes daily new acquaintances." I know not whether this agreeable visitant was fired with the example of the lady I told her of, but she immediately vanished out of my sight, it being, it seems, as necessary a point of good-breeding, to go off as if you stole something out of the house, as it is to enter as if you came to fire it. I do not know one thing that contributes so much to the lessening the esteem men of sense have to the fair sex as this article of visits. A young lady cannot be married, but all the

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impertinents in town must be beating the tattoo from one quarter of the town to the other, to show they know what passes. If a man of honour should once in an age marry a woman of merit for her intrinsic value, the envious things are all in motion in an instant to make it known to the sisterhood as an indiscretion, and publish to the town how many pounds he might have had to have been troubled with one of them. After they are tired with that, the next thing is, to make their compliments to the married couple and their relations. They are equally busy at a funeral, and the death of a person of quality is always attended with the murder of several sets of coach-horses and chairmen. In both cases, the visitants are wholly unaffected, either with joy or sorrow. For which reason, their congratulations and condolences are equally words of course; and one would be thought wonderfully ill-bred, that should build upon such expressions as encouragements, to expect from them any instance of friendship.

Thus are the true causes of living, and the solid pleasures of life, lost in show, imposture, and impertinence. As for my part, I think most of the misfortunes in families arise from the trifling way the women have in spending their time, and gratifying only their eyes and ears, instead of their reason and understanding.

A fine young woman, bred under a visiting mother, knows all that is possible for her to be acquainted with by report, and sees the virtuous and the vicious used so indifferently, that the fears she is born with are abated, and desires indulged, in proportion to her love of that light and trifling conversation. I know I talk like an old man; but I must go on to say, that I think the general reception of mixed company, and the pretty fellows that are admitted at those assemblies, give a

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young woman so false an idea of life, that she is generally bred up with a scorn of that sort of merit in a man which only can make her happy in marriage; and the wretch to whose lot she falls, very often receives in his arms a coquette, with the refuse of a heart long before given away to a coxcomb.

Having received from the Society of Upholders sundry complaints of the obstinate and refractory behaviour of several dead persons, who have been guilty of very great outrages and disorders, and by that means elapsed the proper time of their interment; and having on the other hand received many appeals from the aforesaid dead persons, wherein they desire to be heard before such their interment; I have set apart Wednesday the 21st instant, as an extraordinary court-day for the hearing both parties. If therefore any one can allege why they or any of their acquaintance should or should not be buried, I desire they may be ready with their witnesses at that time, or that they will for ever after hold their tongues.

N.B.—This is the last hearing on this subject.

No. 110.

[Addison and Steele.[1]

From *Tuesday, Dec.* 20, to *Thursday, Dec.* 22, 1709.

——Quæ lucis miseris tam dira cupido?—Virg., Æn. vi. 721.

Sheer Lane, Dec. 21.

As soon as I had placed myself in my chair of judicature, I ordered my clerk Mr. Lillie to read to the assembly (who were gathered together according to notice) a certain declaration, by way of charge, to open

[1] "Sir Richard Steele joined in this paper" (Tickell)

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the purpose of my session, which tended only to this explanation, that as other courts were often called to demand the execution of persons dead in law, so this was held to give the last orders relating to those who were dead in reason. The solicitor of the new Company of Upholders near the Haymarket appeared in behalf of that useful society, and brought in an accusation of a young woman, who herself stood at the bar before me. Mr. Lillie read her indictment, which was in substance, that whereas Mrs. Rebecca Pindust, of the parish of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, had, by the use of one instrument, called a looking-glass, and by the further use of certain attire, made either of cambric, muslin, or other linen wares, upon her head, attained to such an evil art and magical force in the motion of her eyes and turn of her countenance, that she the said Rebecca had put to death several young men of the said parish; and that the said young men had acknowledged in certain papers, commonly called love letters (which were produced in court, gilded on the edges, and sealed with a particular wax, with certain amorous and enchanting words wrought upon the said seals), that they died for the said Rebecca: and whereas the said Rebecca persisted in the said evil practice; this way of life the said society construed to be, according to former edicts, a state of death, and demanded an order for the interment of the said Rebecca.

I looked upon the maid with great humanity, and desired her to make answer to what was said against her. She said, it was indeed true that she had practised all the arts and means she could to dispose of herself happily in marriage, but thought she did not come under the censure expressed in my writings for the same; and humbly hoped, I would not condemn her for the ignorance of her accusers, who, according to their own

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words, had rather represented her killing than dead. She further alleged, that the expressions mentioned in the papers written to her, were become mere words, and that she had been always ready to marry any of those who said they died for her; but that they made their escape as soon as they found themselves pitied or believed. She ended her discourse by desiring I would for the future settle the meaning of the words, "I die," in letters of love.

Mrs. Pindust behaved herself with such an air of innocence, that she easily gained credit, and was acquitted. Upon which occasion, I gave it as a standing rule, that any persons who in any letter, billet, or discourse, should tell a woman he died for her, should, if she pleased, be obliged to live with her, or be immediately interred, upon such their own confession, without bail or main-prize.

It happened, that the very next who was brought before me was one of her admirers, who was indicted upon that very head. A letter which he acknowledged to be his own hand was read; in which were the following words: "Cruel creature, I die for you." It was observable, that he took snuff all the time his accusation was reading. I asked him, how he came to use these words, if he were not a dead man? He told me, he was in love with the lady, and did not know any other way of telling her so; and that all his acquaintance took the same method. Though I was moved with compassion towards him by reason of the weakness of his parts, yet for example's sake, I was forced to answer, "Your sentence shall be a warning to all the rest of your companions, not to tell lies for want of wit." Upon this, he began to beat his snuff-box with a very saucy air; and opening it again, "Faith, Isaac," said he,

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"thou art a very unaccountable old fellow—prithee, who gave thee power of life and death? What a pox hast thou to do with ladies and lovers? I suppose thou wouldst have a man be in company with his mistress, and say nothing to her. Dost thou call breaking a jest, telling a lie? Ha! is that thy wisdom, old Stiffrump, ha?" He was going on with this insipid commonplace mirth, sometimes opening his box, sometimes shutting it, then viewing the picture on the lid, and then the workmanship of the hinge, when, in the midst of his eloquence, I ordered his box to be taken from him; upon which he was immediately struck speechless, and carried off stone dead.[1]

The next who appeared, was a hale old fellow of sixty. He was brought in by his relations, who desired leave to bury him. Upon requiring a distinct account of the prisoner, a credible witness deposed, that he always rose at ten of the clock, played with his cat till twelve, smoked tobacco till one, was at dinner till two, then took another pipe, played at backgammon till six, talked of one Madam Frances, an old mistress of his, till eight, repeated the same account at the tavern till ten, then returned home, took another pipe, and then to bed. I asked him what he had to say for himself. "As to what," said he, "they mention concerning Madam Frances—" I did not care for hearing a Canterbury tale, and therefore thought myself seasonably interrupted by a young gentleman who appeared in the behalf of the old man, and prayed an arrest of judgment; for that he the said young man held certain lands by his the said old man's life. Upon this, the solicitor of the Upholders took an occasion to demand him also, and thereupon produced several evidences that wit-

[1] An account of the effects of this gentleman is given by Hughes in No. 113.

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nessed to his life and conversation. It appeared, that each of them divided their hours in matters of equal moment and importance to themselves and to the public. They rose at the same hour: while the old man was playing with his cat, the young one was looking out of his window; while the old man was smoking his pipe, the young man was rubbing his teeth; while one was at dinner, the other was dressing; while one was at backgammon, the other was at dinner; while the old fellow was talking of Madam Frances, the young one was either at play, or toasting women whom he never conversed with. The only difference was, that the young man had never been good for anything; the old man, a man of worth before he knew Madam Frances. Upon the whole, I ordered them to be both interred together, with inscriptions proper to their characters, signifying, that the old man died in the year 1689, and was buried in the year 1709. And over the young one it was said, that he departed this world in the twenty-fifth year of his death.

The next class of criminals were authors in prose and verse. Those of them who had produced any still-born work, were immediately dismissed to their burial, and were followed by others, who, notwithstanding some sprightly issue in their lifetime, had given proofs of their death by some posthumous children, that bore no resemblance to their elder brethren. As for those who were the fathers of a mixed progeny, provided always they could prove the last to be a live child, they escaped with life, but not without loss of limbs; for in this case, I was satisfied with amputation of the parts which were mortified.

These were followed by a great crowd of superannuated benchers of the Inns of Court, senior Fellows of colleges, and defunct statesmen; all whom I ordered to be deci-

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mated indifferently, allowing the rest a reprieve for one year, with a promise of a free pardon in case of resuscitation.

There were still great multitudes to be examined; but finding it very late, I adjourned the court; not without the secret pleasure that I had done my duty, and furnished out a handsome execution.

Going out of the court, I received a letter, informing me, that in pursuance of the edict of justice in one of my late visions, all those of the fair sex began to appear pregnant who had run any hazard of it; as was manifest by a particular swelling in the petticoats of several ladies in and about this great city. I must confess, I do not attribute the rising of this part of the dress to this occasion, yet must own, that I am very much disposed to be offended with such a new and unaccountable fashion. I shall, however, pronounce nothing upon it till I have examined all that can be said for and against it. And in the meantime, think fit to give this notice to the fair ladies who are now making up their winter suits, that they may abstain from all dresses of that kind till they shall find what judgment will be passed upon them; for it would very much trouble me, that they should put themselves to an unnecessary expense; and could not but think myself to blame, if I should hereafter forbid them the wearing of such garments, when they have laid out money upon them, without having given them any previous admonition.[1]

N.B.—A letter of the 16th instant about one of the 5th will be answered according to the desire of the party, which he will see in few days.

[1] See Nos. 113 and 116.

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No. 111.

[Addison and Steele.[1]

From *Thursday, Dec.* 22, to *Saturday, Dec.* 24, 1709.

——Procul O! procul este, profani!—Virg., Æn. vi. 258.

Sheer Lane, Dec. 23.

The watchman, who does me particular honours, as being the chief man in the lane, gave so very great a thump at my door last night, that I awakened at the knock, and heard myself complimented with the usual salutation of "Good morrow, Mr. Bickerstaff; good morrow, my masters all." The silence and darkness of the night disposed me to be more than ordinarily serious; and as my attention was not drawn out among exterior objects by the avocations of sense, my thoughts naturally fell upon myself. I was considering, amidst the stillness of the night, what was the proper employment of a thinking being? what were the perfections it should propose to itself? and what the end it should aim at? My mind is of such a particular cast, that the falling of a shower of rain, or the whistling of wind, at such a time, is apt to fill my thoughts with something awful and solemn. I was in this disposition, when our bellman began his midnight homily (which he has been repeating to us every winter night for these twenty years) with the usual exordium:

Oh! mortal man, thou that art born in sin!

Sentiments of this nature, which are in themselves just and reasonable, however debased by the circumstances that accompany them, do not fail to produce their

[1] "Steele assisted in this paper" (Tickell).

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natural effect in a mind that is not perverted and depraved by wrong notions of gallantry, politeness, and ridicule. The temper which I now found myself in, as well as the time of the year, put me in mind of those lines in Shakespeare, wherein, according to his agreeable wildness of imagination, he has wrought a country tradition into a beautiful piece of poetry. In the tragedy of "Hamlet," where the ghost vanishes upon the cock's crowing, he takes occasion to mention its crowing all hours of the night about Christmas time, and to insinuate a kind of religious veneration for that season.

It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit dares walk abroad;
The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, no witch has power to charm;
So hallowed, and so gracious is the time.[1]

This admirable author, as well as the best and greatest men of all ages, and of all nations, seems to have had his mind thoroughly seasoned with religion, as is evident by many passages in his plays, that would not be suffered by a modern audience; and are therefore certain instances, that the age he lived in had a much greater sense of virtue than the present.

It is indeed a melancholy reflection to consider, that the British nation, which is now at a greater height of glory for its counsels and conquests than it ever was before, should distinguish itself by a certain looseness of principles, and a falling off from those schemes of thinking, which conduce to the happiness and perfection of human nature. This evil comes upon us from the

[1] "Hamlet," act i. sc. i.

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works of a few solemn blockheads, that meet together with the zeal and seriousness of apostles, to extirpate common-sense, and propagate infidelity. These are the wretches, who, without any show of wit, learning, or reason, publish their crude conceptions with an ambition of appearing more wise than the rest of mankind, upon no other pretence than that of dissenting from them. One gets by heart a catalogue of title-pages and editions; and immediately to become conspicuous, declares that he is an unbeliever. Another knows how to write a receipt, or cut up a dog, and forthwith argues against the immortality of the soul. I have known many a little wit, in the ostentation of his parts, rally the truth of the Scripture, who was not able to read a chapter in it. These poor wretches talk blasphemy for want of discourse, and are rather the objects of scorn or pity, than of our indignation; but the grave disputant, that reads and writes, and spends all his time in convincing himself and the world that he is no better than a brute, ought to be whipped out of a government, as a blot to a civil society, and a defamer of mankind. I love to consider an infidel, whether distinguished by the title of deist, atheist, or free-thinker, in three different lights, in his solitudes, his afflictions, and his last moments.

A wise man that lives up to the principles of reason and virtue, if one considers him in his solitude, as taking in the system of the universe, observing the mutual dependence and harmony by which the whole frame of it hangs together, beating down his passions, or swelling his thoughts with magnificent ideas of Providence, makes a nobler figure in the eye of an intelligent being, than the greatest conqueror amidst all the pomps and solemnities of a triumph. On the contrary, there is not a more ridiculous animal than an atheist in his retire-

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ment. His mind is incapable of rapture or elevation: he can only consider himself as an insignificant figure in a landscape, and wandering up and down in a field or a meadow, under the same terms as the meanest animals about him, and as subject to as total a mortality as they, with this aggravation, that he is the only one amongst them who lies under the apprehension of it.

In distresses, he must be of all creatures the most helpless and forlorn; he feels the whole pressure of a present calamity, without being relieved by the memory of anything that is passed, or the prospect of anything that is to come. Annihilation is the greatest blessing that he proposes to himself, and a halter or a pistol the only refuge he can fly to. But if you would behold one of these gloomy miscreants in his poorest figure, you must consider him under the terrors, or at the approach, of death.

About thirty years ago I was a-shipboard with one of these vermin, when there arose a brisk gale, which could frighten nobody but himself. Upon the rolling of the ship he fell upon his knees, and confessed to the chaplain, that he had been a vile atheist, and had denied a Supreme Being ever since he came to his estate. The good man was astonished, and a report immediately ran through the ship, that there was an atheist upon the upper deck. Several of the common seamen, who had never heard the word before, thought it had been some strange fish; but they were more surprised when they saw it was a man, and heard out of his own mouth, that he never believed till that day that there was a God. As he lay in the agonies of confession, one of the honest tars whispered to the boatswain, that it would be a good deed to heave him overboard. But we were now within sight of port, when of a sudden the wind fell, and the penitent relapsed,

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begging all of us that were present, as we were gentlemen, not to say anything of what had passed.

He had not been ashore above two days, when one of the company began to rally him upon his devotion on shipboard, which the other denied in so high terms, that it produced the lie on both sides, and ended in a duel. The atheist was run through the body, and after some loss of blood, became as good a Christian as he was at sea, till he found that his wound was not mortal. He is at present one of the free-thinkers of the age, and now writing a pamphlet against several received opinions concerning the existence of fairies.

As I have taken upon me to censure the faults of the age and country which I live in, I should have thought myself inexcusable to have passed over this crying one, which is the subject of my present discourse. I shall therefore from time to time give my countrymen particular cautions against this distemper of the mind, that is almost become fashionable, and by that means more likely to spread. I have somewhere either read or heard a very memorable sentence, that a man would be a most insupportable monster, should he have the faults that are incident to his years, constitution, profession, family, religion, age, and country; and yet every man is in danger of them all. For this reason, as I am an old man, I take particular care to avoid being covetous, and telling long stories. As I am choleric, I forbear not only swearing, but all interjections of fretting, as "Pugh!" "Pish!" and the like. As I am a layman, I resolve not to conceive an aversion for a wise and a good man, because his coat is of a different colour from mine. As I am descended of the ancient family of the Bickerstaffs, I never call a man of merit an upstart. As a Protestant, I do not suffer my zeal so far to transport me, as to name the Pope and

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the devil together. As I am fallen into this degenerate age, I guard myself particularly against the folly I have been now speaking of. And as I am an Englishman, I am very cautious not to hate a stranger, or despise a poor Palatine.[1]

No. 112. [Steele.

From *Saturday*, *Dec.* 24, to *Tuesday*, *Dec.* 27, 1709.

Accedat suavitas quædam oportet sermonum, atque morum, haudquaquam mediocre condimentum amicitiæ. Tristitia autem, et in omni re severitas absit. Habet illa quidem gravitatem, sed amicitia remissior esse debet, et liberior, et dulcior, et ad omnem comitatem facilitatemque proclivior.—Cicero, De Amicitia, xviii. 66.

Sheer Lane, *Dec.* 26.

As I was looking over my letters this morning, I chanced to cast my eye upon the following one, which came to my hands about two months ago from an old friend of mine, who, as I have since learned, was the person that wrote the agreeable epistle inserted in my paper of the third of the last month.[2] It is of the same turn with the other, and may be looked upon as a specimen of right country letters.

"Sir,

"This sets out to you from my summer-house upon the terrace, where I am enjoying a few hours' sunshine, the scanty sweet remains of a fine autumn. The year is almost at the lowest; so that in all appearance,

[1] See No. 69.

[2] No. 89. Nichols suggested that the old friend was Steele's fellow-collegian, Richard Parker, vicar of Embleton, in Northumberland.

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the rest of my letters between this and spring will be dated from my parlour fire, where the little fond prattle of a wife and children will so often break in upon the connection of my thoughts, that you will easily discover it in my style. If this winter should prove as severe as the last, I can tell you beforehand, that I am likely to be a very miserable man, through the perverse temper of my eldest boy. When the frost was in its extremity, you must know, that most of the blackbirds, robins, and finches of the parish (whose music had entertained me in the summer) took refuge under my roof. Upon this, my care was, to rise every morning before day to set open my windows for the reception of the cold and the hungry, whom at the same time I relieved with a very plentiful alms, by strewing corn and seeds upon the floors and shelves. But Dicky, without any regard to the laws of hospitality, considered the casements as so many traps, and used every bird as a prisoner at discretion. Never did tyrant exercise more various cruelties: some of the poor creatures he chased to death about the room; others he drove into the jaws of a bloodthirsty cat; and even in his greatest acts of mercy, either clipped the wings, or singed the tails, of his innocent captives. You will laugh, when I tell you I sympathised with every bird in its misfortunes; but I believe you will think me in the right for bewailing the child's unlucky humour. On the other hand, I am extremely pleased to see his younger brother carry a universal benevolence towards everything that has life. When he was between four and five years old, I caught him weeping over a beautiful butterfly, which he chanced to kill as he was playing with it; and I am informed, that this morning he has given his brother three halfpence (which was his whole estate) to spare the life of a tomtit. These are at present the matters of

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greatest moment within my observation, and I know are too trifling to be communicated to any but so wise a man as yourself, and from one who has the happiness to be,

"Your most faithful,

"And most obedient Servant."

The best critic that ever wrote, speaking of some passages in Homer which appear extravagant or frivolous, says indeed that they are dreams, but the dreams of Jupiter. My friend's letter appears to me in the same light. One sees him in an idle hour; but at the same time in the idle hour of a wise man. A great mind has something in it too severe and forbidding, that is not capable of giving itself such little relaxations, and of condescending to these agreeable ways of trifling. Tully, when he celebrates the friendship of Scipio and Lælius,[1] who were the greatest, as well as the politest, men of their age, represents it as a beautiful passage in their retirement, that they used to gather up shells on the seashore, and amuse themselves with the variety of shape and colour which they met with in those little unregarded works of nature. The great Agesilaus could be a companion to his own children, and was surprised by the ambassadors of Sparta[2] as he was riding among them upon a hobby-horse. Augustus indeed had no playfellows of his own begetting; but is said to have passed many of his hours with little Moorish boys at a game of marbles, not unlike our modern taw. There is (methinks) a pleasure in seeing great men thus fall into the rank of

[1] The friendship of C. Lælius Sapiens with the younger Scipio Africanus is described in Cicero's "Lælius, sive de Amicitia."

[2] A mistake for Persia. Agesilaus II., King of Sparta, reigned from 398 to 361 B.C., and was, says Plutarch, "as good as thought commander and king of all Greece."

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mankind, and entertain themselves with diversions and amusements that are agreeable to the very weakest of the species. I must frankly confess, that it is to me a beauty in Cato's character, that he would drink a cheerful bottle with a friend; and I cannot but own, that I have seen with great delight one of the most celebrated authors[1] of the last age feeding the ducks in St. James's Park. By instances of this nature, the heroes, the statesmen, the philosophers, become as it were familiar with us, and grow the more amiable the less they endeavour to appear awful. A man who always acts in the severity of wisdom, or the haughtiness of quality, seems to move in a personated part: it looks too constrained and theatrical for a man to be always in that character which distinguishes him from others. Besides that, the slackening and unbending our minds on some occasions, makes them exert themselves with greater vigour and alacrity when they return to their proper and natural state.

As this innocent way of passing a leisure hour is not only consistent with a great character, but very graceful in it, so there are two sorts of people to whom I would most earnestly recommend it. The first are those who are uneasy out of want of thought; the second are those who are so out of a turbulence of spirit. The first are the impertinent, and the second the dangerous part of mankind.

It grieves me to the very heart when I see several young gentlemen, descended of honest parents, run up and down hurrying from one end of the town to the

[1] Probably St. Evremond, for whom the office of Governor of the Duck Island was created. Cibber ("Apology," 4th edition, i. 24) says of Charles II., "Even his indolent amusement of playing with his dogs, and feeding his ducks, in St. James's Park (which I have seen him do), made the common people adore him."

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other, calling in at every place of resort, without being able to fix a quarter of an hour in any, and in a particular haste without knowing for what. It would (methinks) be some consolation, if I could persuade these precipitate young gentlemen to compose this restlessness of mind, and apply themselves to any amusement, how trivial soever, that might give them employment, and keep them out of harm's way. They cannot imagine how great a relief it would be to them if they could grow sedate enough to play for two or three hours at a game of pushpin. But these busy, idle animals are only their own tormentors: the turbulent and dangerous are for embroiling counsels, stirring up seditions, and subverting constitutions, out of a mere restlessness of temper, and an insensibility of all the pleasures of life that are calm and innocent. It is impossible for a man to be so much employed in any scene of action as to have great and good affairs enough to fill up his whole time; there will still be chasms and empty spaces, in which a working mind will employ itself to its own prejudice, or that of others, unless it can be at ease in the exercise of such actions as are in themselves indifferent. How often have I wished, for the good of the nation, that several famous politicians could take any pleasure in feeding ducks. I look upon an able statesman out of business like a huge whale, that will endeavour to overturn the ship unless he has an empty cask to play with.

But to return to my good friend and correspondent, I am afraid we shall both be laughed at, when I confess, that we have often gone out into the field to look upon a bird's nest; and have more than once taken an evening's walk together on purpose to see the sun set. I shall conclude with my answer to his foregoing letter:

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"DEAR SIR,

"I thank you for your obliging letter, and your kindness to the distressed, who will, doubtless, express their gratitude to you themselves the next spring. As for Dick the tyrant, I must desire you will put a stop to his proceedings; and at the same time take care, that his little brother be no loser by his mercy to the tomtit. For my own part, I am excluded all conversation with animals that delight only in a country life, and am therefore forced to entertain myself as well as I can with my little dog and cat. They both of them sit by my fire every night, expecting my coming home with impatience; and at my entrance, never fail of running up to me, and bidding me welcome, each of them in his proper language. As they have been bred up together from their infancy, and seen no other company, they have learned each other's manners, so that the dog often gives himself the airs of a cat, and the cat, in several of her motions and gestures, affects the behaviour of the little dog. When they are at play, I often make one with them; and sometimes please myself with considering, how much reason and instinct are capable of delighting each other. Thus, you see, I have communicated to you the material occurrences in my family, with the same freedom that you use to me; as I am with the same sincerity and affection,

"Your most faithful,

"Humble Servant,

"ISAAC BICKERSTAFF."

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No. 113. [Hughes.[1]

From *Tuesday, Dec.* 27, to *Thursday, Dec.* 29, 1709.

Ecce iterum Crispinus!—Juv., Sat. iv. 1.

Haymarket, Dec. 23.

Whereas the gentleman that behaved himself in a very disobedient and obstinate manner at his late trial in Sheer Lane on the 20th instant,[2] and was carried off dead upon the taking away of his snuff-box, remains still unburied; the Company of Upholders not knowing otherwise how they should be paid, have taken his goods in execution to defray the charge of his funeral. His said effects are to be exposed to sale by auction at their office in the Haymarket on the 4th of January next, and are as follow:

A very rich tweezer-case, containing twelve instruments for the use of each hour in the day.

Four pounds of scented snuff, with three gilt snuff-boxes; one of them with an invisible hinge, and a looking-glass in the lid.

Two more of ivory, with the portraitures on their lids of two ladies of the town; the originals to be seen every night in the side-boxes[3] of the play-house.

A sword with a steel diamond hilt, never drawn but once at May Fair.[4]

Six clean packs of cards, a quart of orange-flower water, a pair of French scissors, a toothpick case, and an eyebrow brush.

[1] On the authority of the Rev. John Duncombe (see Hughes's "Correspondence," iii. 7).

[2] See No. 110. [3] See No. 50. [4] See No. 4.

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A large glass case, containing the linen and clothes of the deceased; among which are, two embroidered suits, a pocket perspective, a dozen pair of red-heeled shoes, three pair of red silk stockings, and an amber-headed cane.

The strong box of the deceased, wherein were found, five billet-doux, a Bath shilling, a crooked sixpence, a silk garter, a lock of hair, and three broken fans.

A press for books; containing on the upper shelf,

Three bottles of diet-drink.

Two boxes of pills.

A syringe, and other mathematical instruments.

On the second shelf are several miscellaneous works; as,

Lampoons.

Plays.

Tailors' bills.

And an almanac for the year 1700.

On the third shelf,

A bundle of letters unopened, endorsed (in the hand of the deceased), "Letters from the old gentleman."

Lessons for the flute.

Toland's "Christianity not Mysterious."[1] And a paper filled with patterns of several fashionable stuffs.

On the lowest shelf,

One shoe.

A pair of snuffers.

A French grammar.

A mourning hat-band: and half a bottle of usquebaugh.

[1] Published first in 1696. We are told that John Toland "was once the butt of the *Tatler*" (*Examiner*, vol. iv. No. 35).

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There will be added to these goods, to make a complete auction, a collection of gold snuff-boxes and clouded canes,[1] which are to continue in fashion for three months after the sale.

The whole are to be set up and prized by Charles Bubbleboy,[2] who is to open the auction with a speech.

I find that I am so very unhappy, that while I am busy in correcting the folly and vice of one sex, several exorbitances break out in the other. I have not thoroughly examined their new-fashioned petticoats, but shall set aside one day in the next week for that purpose. The following petition on this subject was presented to me this morning:

"The humble Petition of WILLIAM JINGLE, Coachmaker and Chairmaker of the Liberty of Westminster.

"To ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esq., Censor of Great Britain:

"Showeth—That upon the late invention of Mrs. Catherine Cross-stitch, mantle-maker, the petticoats of ladies were too wide for entering into any coach or chair which was in use before the said invention.

"That for the service of the said ladies, your petitioner has built a round chair, in the form of a lanthorn, six yards and a half in circumference, with a stool in the centre of it; the said vehicle being so contrived, as to receive the passenger by opening in two in the middle, and closing mathematically when she is seated.

"That your petitioner has also invented a coach for

[1] *Cf.* Pope's "Odyssey"—

"The handle smooth and plain,
Made of the clouded olive's easy grain."

[2] Charles Mather; see No. 27.

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the reception of one lady only, who is to be let in at the top.

"That the said coach has been tried by a lady's woman in one of these full petticoats, who was let down from a balcony, and drawn up again by pulleys, to the great satisfaction of her lady and all who beheld her.

"Your petitioner therefore most humbly prays, that for the encouragement of ingenuity and useful inventions, he may be heard before you pass sentence upon the petticoats aforesaid.

"And your petitioner, &c."

I have likewise received a female petition, signed by several thousands, praying, that I would not any longer defer giving judgment in the case of the petticoat, many of them having put off the making new clothes till such time as they know what verdict I will pass upon it. I do therefore hereby certify to all whom it may concern, that I do design to set apart Tuesday next for the final determination of that matter, having already ordered a jury of matrons to be impanelled, for the clearing up of any difficult points that may arise in the trial.

Being informed, that several dead men in and about this city do keep out of the way and abscond, for fear of being buried; and being willing to respite their interment, in consideration of their families, and in hopes of their amendment, I shall allow them certain privileged places, where they may appear to one another, without causing any let or molestation to the living, or receiving any in their own persons from the Company of Upholders. Between the hours of seven and nine in the morning, they may appear in safety at St. James's Coffee-house, or at White's, if they do not keep their beds, which is more

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proper for men in their condition. From nine to eleven, I allow them to walk from Story's to Rosamond's Pond [1] in the Park, or in any other public walks which are not frequented by the living at that time. Between eleven and three, they are to vanish, and keep out of sight till three in the afternoon; at which time they may go to 'Change till five; and then, if they please, divert themselves at the Haymarket, or Drury Lane, till the play begins. It is further granted in favour of these persons, that they may be received at any table where there are more present than seven in number; provided, that they do not take upon them to talk, judge, commend, or find fault with any speech, action, or behaviour of the living. In which case, it shall be lawful to seize their persons at any place or hour whatsoever, and to convey their bodies to the next undertakers; anything in this advertisement to the contrary notwithstanding.

No. 114. [Addison and Steele.[2]

From *Thursday, Dec.* 29, to *Saturday, Dec.* 31, 1709.

Ut in vitâ, sic in studiis, pulcherrimum et humanissimum existimo, severitatem comitatemque miscere, ne illa in tristitiam, hæc in petulantium procedat.—Plin., Epist.

Sheer Lane, Dec. 30.

I was walking about my chamber this morning in a very gay humour, when I saw a coach stop at my door, and a youth about fifteen alighting out of it, whom I perceived to be the eldest son of my bosom friend that I gave some account of in my paper of the

[1] Story's Gate and Rosamond's Pond were at opposite ends of Birdcage Walk (see No. 60).

[2] "Steele assisted in this paper" (Tickell).

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17th of the last month.[1] I felt a sensible pleasure rising in me at the sight of him, my acquaintance having begun with his father when he was just such a stripling, and about that very age. When he came up to me, he took me by the hand, and burst out in tears. I was extremely moved, and immediately said, "Child, how does your father do?" He began to reply, "My mother—" but could not go on for weeping. I went down with him into the coach, and gathered out of him, that his mother was then dying, and that while the holy man was doing the last offices to her, he had taken that time to come and call me to his father, who, he said, would certainly break his heart if I did not go and comfort him. The child's discretion in coming to me of his own head, and the tenderness he showed for his parents, would have quite overpowered me, had I not resolved to fortify myself for the seasonable performances of those duties which I owed to my friend. As we were going, I could not but reflect upon the character of that excellent woman, and the greatness of his grief for the loss of one who has ever been the support to him under all other afflictions. How, thought I, will he be able to bear the hour of her death, that could not, when I was lately with him, speak of a sickness, which was then past, without sorrow. We were now got pretty far into Westminster, and arrived at my friend's house. At the door of it I met Favonius,[2] not without a secret satisfaction to find he had been there. I had formerly conversed with him at this house; and as he abounds with that sort of virtue and knowledge which makes religion beautiful, and never leads the conversation into the violence and rage of party disputes, I listened to him with great pleasure. Our discourse

[1] No. 95.

[2] Dr. Smalridge (see No. 72).

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chanced to be upon the subject of death, which he treated with such a strength of reason, and greatness of soul, that instead of being terrible, it appeared to a mind rightly cultivated, altogether to be contemned, or rather to be desired. As I met him at the door, I saw in his face a certain glowing of grief and humanity, heightened with an air of fortitude and resolution, which, as I afterwards found, had such an irresistible force, as to suspend the pains of the dying, and the lamentation of the nearest friends who attended her. I went up directly to the room where she lay, and was met at the entrance by my friend, who, notwithstanding his thoughts had been composed a little before at the sight of me, turned away his face and wept. The little family of children renewed the expressions of their sorrow according to their several ages and degrees of understanding. The eldest daughter was in tears, busied in attendance upon her mother; others were kneeling about the bedside: and what troubled me most was, to see a little boy, who was too young to know the reason, weeping only because his sisters did. The only one in the room who seemed resigned and comforted, was the dying person. At my approach to the bedside, she told me, with a low broken voice, "This is kindly done. Take care of your friend—don't go from him." She had before taken leave of her husband and children, in a manner proper for so solemn a parting, and with a gracefulness peculiar to a woman of her character. My heart was torn in pieces to see the husband on one side suppressing and keeping down the swellings of his grief, for fear of disturbing her in her last moments; and the wife even at that time concealing the pains she endured, for fear of increasing his affliction. She kept her eyes upon him for some moments after she grew speechless, and soon after

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closed them for ever. In the moment of her departure, my friend (who had thus far commanded himself) gave a deep groan, and fell into a swoon by her bedside.[1] The distraction of the children, who thought they saw both their parents expiring together, and now lying dead before them, would have melted the hardest heart; but they soon perceived their father recover, whom I helped to remove into another room, with a resolution to accompany him till the first pangs of his affliction were abated. I knew consolation would now be impertinent; and therefore contented myself to sit by him, and condole with him in silence. For I shall here use the method of an ancient author,[2] who, in one of his epistles relating the virtues and death of Macrinus's wife, expresses himself thus:[3] "I shall suspend my advice to this best of friends, till he is made capable of receiving it by those three great remedies (*necessitas ipsa, dies longa, et satietas doloris*), the necessity of submission, length of time, and satiety of grief."

In the meantime, I cannot but consider with much commiseration, the melancholy state of one who has had such a part of himself torn from him, and which he misses in every circumstance of life. His condition is like that of one who has lately lost his right arm, and is every moment offering to help himself with it. He does not appear to himself the same person in his house, at his table, in company, or in retirement; and loses the relish of all the pleasures and diversions that were before enter-

[1] What follows is said to have been written by Addison. "It would seem as though Steele felt himself unable to proceed, and his friend had taken the pen from his trembling hand" (Forster, "Historical and Biographical Essays," 1858, ii. 141).

[2] Pliny, Book viii., Epist. 5.

[3] "Says very justly" (folio).

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taining to him by her participation of them. The most agreeable objects recall the sorrow for her with whom he used to enjoy them. This additional satisfaction, from the taste of pleasures in the society of one we love, is admirably described in Milton, who represents Eve, though in Paradise itself, no further pleased with the beautiful objects around her than as she sees them in company with Adam, in that passage so inexpressibly charming.

> "*With thee conversing, I forget all time,*
> *All seasons, and their change; all please alike.*
> *Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet*
> *With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,*
> *When first on this delightful land he spreads*
> *His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,*
> *Glist'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth*
> *After soft showers, and sweet the coming on*
> *Of grateful evening mild; the silent night,*
> *With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,*
> *And these the gems of heaven her starry train.*
> *But neither breath of morn when she ascends*
> *With charm of earliest birds, nor rising sun*
> *In this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower,*
> *Glist'ring with dew, nor fragrance after showers,*
> *Nor grateful evening mild, nor silent night,*
> *With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,*
> *Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet.*" [1]

The variety of images in this passage is infinitely pleasing, and the recapitulation of each particular image, with a little varying of the expression, makes one of the finest turns of words that I have ever seen; which I rather mention, because Mr. Dryden has said in his preface to Juvenal, that he could meet with no turn of words in Milton.[2]

[1] "Paradise Lost," iv. 639.

[2] "But as he [Milton] endeavours everywhere to express Homer, whose age had not arrived to that fineness, I found in him a true

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It may further be observed, that though the sweetness of these verses has something in it of a pastoral, yet it excels the ordinary kind, as much as the scene of it is above an ordinary field or meadow. I might here, since I am accidentally led into this subject, show several passages in Milton that have as excellent turns of this nature as any of our English poets whatsoever; but shall only mention that which follows, in which he describes the fallen angels engaged in the intricate disputes of predestination, free-will, and foreknowledge; and to humour the perplexity, makes a kind of labyrinth in the very words that describe it:

> *Others apart sat on a hill retired,*
> *In thoughts more elevate, and reasoned high*
> *Of Providence, foreknowledge, will and fate,*
> *Fixed fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute,*
> *And found no end in wandering mazes lost.*[1]

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sublimity, lofty thoughts which were clothed with admirable Grecisms, and ancient words which he had been digging from the mines of Chaucer and of Spenser, and which, with all their rusticity, had somewhat of venerable in them. But I found not there neither that for which I looked ['beautiful turns']." (Dryden's "Discourse on Satire.")

[1] "Paradise Lost," ii. 557.

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